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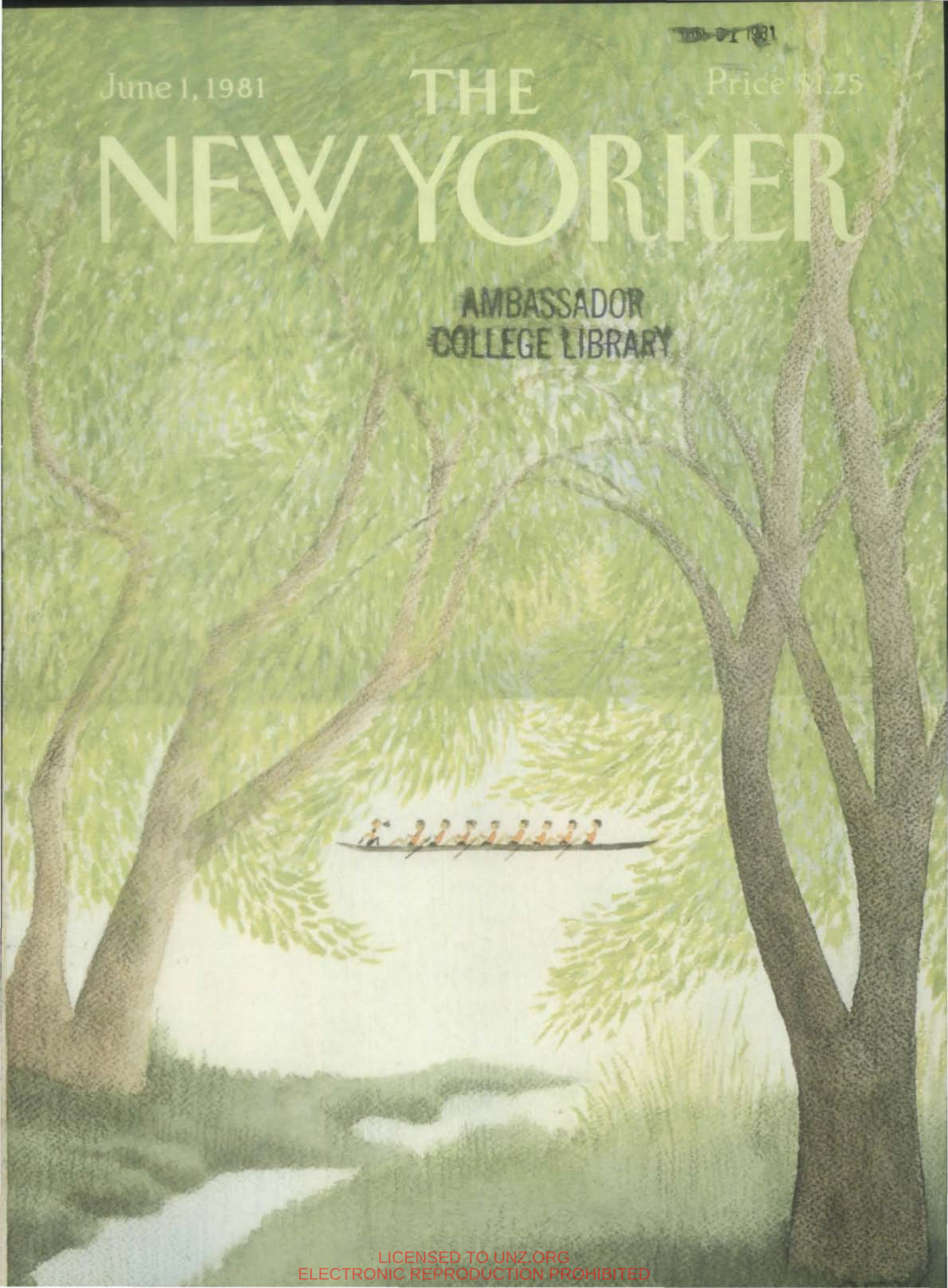

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

After Stardrive—A delightful little musical oddity about a young wife's encounter with a visitor from outer space and its aftereffects. Deirdre O'Connell is enchanting in the leading role, and Walter Hadler is appropriately peculiar as a local veterinarian. Book and music by Kathleen Cramer and O-Lan Shepard. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/25/81.) (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Final performances Thursday through Saturday, May 28-30, at 9:30, and Sunday, May 31, at 2 and 9:30.)

Ah, Men—A quite engaging entertainment composed of selections from men's writings about women, as recited by Jack Betts, Curt Dawson, and Stephen Lang, and as supervised by the witty, glamorous Jane White, who occasionally joins in with a recitation of her own. Paul Shyre was the selector and director. Lively songs by Will Holt. (5/25/81) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly, and Tim Curry is almost his match as Mozart. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 5.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays, thirteen in all, running through Saturday, June 20. "Public Street Marriage," by Edward Allen Baker; "Stuck in the Pictures on a Sunday Afternoon," by Bill Bozzone; "The Sermon," by David Mamet; and "The Lady or the Tiger," by Shel Silverstein: Wednesday evening, May 27; Saturday evening, May 30; Monday evening, June 1; Wednesday evening, June 3; Friday evening, June 5; and Saturday matinée, June 6. . . . ¶ "April Offering," by Elizabeth Karp; "Down the Tubes," by Brian McConnachie; and "In Cahoots," by James Ryan: Thursday and Friday evenings, May 28-29; Saturday matinée, May 30; Sunday evening, May 31; Tuesday evening, June 2; Thursday evening, June 4; and Saturday evening, June 6. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4982.)

Equity Library Theatre—Claudia McNeil in a revival of **Raisin**, the 1973 musical based on Lorraine Hansberry's play "A Raisin in the Sun." Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg wrote the book, Judd Woldin the music, and Robert Brittan the lyrics. The final production of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028. Closes Sunday, June 7.)

Fifth of July—One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Floating Light Bulb—Woody Allen has written a sad little play about a troubled Jewish family in Brooklyn in 1945. The cast, headed by Beatrice Arthur and Jack Weston, is superlative. (5/4/81) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

Hedda Gabler—A satisfactory revival that bypasses the play's greatness but turns up considerable feeling and humor all the same. With Susannah York in the title role, very ably supported by Philip Bosco, Harris Yulin, Roxanne Hart, and Katherine Squire. (5/18/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "rôle-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

It Had to Be You—Two odd singles become an odd couple down on Spring Street. The stars of this strange little work (and its authors as well) are Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna. (5/18/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: the Lady and Her Music—Miss

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Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show, well worth waiting months to see. (5/25/81) (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—A superb cast, headed by Elizabeth Taylor and including Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe, carries out a searing battle of wits in this spellbinding story of venomous family life in a turn-of-the-century town in the South. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. A presentation of the Richard Allen Center for Culture & Art. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (3/16/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

Lunch Hour—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, about a mild case of adultery in the Hamptons. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Marry Me a Little—Seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were eliminated from his shows during rehearsal are sung by Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in this abbreviated musical. Some of the songs are charming; the performance is only pretty good. (3/23/81) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

Ned and Jack—A rather aimless work about Edward Sheldon (playwright), John Barrymore (actor), and, briefly, John's sister, Ethel. Dwight Schultz, Peter Michael Goetz, and Barbara Caruse are the actors, Colleen Dewhurst the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Samm-Art Williams' play **HOME** in a return engagement. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

Piaf—A ramshackle non-play about the gifted and valorous French chanteuse, who died in 1963. It provides an opportunity for a grandly theatrical performance by Jane Lapotaire. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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St. Mark's Gospel—Alec McCowen as Mark, in a solo performance that never dwindles into recitation. The words are from the King James Version. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl who, having been deserted by her whorish mother, finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: A Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,768 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheer-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 7.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Diana Canova and Ted Wass. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays through Mondays, at 2:30 and 8.)

THE CIRCUS—By closing time, on Sunday, May 31, some of the staff of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey will have spent more than sixty days clowning around. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 27, and Friday, May 29, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, May 28, at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturday, May 30, at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sunday, May 31, at 1 and 5:30.)

THE PANTHER—*An experimental music-theatre* piece (inspired by Rilke's poem "The Panther"), with six actors, six singers, two musicians, and a panther. The score is by Philip Glass and the text and staging are by Manuel Lütgenhorst. Opens Thursday, May 28, and will run through Sunday, June 21. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Opening-night curtain at 6:45. Thereafter, Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 27: "Concerto Barocco," "Other Dances," "Scotch Symphony," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 28: "Lille Suite," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 29: "Concerto Barocco," "Scotch Symphony," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 30: "Lille Suite," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 30: "Concerto Barocco," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 31; "The Concert," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 31: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ The first programs in a Tchaikovsky Festival. Thursday evening, June 4: Three premières—"Mozartiana," "Capriccio Italian," and "Piano Concerto No. 1 (Second Movement)"—and the Polonaise from "Diamonds." With vocal soloists. (A benefit performance; for tickets call 870-5676.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 5: "Mozartiana," "Souvenir de Florence" (première), and "Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 6: "Capriccio Italian," "Piano Concerto No. 1 (Second Movement)," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Serenade" and two premières—"Selected Piano Pieces" and "Symphony No. 1/Winter Dreams (Second, Third, and Fourth Movements.)" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 27: "Fancy Free," "Sphinx," "Pas de

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Deux," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ *Thursday evening, May 28:* "Interplay," "Other Dances," "La Sonnambula," and "Jardin Animé." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 29: "Fancy Free," "Sphinx," "Bournonville Pas de Trois," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 30: "The Leaves Are Fading," "La Sonnambula," *and "Push Comes to Shove."* . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 30: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Fancy Free," "The Moor's Pavane," and "La Sonnambula." . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 1-2, and Wednesday matinée and evening, June 3: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 4: "La Sonnambula," "Les Noces," and "Les Rendezvous" . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 5: "Les Noces," "La Sonnambula," "Other Dances," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 6: "Les Rendezvous," "Sphinx," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Les Noces," "Les Rendezvous," "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 13.)

SYDNEY DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement by a twenty-member contemporary dance company from Australia that is making *its first appearance here. Wednesday,* May 27, at 7, and Saturday, May 30, at 8: "Viridian," "Dialogues," and "Daphnis and Chloé." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 28, at 8, and Saturday, May 30, at 2: "Shéhérazade," "Sequenza VII," "One," "Eclipse," "Third Conversation," and an excerpt from "An Evening." . . . ¶ Friday, May 29, at 8, and Sunday, May 31, at 2 and 7:30: "Poppy . . . Impressions of the Life and Art of Jean Cocteau." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

DANCERS AND MUSICIANS OF BALI—A company of forty-two, including a gamelan orchestra. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400. Wednesday, May 27, at 2 and 8; Friday, May 29, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, at 2 and 8.)

CHIANG CHING DANCE COMPANY—Two programs of premières and repertory works. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

HARRY STREEP'S THIRD DANCE THEATRE—In a program of three new works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, May 28, and Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, at 8.)

BALLET HISPANICO OF NEW YORK—Seven performances of "Fuenteovejuna," a new work based on the sixteenth-century play by Lope de Vega, plus other dances. With guest dancer José Molina. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 28-30, at 8; Sunday, May 31, at 2; Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, at 8; and Sunday, June 7, at 2. For information about tickets, call 362-6712.)

BATTERY DANCE COMPANY—Performing "The Art of Fugue," with accompaniment by Jerry Brainard on harpsichord and organ. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday, June 2, at 8.)

ANNABELLE GAMSON—A program of modern dance, with guest dancers Remy Charlip, Barbara Roan, Phoebe Neville, and Victoria Uris, and pianist Garrick Ohlsson. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, June 3, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. On Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, the Adele Foster trio will occupy the four-foot-high bandstand, and on Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** will team up with bassist **MARTY RIVERA.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** has two very fine players, bassist **CECIL MC BEE** and drummer **BILLY HART,** for support through Sunday, May 31; on Monday, June 1, jazz harpist and *pianist* **CORKY HALE** *will be on hand; and on* Tuesday, June 2, clarinettist **PHIL BODNER** will arrive with a foursome. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The current lineup: Bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA'S** sextet will play on Thursday, May 28, opposite jazz singer **JOE LEE WILSON;** guitarist **LARRY CORYELL'S** sextet will alternate with drummer **ROY HAYNES'** band on Friday and Saturday, May 29-30; and Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, will belong to pop-jazz pianist Robert Kraft and comedian Chris Rush. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-*thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and* Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, May 30, and beginning Monday, June 1, pianist **ALAN BROADBENT** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** has teamed up to play with guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a place where one can wear a tuxedo even if one is not a headwaiter or a member of **BOBBY SHORT'S** trio. Mr. Short and his two stalwart sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**—are holding Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is back playing delicate, meticulous, and swinging piano solos. Nightly, ex-

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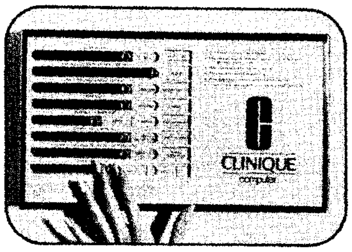
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cept Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, May 27, the Extras, Hot Kapers, and Malibu Dolphins; Thursday, May 28, John King & the Cats, the Noise, and Mental Notes; Friday, May 29, the Windows, Mystery Dates, and Eleanor & the Obvious; and Saturday, May 30, the Rudies, Velveteen (with Lisa Burns), and the Kelvins. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings the blues with her support system—bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook—Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Tuesdays belong to Lu Elliott, an Ellington-alumna vocalist, and her pianist, Robert Banks, and bassist, Jimmy Lewis. Music at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, May 27, Cyril Tawney and the Derby Ram; Thursday, May 28, Cathy Fink & Bruce Hutton; Saturday, May 30, the Double Decker String Band; Sunday, May 31, guitarists Larry Johnson, Erik Frandsen, and Andy Polon; Wednesday, June 3, Tony Rose and the Derby Ram; and Saturday, June 6, Charged Particles. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. Sunday, May 31, will be given over to pianist **JOHN BUNCH'S** quintet, which will feature **TOM HARRELL** on trumpet and **HAROLD ASHBY** on tenor; they begin at about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. The wonderful **TITO PUENTE**, who plays timbales and marimba, and his band will be here through Sunday, May 31, and beginning Tuesday, June 2, the **L.A. FOUR**—bassist **RAY BROWN**, guitarist **LAURINDO ALMEIDA**, saxophonist **BUD SHANK**, and drummer **JEFF HAMILTON**—will play L.A. jazz. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Singer Juanita Fleming will be present on Wednesday, May 27; singer Carmen Lundy will appear on Thursday, May 28; Marion Cowings will sing with tenor saxophonist **GARY BARTZ'S** band on Friday and Saturday, May 29-30; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 2-3, are reserved for pianist Harry Whittaker and vocalist Marilyn Redfield; and Thursday through Saturday, June 4-6, will be turned over to Raw Sugar, a pop-soul group. On Sundays Brazilian-jazz singer **DENISE DELAPENHA** performs with her backup band, and Mondays are the property of pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

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Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DICK WELLSTOOD** will be working at the dining-room keyboard through Saturday, May 30; **DAVE MC KENNA** will take over the piano on Tuesday, June 2. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds guides a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania's Stutz, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** will lead a combo featuring bassist **MIKE FLEMING**, pianist **HILTON RUIZ**, and drummer **WALTER PERKINS** Friday through Sunday, May 29-31. Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** will be present with a quintet that includes trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER**. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—Mike Morgenstern pilots another combo.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. **ROLAND HANNA**, a pianist who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but always a powerhouse, teams with bassist **PAUL WEST** through Saturday, May 30; on Tuesday, June 2, pianist **LOU LEVY** and bassist **BILL TAKAS** will come in. Sundays and Mondays are given over to singer and pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY**. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, May 27, has been allotted to country singer Johnny Paycheck; soul brothers **SAM & DAVE** will be here on Thursday, May 28; guitarist **ARLEN ROTH** will be on hand Friday and Saturday, May 29-30; the **SON SEALS BLUES BAND** will play on Sunday, May 31; Kate, Alex & Hugh Taylor will sing on Wednesday, June 3; and Teedfox Springs will work on Friday and Saturday, June 5-6. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. Johnnie Ray will be singing through Saturday, May 30; on Monday, June 1, **JOE WILLIAMS**, who sang fire-breathing vocals with the Basie band in the fifties, will take charge. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, May 27, Aurora Bora, X-Patriots, and Decades; Thursday, May 28, Flint, Alienation, and Hi-Fi; Friday, May 29, Sic F*cks, and Neck Tie Party; Saturday, May 30, Von Lmo and Knots; Monday, June 1, Gangrene, Mack Hackett & the Tacky Jackets, and Bush Warzee; and Tuesday, June 2, Monomania, Redimix, and Alliance. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

Michael Phillips, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—A very pleasant room with a striking deep-blue wall, an indoor waterfall, and pale-pink table linens. Thursdays through Saturdays, the stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** performs here from ten-thirty to two. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), sings Tuesdays through Saturdays; the first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Guitarist **YOSHIAKI MASUO'S** band will play on Wednesday, May 27; **MONTY ALEXANDER**, a crescendo-loving piano soloist with Caribbean roots, will lead his combo Thursday through Saturday, May 28-30; flutist David Hubbard will be here with his band on Tuesday, June 2; and rhythm-and-blues singer Zulema will take the stage on Friday and Saturday, June 5-6. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, will belong to folksinger **GEORGE GERDES**; Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4, the Tannahill Weavers will perform traditional Scottish music; and Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, comedian **HENNY YOUNGMAN** will be onstage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER'S** band plays bouncy dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Sort of a big bustling rec room with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional jazz bands every night of the week. The music

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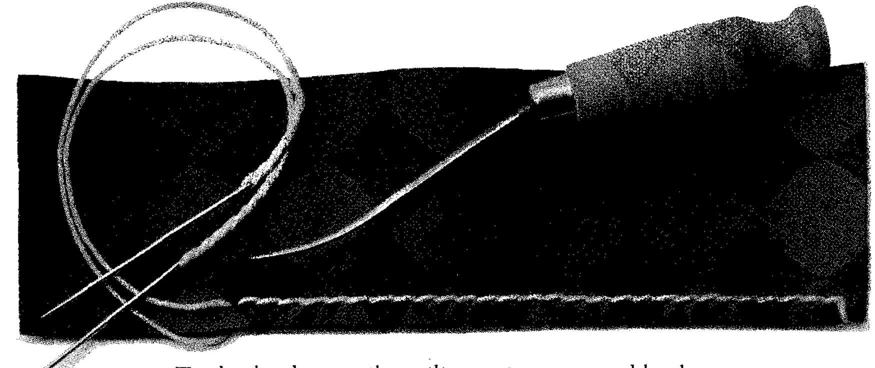

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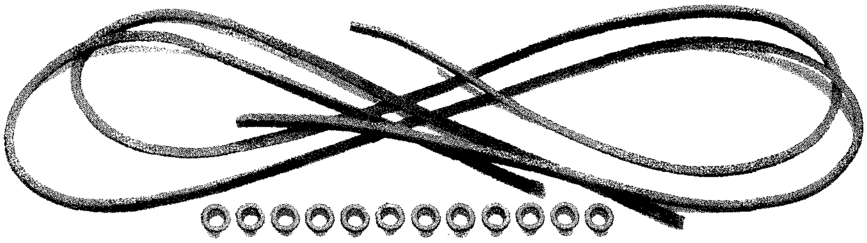

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: The Alvin Darling Ensemble, Jah Malla, and Future Force on Friday, May 29; the Shirts and Thin Ice on Saturday, May 30; **NRBQ** on Sunday, May 31; Mike Q's Kingdom on Monday, June 1; Modo and Red Line on Tuesday, June 2; Joe Tex and Thelma Houston on Wednesday, June 3; Robert Gordon on Thursday, June 4; Splitz Enz on Friday, June 5; and **JOE ELY** on Saturday, June 6. Music begins usually after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, "Thank Heaven for Lerner and Loewe," the latest house tribute, is under way, with Meg Bussert, Steve Elmore, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury making up the cast. On Monday, June 1, a new show, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II," will commence, with Miss Waterbury, Mr. Vidnovic, and Ron Holgate. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Pianist Frank Ferrucci heads a quartet on Wednesday, May 27; pianist Harry Whittaker and his foursome will perform on Thursday, May 28; and Friday through Sunday, May 29-31, bassist **GORDON EDWARDS'** Encyclopedia of Soul, featuring guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE** and singer **ESTHER MARROW,** will present some of the best rhythm-and-blues music around. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Clarinettist Rick Hardeman's trio will play on Wednesday, May 27; pianist Michael Stevens will gig with a bassist on Thursday, May 28; pianist **KENNY BARRON** will front a trio Friday through Saturday, May 29-30; and pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will work with a bassist Wednesday through Saturday, June 3-6. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** will direct his band through Saturday, May 30; alto saxophonist **HANK CRAWFORD** will move in with his combo on Tuesday, June 2; Sundays are the property of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA;** and Mondays are session nights for four-string tenor guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his trio. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, Joan Crawford—line the walls. Drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** energizes a combo Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, drummer-proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** leads a trio. The music begins after ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

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Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The lineup: Wednesday, May 27, Mortie Butler & People's Heritage; Friday, May 29, Dog Eat Dog; Wednesday, June 3, Sons of Creation, a reggae outfit; Friday, June 5, Konk; and Saturday, June 6, Chicago-blues saxophonist and singer **EDDIE SHAW** and his band, Wolf Gang. Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue local octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights around ten.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: John Galt and the Pedestrians on Wednesday, May 27; D. L. Byron and the Splash on Thursday, May 28; the F.R.O.N.T and New Models on Friday, May 29; Neon Leon, Startoon, and Pocketful of Blues on Saturday, May 30; and Kitsch on Tuesday, June 2. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** and trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will co-lead a foursome through Sunday, May 31; on Tuesday, June 2, tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** will arrive with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Tony Regusis Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing and bebop musicians who can still swing. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will lead a quintet through Sunday, May 31, and saxophonist **BENNY WATERS** returns with his foursome on Monday, June 1. Music every night from nine. Steam-table dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

U2—With Teardrop Explodes. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Fly By Night String Band—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, May 29, at 8.

Cecil Taylor Unit—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, at 10:30.

B. B. King—With Bobby Blue Bland and Albert King. (Palladium. Saturday, May 30, at 8.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The last in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Tim Rice) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, May 31-June 1, at 8.)

Greene Space—Friday, May 29: Arthur Rhames trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 30: Jemeel Moondoc trio. (Greene Space, 105 Greene St. 925-3775. Shows at 8 and 9:30.)

Henry Street Settlement Playhouse—Sunday, May 31, at 2:30: Chinese Music Ensemble of New York. . . . ¶ Monday, June 1, at 7: Carmen McRae trio. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 2, at 7 and 8:30: Mongo Santamaria and his band. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 4, at 7 and 8:30: Odetta. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 7: Jimmy and Percy Heath. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. For information about tickets, call 598-0400.)

Irving Plaza—Saturday, May 30: Alan Vega and Fat Gadget. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 6: The Fall and Mission of Burma. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, at 8: David Lahm octet. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, May 29-31, at 10: David (Fathead) Newman quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Saturday, May 30, at 8:30 and 11:30: Chaka Khan and Mtume. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 2, at 8:30 and 11:30: Bob James, with Idris Muhammad, Mark Colby, and Hiram Bullock. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 3, at 9: Willie Nile. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 8:30 and 11:30: John Prine and Steve Goodman. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, June 5, at 8:30: Charles K. Noyes. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 6, at 8:30: Vortex. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Benefit Concert—The participants will include the Ad Hoc, Philip Glass, Jonathan Haas, the Steve Reich Octet, Sun Ra, and Kirk Nurock. The beneficiary is WNYC. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, May 27, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Jankel Adler (1895-1949)—Fifty drawings covering his whole career. Through Saturday, June 6. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Jane B. Armstrong—Sculptures, chiefly of ani-

FRIED CLAMS
LIVE LOBSTERS
HADDOCK
FRESH CRABMEAT
LIVE LOBSTERS
LOBSTER CRABMEAT SHRIMP ROLLS
Approx 4 ACRES FOR SALE 350 FT ROAD
ONION RINGS
FRENCH FRIES
ICE
BOAT
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STEAMED CLAMS
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CLAMS
FINNAN HADDIE
NATIVE SCALLOPS
tom funk

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mals. Through Saturday, June 6. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Walter Darby Bannard—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, June 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Romare Bearden—Recent collages whose topics are the thirties. Through Saturday, June 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Tony Bechara—Pattern paintings done in mosaic-like quarter-inch squares of color. Through Saturday, May 30. (Arman, 817 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Dorothea Blum—Abstract paintings, mostly in colorful stripes. Through Saturday, May 30. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Maurice Brianchon (1899-1978)—Scenes of the French countryside and seashore, plus still-lifes. Through Wednesday, June 3. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—About twenty-three of his boxes (all miniatures) on the gallery walls. Through July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William Crozier—Bronze nudes, about three-quarters life-size and frankly erotic. Through June 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Charles Demuth (1883-1935)—A show of seventy drawings and watercolors, none of them ever exhibited before. Through Saturday, May 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Linda Lindeberg (1915-73)—Abstract Expressionist paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, June 6. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Carlos Merida—A retrospective of the graphics, plus drawings, of the Mexican artist. Through June 14. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Louis Schanker (1903-81)—Paintings from the thirties and forties, by an artist who died this month. Through Saturday, May 30. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Fritz Scholder—Paintings of tall, mysteriously masked figures who have the same totemic quality that this artist gave to his well-known depictions of American Indians. Also, small sculptures. Through June 9. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Honoré Sharrer—A selection of paintings done over the past four decades, ranging from social themes of the fifties to recent works imbued with a droll sort of surrealism. Through Friday, June 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Yvonne Thomas—Abstract Expressionist paintings from 1955 to 1962. Through Saturday, June 6. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Richard Thompson / Betye Saar—Cowboys subjugated by modern life is the theme of these paintings (and one funny wooden-cutout installation) by a New Mexico New Imagist. / Recent collages. Through Saturday, May 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Ken Tisa—Small paintings, in various mediums, of dancing figures simplified almost to silhouettes. Through Saturday, June 6. (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Matisse, Monet, Klee, Renoir, Braque, and about fifteen of their contemporaries. Also, two drawings—a Seurat and a Cézanne. Through June 12. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DAVIDSON,** 43 E. 78th St.: Watercolors and drawings, some never seen in this country before, by an impressive crew (Cassatt, Daumier, Morisot, Renoir, van Gogh). Thirty works in all. Through Saturday, June 6. . . . **EX LIBRIS,** 160A E. 70th St.: Prints, film posters, drawings, and porcelains by Russian Futurists and Constructivists and other early-twentieth-century Europeans. Two Alexander Rodchenko drawings, a Piet Zwart poster, a Sonia Delaunay gouache, two works on paper by Liabov Popova. Through June 12. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KNOEDLER,** 19 E. 70th St.: Seventeenth-century Old Master paintings from Italy (Pietro da Cortona), Holland (Hendrick Terbrugghen), and France (Simon Vouet). Through Friday, June 5. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.: Representative works by artists who showed at the gallery this past season. Through Saturday, June 6. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: New paintings and sculptures by artists regularly associated with the gallery (Alechinsky, Antes, and Corneille, among them). Through June 12. . . . **NARDIN,** 25 E. 73rd St.: New York City scenes of the past fifty years in paintings and drawings by John Marin, Reginald Marsh, Alice Neel, Isabel Bishop, and others. Through July 31. (Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.) . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A new selection from the storerooms of this gallery includes a Modigliani portrait of a woman, a Picasso still-life (with a fallen dove), and a Dufy painting, entitled "La Débarcadère," depicting figures on a pier. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century German drawings—two hundred and thirty-two in all. Through July 11.

Sculpture—Works by Charles Arnoldi, Tony DeLap, Nigel Hall, and William Tucker. Through Saturday, May 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Vito Acconci / Pinchas Cohen Gan—Two audience-participation installations—one entailing a bicycle ride into an aluminum-sided "bomb shelter," and the other the raising of curtains to reveal the strange interior of a pagoda-like structure. / Drawings of curved solid shapes, with calculus notations related to them on the margins. Through Saturday, May 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Robert Arneson—New ceramic sculptures, including numerous self-portraits (one of which is his largest to date) and busts of Philip Guston and Francis Bacon. The larger works have been mounted on ceramic columns created with each subject in mind. Through Saturday, May 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Power Boothe—Abstract paintings. Through June 18. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Elena Borstein—Recent paintings and pastels. Through Saturday, June 6. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

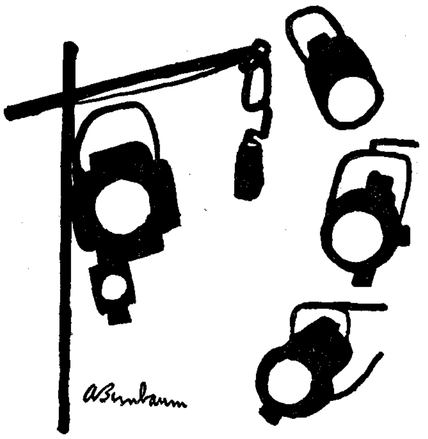
Sarah Canright—*Tall, angular shaped canvases* painted over with sparse abstract designs on a dark field. Through Saturday, May 30. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Marc Chagall—Recent paintings with the circus as a theme. Through June 12. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Margaret Cheeseman—Realist (almost photographic) paintings of Venezuelan peasants posing for their pictures. Through June 13. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

William N. Copley—Humorous and occasionally bawdy paintings and drawings. Through June 13. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Davidson / Tom Watcke—Decorative wall pieces done with oil sticks on fanlike arrangements of cutout paper. / Wooden sculptures in which raw birch timbers are neatly sawed into a sort of cat's cradle. Through Saturday, May 30. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)



Elaine de Kooning—Paintings and quick sketches, sometimes verging on the abstract, *which catch the nub of baseball and basket*ball action—the stance of the players, the ambience. Through Friday, May 29. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St.)

James Ensor (1860-1949)—Sixty-one etchings from the years 1886 to 1904 of people seen from his characteristically satirical viewpoint; eighteen of them were hand-colored by the artist. There are also some landscapes among the demons and skeletons. Through *June 13. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)*

Mary Frank—A new series of sculptures made up of separate sheets of ceramic on which faces, arms, torsos, and so on have been molded. There are also works on paper, some in color. Through Saturday, June 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Thomas George—Abstract oils based on landscapes. Through Friday, May 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

O. Louis Guglielmi (1906-56)—Late paintings from the forties and fifties, by which time this Surrealist had ventured into wholly abstract works. Through June 20. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30. A complementary show is at the Whitney Museum.)

Dimitri Hadzi—Tabletop-size sculptures of granite, basalt, and gabbro, whose polished facets are contrasted with the rough surface of the natural stone. Through Saturday, June 6. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Grace Hartigan—New works by this Abstract Expressionist, conveying impressions of marketplaces and store windows. Through Saturday, May 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bryan Hunt—Large cast-bronze sculptures mostly in the shape of a falling stream of water, plus related drawings. Through Saturday, June 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Wolf Kahn—New England landscapes (lonely farmhouses, patches of bright-yellow wild flowers, rows of outbuildings), all done in soft colors. Through Saturday, June 6. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Oskar Kokoschka (1886-1980)—A memorial exhibit of about sixty oils dating from 1908 through 1975, many from museums and private collections. Included are two early portraits (Hans Tietze and Erica Tietze-Conrat, Alma Mahler), a portrait from the mid-thirties of his wife, Olda, and "View of Downtown Manhattan with the Empire State Building," done in 1966. Through June 13. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Winifred Lutz—Delicate wall sculptures of cast handmade paper. Through Saturday, May 30. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Olivia Munroe / Ellen Stavitsky—Works on paper (oil, pastel, and gesso). / Collages made of torn and cut pieces of painted paper. Through Saturday, May 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Paul Narkiewicz—Watercolors of the Tuscan countryside. Through Saturday, June 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland / Helen Frankenthaler—A new set of paintings on irregularly shaped canvases. Through June 26. / Monotypes and drawings on woodblock proofs. Through Saturday, May 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—About thirty drawings of peasants in the fields, women sewing, and so on. Through June 13. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—Surrealist paintings from the years 1930-46, about thirty-five in all. Through Saturday, May 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—Large paintings in which a lacy surface effect is achieved by countless, criss-crossed brushstrokes in pure white. Through Friday, June 5. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

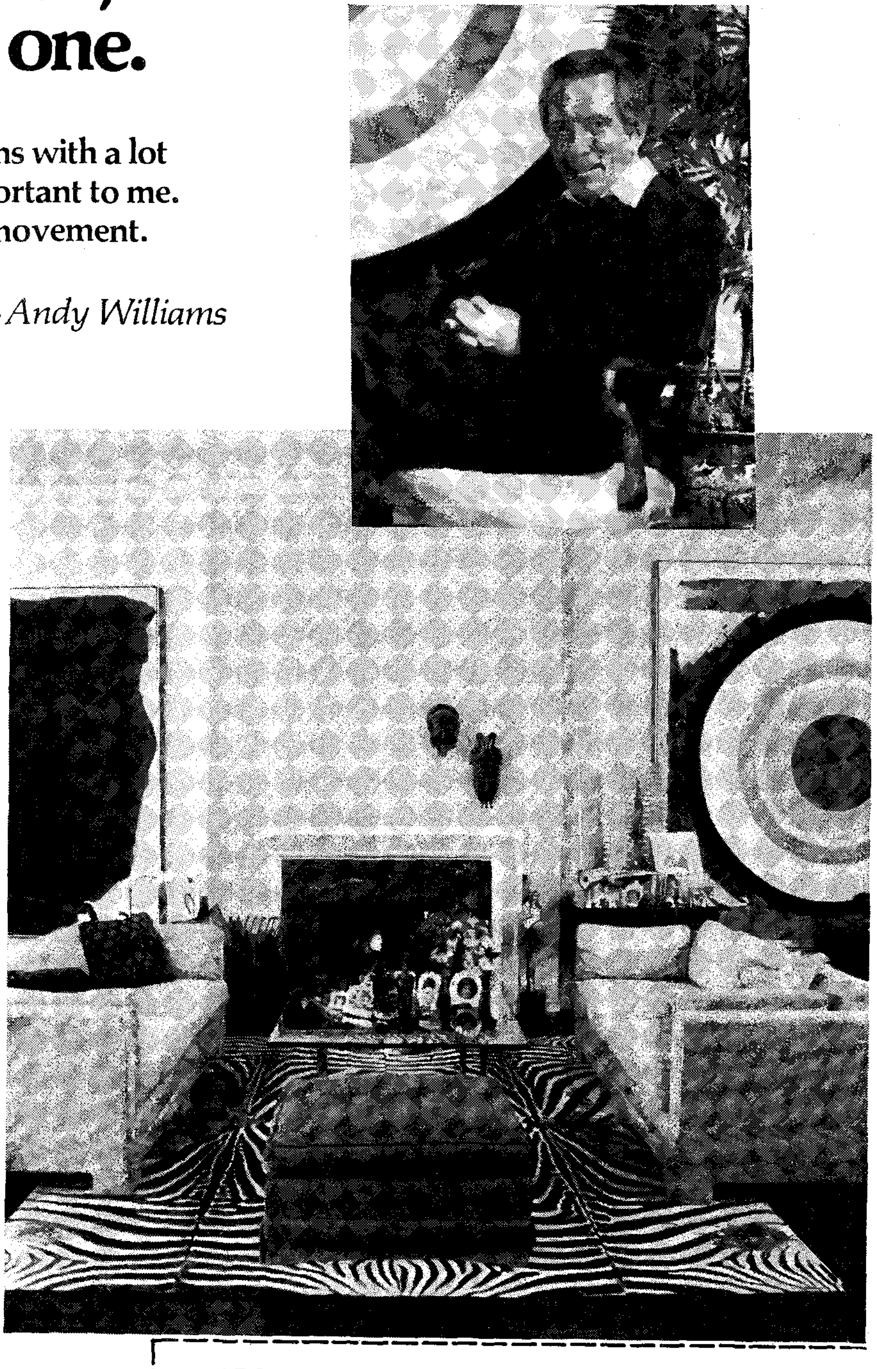
James Torlakson—Realist watercolors. Through June 13. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BREWSTER,** 41 W. 57th St.:

"There are hundreds of houses better than mine, but I love this one.

I like big wonderful rooms with a lot
of wall space. Art is important to me.
I like mobiles and I like movement.
It brings a room to life."

—*Andy Williams*



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Five artists regularly associated with the gallery—Leonora Carrington, Harry McCormick, Paul Reynard, Ivan Rabuzin (paintings), and Francisco Zuñiga (sculptures and drawings). Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: "Architecture by Artists" (Saul Steinberg, Claes Oldenburg, Arman), in the form of drawings, sculptures, models, and prints. Through June 27. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, most of them on loan, by Austrian Expressionists, including Gustav Klimt, Alfred Kubin, Oskar Kokoschka, and Egon Schiele. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **GLADSTONE,** 41 W. 57th St.: Summertime is the theme; Eric Fischl, Charles Traub, and Judith Shea are among the more than twenty painters, photographers, and sculptors. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **GOODMAN,** 38 E. 57th St.: New paintings by Anselm Kiefer, Jeffrey Lew, Allan McCollum; an installation by Alan Sonfist; a lamp by Christopher Sproat. Through Saturday, June 6. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Some seventy-two paintings and sculptures have been got together, spanning nearly two hundred years of American art: a Gilbert Stuart portrait, a Bierstadt oil of the Sacramento Valley, an oil and tempera by Shahn, three bronzes by Leonard Baskin. Through Friday, May 29. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: A show of drawings by eight painters (Bishop, Cadmus, Etting, Mayhew, Palmer, Prestopino, Thon, Vickrey). Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **TOUCHSTONE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, photographs, and sculptures by sixteen Conceptualists (Alice Aycock, Joseph Beuys, Jody Pinto), demonstrating an assumed connection between ritual and landscape. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **URDANG,** 29 W. 57th St.: One new work apiece (painting, sculpture) by five artists—Heidi Glück, Joshua Neustein, David Reed, Joel Shapiro, and Richard Tuttle. Through Friday, May 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

IVOR ABRAHAMS—Semi-abstract sculptures, some in cast bronze and some in cement, based on classical figures. Through Saturday, June 6. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

FRANCESCO CLEMENTE—Recent frescoes, paintings, and drawings by an Italian artist. Through Saturday, May 30. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

HUGO CONSUEGRA / DOMINGO GARCIA—Abstract paintings and drawings by this Cuban artist. / Recent paintings. Through Saturday, June 6. (Cayman, 381 West Broadway.)

RAINER FETTING AND HELMUT MIDDENDORF—Male figures in a shower by the former, and gyrating rock-and-rollers by the latter, both of them Berliners who paint in a deliberately harsh style. Through Thursday, June 4. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

DAN FLAVIN—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

TIMOTHY HENNESSY—An installation in which the gallery ceiling, walls, and—in places—floor are covered with large cotton or silk hangings painted on both sides in Byzantine designs. Through Saturday, June 6. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

LOUISE KRAMER—New sculptural pieces—geometric forms cut out of steel, aluminum, or cardboard, and sometimes painted. Through Saturday, May 30. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

JACK MENDENHALL / TED WELLER—Paintings of interiors by a Photo-Realist. / Illustration drawings (as seen in Boy Scout manuals, etc.) burned into plywood. Through June 13. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

WENDY MENG—Large, precise watercolors of city vistas, mostly downtown Manhattan. Through Saturday, May 30. (Josef, 113 Prince St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ELIZABETH MURRAY—Clusters of shaped canvases grouped together in large abstract compositions. Through Saturday, May 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

FRANK OWEN—Lengths of rope, strips of wood, and string shown in high relief on molded acrylic that has been fixed to canvas and painted in bright colors. Through Wednesday, June 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

MILO REICE—Large, startling paintings of Biblical and mythological subjects—a crucifixion in which the Christ figure is a female, for instance. Through Saturday, May 30. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

HALINA RUSAK—New paintings. Through June 10. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

MARIANNE STIKAS / GEORGE SCHNEEMAN—Large paintings of inviting-looking portals. / Portraits (frescoes on cinder block) and erotic vases. Through Saturday, May 30. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

MICHAEL TODD / MICHAEL LUCERO—Abstract metal sculptures. / Figurative ceramic sculptures. Through Saturday, May 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

DAVID TRUE—Paintings of deer, one to a canvas and almost life-size. There are also drawings of the heads of satyrs. Through Saturday, May 30. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

JACK YOUNGERMAN—Large sculptures, reminiscent of Oriental screens, cut out of heavy plate steel or aluminum. There are also large paintings of similar design. Through June 19. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Maquettes for the sculptures at Greene Street, and for the Youngerman "Sculpture Grove" that was recently installed at the southeast corner of Central Park, are on exhibit at the uptown Washburn Gallery, at 42 E. 57th St., along with a number of embossed watercolors. Through Friday, June 5.

SCULPTORS' DRAWINGS OVER SIX CENTURIES (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BAYARD,** 456 West Broadway: Paintings and works on paper by three Canadian realists (Ken Danby, Tom Forrestall, and D. P. Brown). Through June 28. (Opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **CASTELLI,** 142 Greene St.: One work each by nearly fifty well-known painters and sculptors, including Christo, Jasper Johns, and Roy Lichtenstein. Through Saturday, May 30 . . . **EMPIRE SAFE COMPANY SHOWROOM,** 103 Grand St., at Mercer St.: Twelve artists were asked to choose from a selection of both old and new safes and transform them into works of art. What resulted were paintings and sculptures by Richard Haas, Bill Barrell, Suzan Pitt, Lance Richbourg, among others. Through June 20. (Open Mondays; closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: Tom Boutis, James Brooks, and Clinton Hill are among the seventeen artists in this gallery's annual show of works on paper. Through June 13. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At **THE CLOCKTOWER,** 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Two sculptures each by James Biederman, Don Gummer, Nigel Hall, Mel Kendrick, and Avital Oz. Through June 20. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **GREY ART GALLERY,** New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: A survey of art in New York from the forties through the seventies, selected by John Bernard Myers. Included in the sweep of forty-five artists and their styles are Rothko, Pollock, and Hofmann (paintings) and Hare and Frank (sculptures). Through Saturday, May 30. (Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREDRICH CANTOR—Current photographs of Paris and paintings on paper. Through Friday, May 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALFRED CAPEL-CURE (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

ROBERT DOISNEAU—About a hundred photographs, including some of his better-known works from the past ("Les Pains de Picasso," "Les Animaux Supérieurs"). Through Saturday, May 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

THOMAS EAKINS (1844-1916)—Forty vintage and nineteen modern prints of people in motion and people in repose, which were used in the classes the artist taught and as studies for his paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

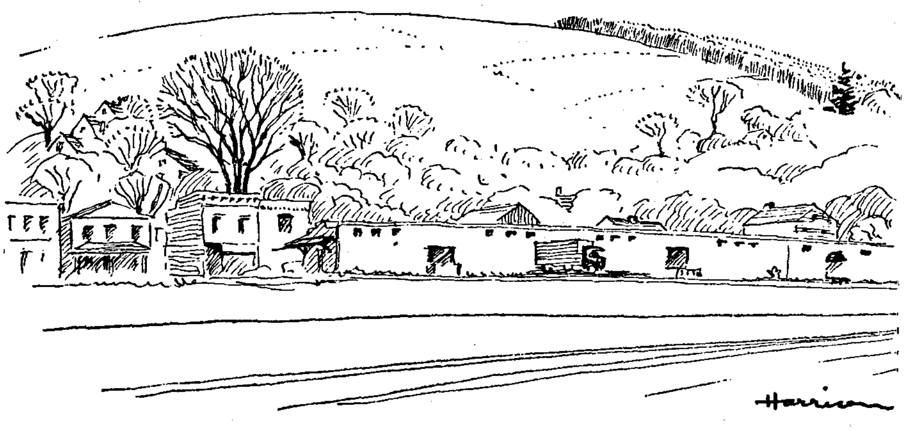
GRACE KNOWLTON—A series of black-and-white photographs entitled "White Corners," all shot within the confines of an interior hallway. A first for this artist, known previously as a sculptor. Through June 13. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE / MAXWELL HENDLER—Photographs of black male nudes. / Watercolors by a California realist. Through Saturday, June 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

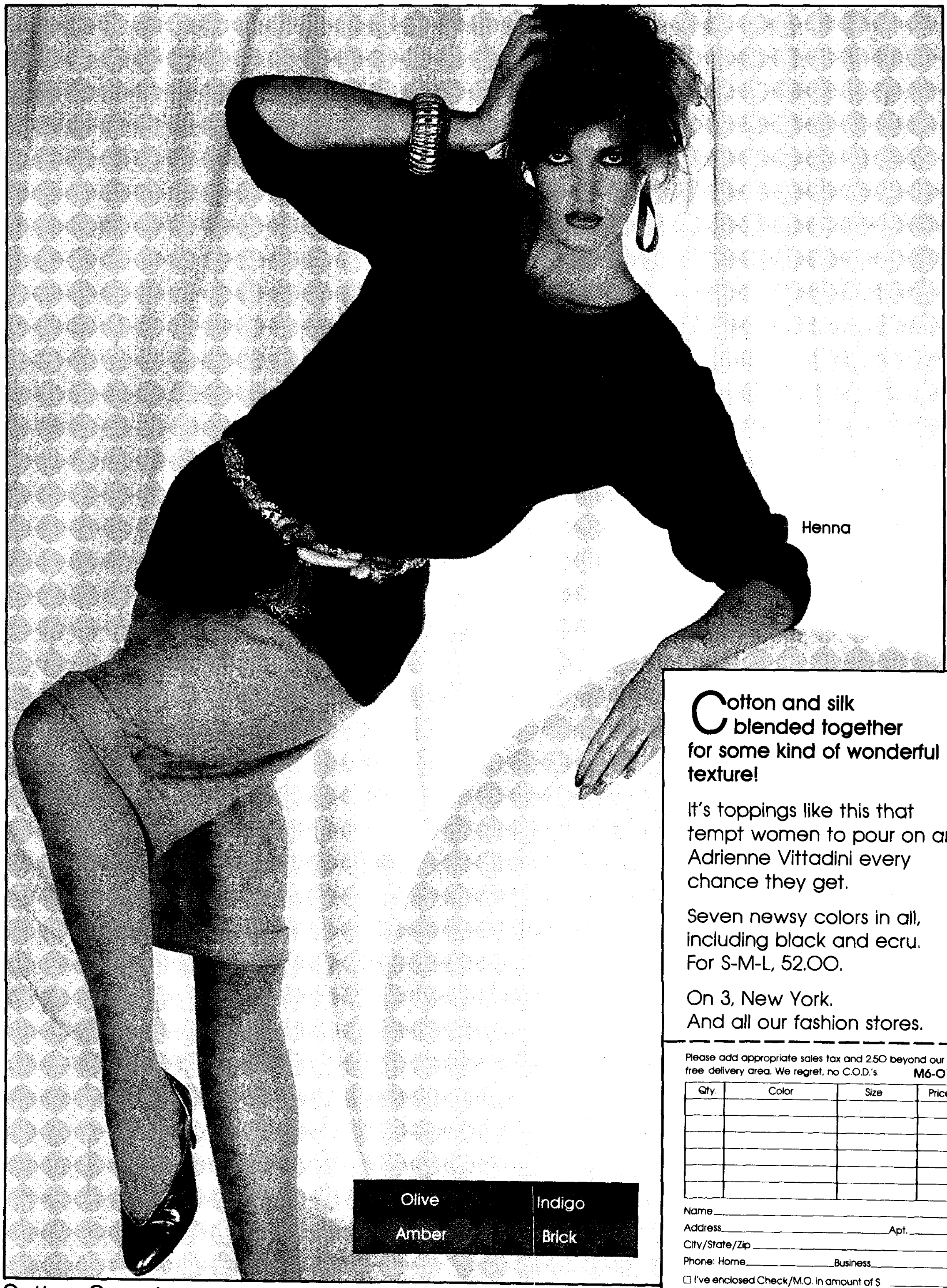
MARY ELLEN MARK—A series of photographs entitled "Falkland Road": a study of the prostitutes in the red-light district of Bombay. Through Saturday, May 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

CHARLES MARVILLE (1816-79)—Photographs of the streets of Paris (1852-70) before, during, and after the city's reorganization by Baron Haussmann. A loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 26. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

DON McCULLIN / HERBERT LIST (1903-75)—A retrospective of a hundred prints by a British photojournalist; most of the works are battle-zone scenes done on assignment for the London *Sunday Times.* / Ninety prints, including



Vittadini's Sweater Shirt: All Year 'Round



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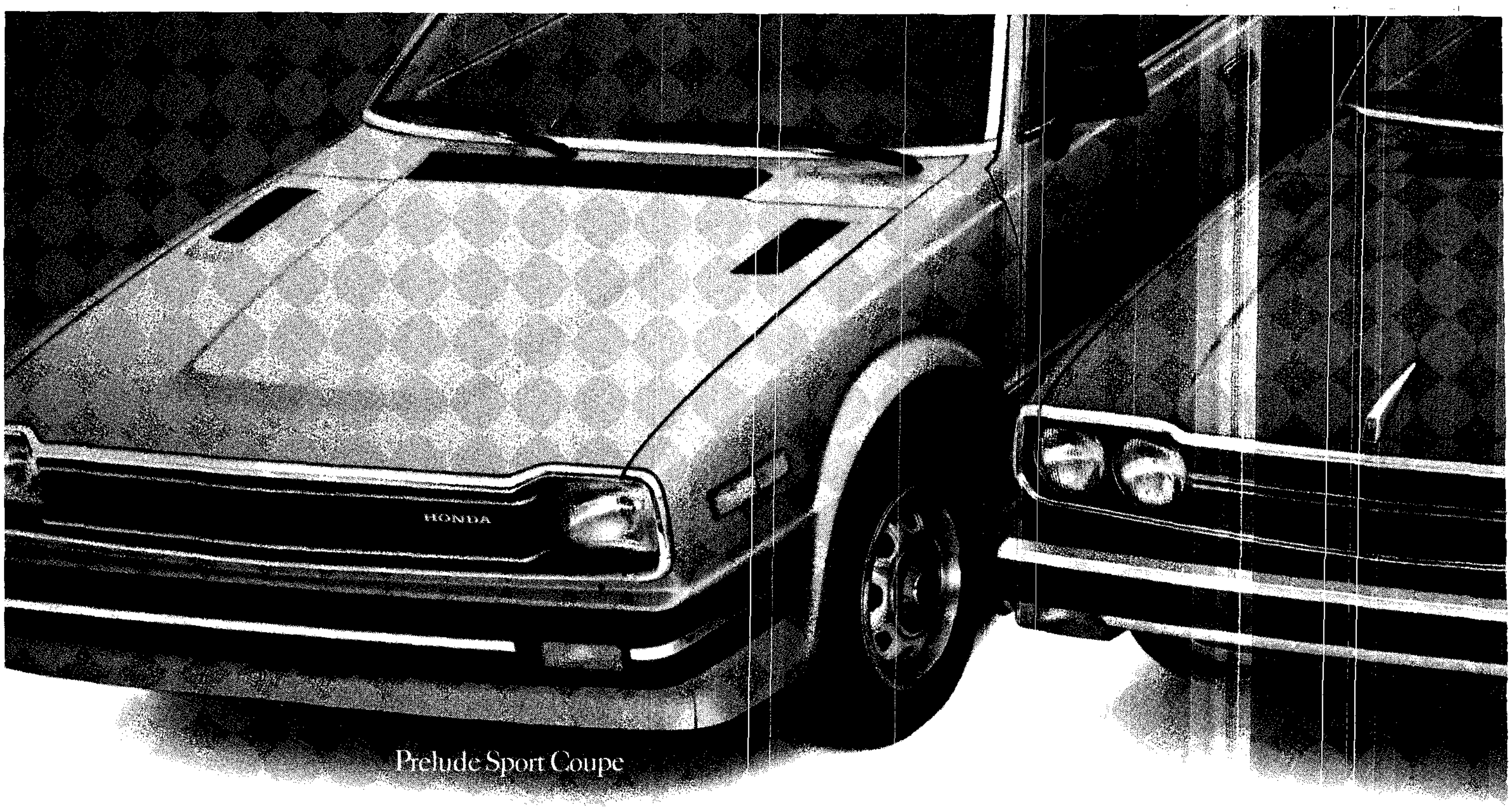

Prelude Sport Coupe

In simple terms, why every Honda has front-wheel drive.

Have you noticed how more car manufacturers have been making the switch to front-wheel drive these days?

With all the attention it's getting, you'd think it was something new.

Well, front-wheel drive is nothing new to Honda. We saw its advantages more than ten years ago.

In fact, Honda is the only manufacturer that has sold all its cars in the U.S. with front-wheel drive and a transverse-mounted engine.

WHAT ARE THE ADVANTAGES?

For a start, we've designed a car that's smaller outside but with more than enough room for both driver and passengers.

This is partly due to the fact that there is no driveshaft running through the passenger compartment. So all your passengers have more foot and legroom. And more

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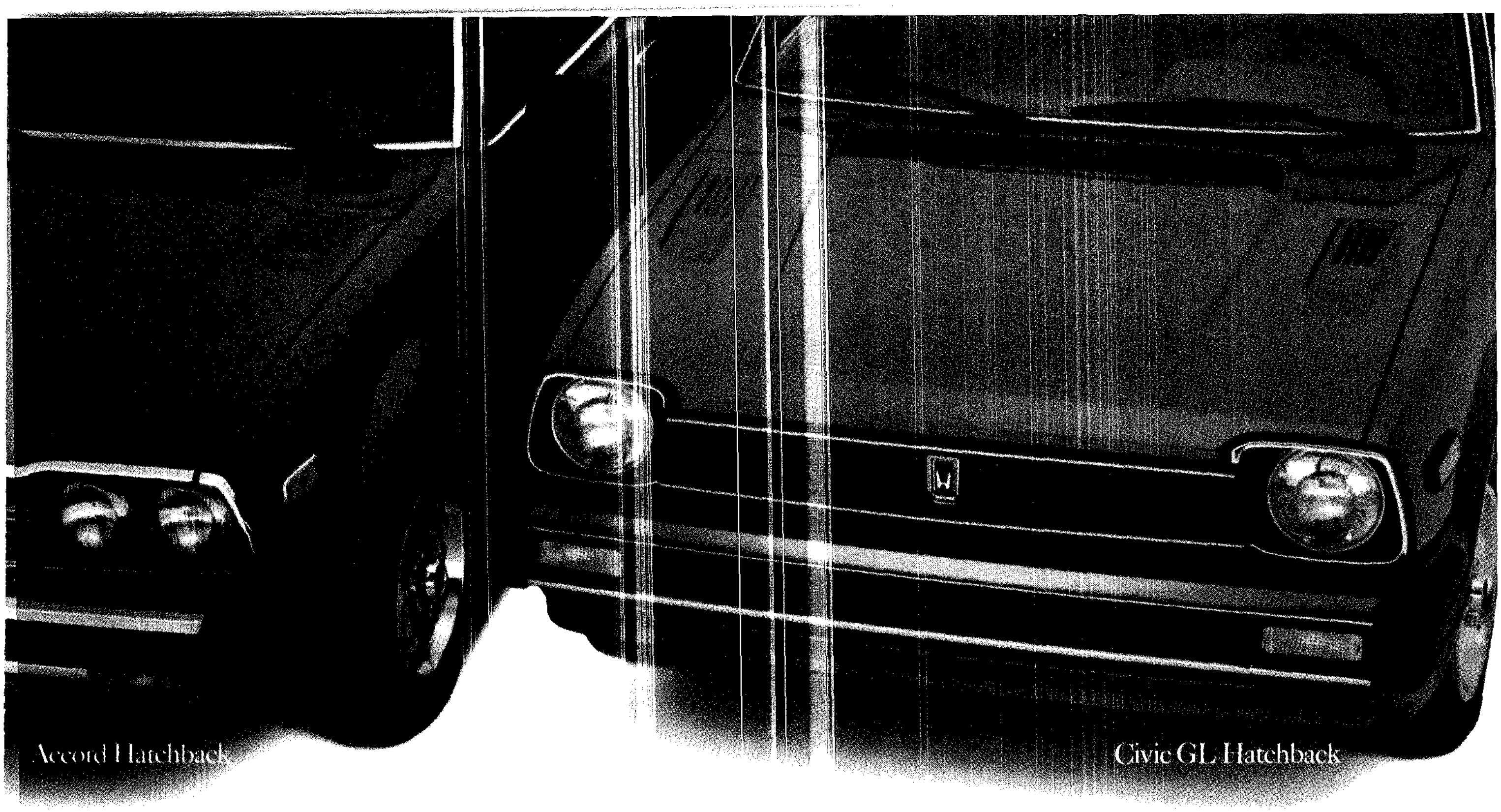

room for their belongings.

Eliminating the driveshaft also reduces another problem. Because the driveshaft can be a source of noise and vibration.

And since there's no heavy rear axle housing, we've also been able to relocate some of the car's other basic components.

Like the fuel tank. We've made it wider and flatter, and moved it forward. That gives you more cargo space. And even improves the car's responsiveness in handling.

THE ADVANTAGES DON'T STOP AT IMPROVED COMFORT.

Front-wheel drive puts more of the weight on the driving wheels. That means better traction.

And because driving power is applied in the direction the car is being steered, it actually helps you through the turns.

We could go on forever. But the only way to really appreciate our front-wheel drive is to test-drive a Honda yourself.

The Honda Civic. Perhaps our most practical car.

The Accord. Our luxury car.

Or the Prelude. Our sporty car.

They all have front-wheel drive. They always have.

So if that's what you're looking for in a car, it's worth remembering that Honda has been out in front for a long, long time.

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For over twenty years, Frederick E. "Ted" Hood has designed and manufactured the most desirable, durable and efficient sails ever to drive the competitive yachts of the oceans of the world.

He's raced and won with the best. His list of prestigious victories include the Mallory Trophy in '56, the Bermuda Race in '68, and the SORC and the America's Cup in '74.

He knows his sails and he knows his sailing. His philosophy contains no room for anything less than maximum application of ability.

Durability. Excellence. Exactness. The words fit the man... the way he works. With ultimate care. With attention to detail. With the pride that comes from making the best that can be made.

The result is that every skipper worth his salt wants a suit of Hoods on his mast. And, chances are, he wants a Rolex on his wrist. Because uncompromising performance counts.

Rolex. The totally uncompromised machine. Handcrafted step by step from a solid block of gold or stainless steel. Mechanically unequaled. Esthetically unparalleled. The world's idea of what a watch should be.

Indeed, Mr. Hood and Rolex have precisely the same opinion toward accomplishment. The only true measure of achievement is result.

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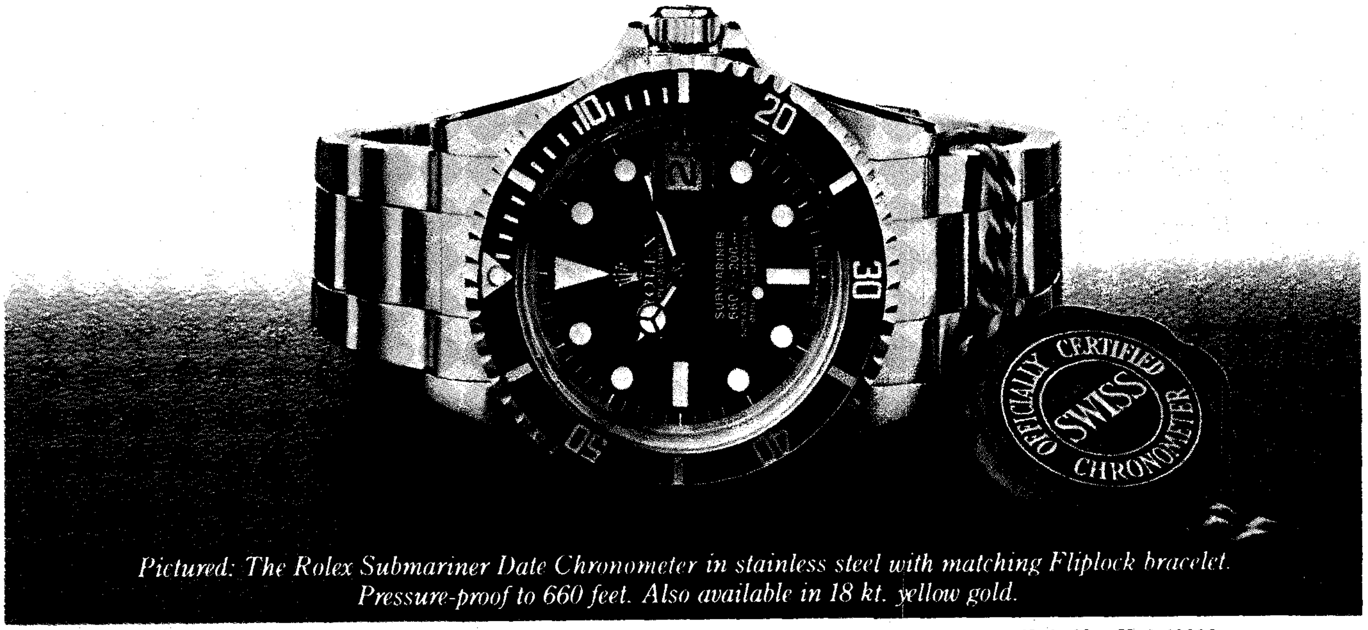

Pictured: The Rolex Submariner Date Chronometer in stainless steel with matching Fliplock bracelet. Pressure-proof to 660 feet. Also available in 18 kt. yellow gold.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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a number of portraits (Miró, Colette) and fashion and travel views, by a German photographer who was influenced by Surrealism. Through June 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Ray K. Metzker—Twenty-four black-and-white abstractions. Also, a number of large photomontages. Through Saturday, May 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tod Papageorge—Recent photographs by the chairman of the Photography Department at Yale. Through Saturday, May 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Marc Riboud / Judith Natal—Photographs of life in China, Naples, Morocco, and Vietnam by a French photojournalist. / Photogravures. Through June 13. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of modern and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Paintings by Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Rothko, Oldenburg; sculptures by, among others, Moore and Lipchitz. The sculpture section also includes work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years, as well as pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "German Masters of the Nineteenth Century" (Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp Otto Runge, and Adolf von Menzel, among about thirty) contains some hundred and fifty paintings and drawings on loan. Through July 5. . . . ¶ A full display of the Lehman Collection's nearly two hundred eighteenth-century Italian drawings, with its indispensable Canalettos, Guardis, and Tiepolos (father and son). . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Before Photography," a show whose point is the correlation between painting and photography. It consists of forty paintings and drawings (by Constable, Corot, and their early-nineteenth-century contemporaries) and an equal number of early photographs (by William Henry Fox Talbot, Gustave Le Gray, and others). Through July 5. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by Cézanne, Matisse, Léger, Lois Lane, James Biederman, and numerous others. Through Tuesday, June 2. . . . **Photography:** Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. Through July 19. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Through July 19. . . . ¶ Twenty small-scale paintings, sculptures, and works on paper in a show of the Sibyl H. Edwards bequest to the museum: five collages by the Czech artist Jiří Kolář, and a single work apiece by fourteen other artists (Lucas Samaras, Sam Francis, Alexander Calder). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A comprehensive show of works by the portrait artist Chuck Close, some of them gigantic. Through June 21. . . . ¶ "Decade of Transition": nearly a hundred and fifty works (painted, drawn, or sculpted during the nineteen-forties) from the museum's permanent collection. The cast and styles are diverse: Wyeth, Marsh, Shahn, Rothko, Pousette-Dart, Pollock, and others. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A show of American paintings (1700-1900) on loan from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The artists—who, if they did not actually settle in Boston, had some ties to that city—include Gilbert Stuart, Washington Allston, Fitz Hugh Lane, and Winslow Homer. Through June 14. . . . ¶ Eighteen surrealist paintings by the artist O. Louis Guglielmi from the years 1934 to 1942. Through July 5. A show of later oils has been mounted at the Andrew Crispo Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (The Whitney is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

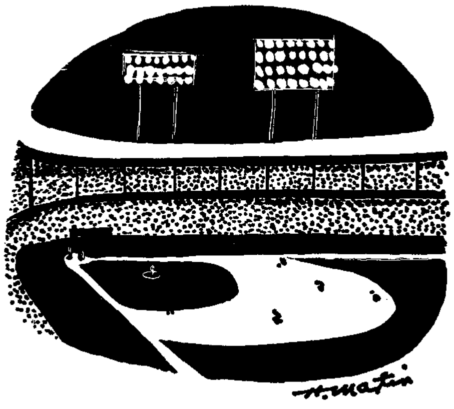
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Through June 7. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A survey of Saudi Arabian culture, past and present. The primary focus is on the Bedouin and his environment, and the centerpiece of the exhibit is a thirty-one-by-thirteen-foot black tent (with divisions for men, women, and domestic activities) housing traditional woven carpets and leather cushions, and displays of the nomads' clothing (a wedding dress), jewelry (nose rings, forehead ornaments), and kitchen implements (bowls for preparing cooking paste and serving camel's milk). Also ancient artifacts. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of art works and manuscripts by newly elected members of the Academy and by winners of this year's awards. Manuscripts and musical scores by, among others, Louise Glück, William Stafford, Jay Wright, Ben Belitt, Edward Field, Edward Hoagland, Bernard Malamud, Mark Strand, and Donald Martino. Paintings and sculptures by Jack Tworkov, George Segal, Raphael Soyer, and others. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure": Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Brady, and Richard Shaw. Through Sunday, May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Royal Abbey of Saint-Denis in the Time of Abbot Suger," a show of forty pieces (monumental sculptures, stained glass, and liturgical vessels) once part of the abbey, which under the direction of the abbot was one of the high points of twelfth-century ecclesiastical architecture and ornamentation. Through Sunday, May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)



Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Samples of earthenware and stoneware (that is, pottery exclusive of porcelains) in a display taken from the museum's own cupboards. The decorative and utilitarian items range from ancient Greek and Egyptian terracottas to Wedgwood basaltware to Rookwood vases of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Eighty scene and costume designs for theatre and opera productions in nineteenth-century Germany. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Three shows: A display of autograph manuscripts and letters by nineteenth-century British authors, among them John Keats (represented by "Endymion"), Sir Walter Scott ("The Lady of the Lake"), Jane Austen ("Lady Susan"), and Oscar Wilde ("The Picture of Dorian Gray"). . . . ¶ Hand in hand with the manuscript show are David Levine's contemporary caricatures of these and other British authors—more than forty drawings in all. . . . ¶ Forty manuscripts of music for the piano by such composers as Mozart, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, Ravel, and Cage. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A quilt show in two parts. At this museum: Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ At the Fashion Institute of Technology: Sixty quilts. (Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.) Both through Aug. 22.

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of gifts received in the past two years from new members on the occasion of their acceptance into the Academy. There are a number of self-portraits (James Wyeth, Chaim Gross, Will Barnet) included in the paintings, prints, and sculptures. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "French Drawings from a Private Collection—Louis XIII to Louis XVI": more than sixty works (none of which have been seen publicly in New York before) from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Included in the show is the only Chardin drawing in America, plus works by Le Brun, Corneille, Greuze, and others. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Aluminum and Masonite cutouts by Gary Falk and installations by Brigid Kennedy, Ladd Kessler, and Peggy Yunque. Through June 13.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Sandra McKee (performance), Thursday, June 4, at 8:30. Exhibition: "The Page as Alternative Space, 1970-1980," concludes a series centered on art works with texts. Through June 27.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615.—Disband (performance), Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, at 8:30; David Woodberry and the Running & Rolling Foundation (dance and film), Thursday through Sunday, June 4-7, at 8:30.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Two group shows are among the many current exhibitions: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eight artists (Red Grooms, Ed Ruscha, William Wiley) whose works are intentionally humorous; and photographs by

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Yes, Perennial Tulips

For the past five years a new strain of Tulips has bloomed superbly in test gardens here and in Holland. They have large blossoms like Darwin Hybrids, grow to two feet, and self-propagate readily in formal beds *and naturalized sweeps*. We don't know if they will last as long as Daffodils, but we do know that the count of full-sized blooms has actually increased over the period of the trials. So, if you normally plant new Tulip bulbs each fall, you can now figure your annual cost at one-fifth your first cost.

There's no "catch." Just give these vigorous bulbs a rich, deeply dug home and follow directions that come with the shipment. Varieties include Pink, #44253, old rose outside, glowing orange inside; Red, #44256, dark red outside, the base black edged yellow; Two-tone, #44259, orange-scarlet at the center of petal, edged in bold yellow; Yellow, #44262, deep golden-yellow with a black base; and White, #44265, a rich cream, touched with pink at the edge. Flowers are sturdy, long-lasting—everything, in short, that you could ask from a Tulip, and perennial to boot.

You might think that this extraordinary strain of Tulips would carry a high price. Not so. At $6.30 per dozen, the cost is about the same, maybe a bit less, than many recent varieties. Sorry, varieties cannot be mixed to get a lower price, though we do offer a collection, #44358, 6 each of the 5 varieties for $13.50. Please add shipping charges of 10% east of the Mississippi, 15% west and charge, if you like, to your Master Card or Visa account. (Connecticut residents please add sales tax.) For your convenience, phone orders are accepted at 203-567-0801, weekdays from 8:30 to 5:30. Bulbs are shipped in time for fall planting and purchasers will receive a one-year subscription to our catalogues known collectively as The Garden Book. You'll enjoy them almost as much as the Tulips.

—Amos Pettingill

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IMPORTED HOLLAND BULBS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

twenty-four artists (Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, William Wegman) commissioned to do portraits containing "a woman and a consumer item." Through June 14.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—The opening performances of "The Romantic Era," a series of eleven concerts presented through Friday, June 19. Wednesday, May 27: Christoph von Dohnanyi conducting a Weber-Mendelssohn-Schubert program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, May 29, and Monday, June 1: Christoph von Dohnanyi conducting a Schubert-Reinecke-Doppler-Schumann program, with James Galway and Julius Baker, flute. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 3: James Conlon directing a Chopin-Liszt program, with Emanuel Ax, piano; John Aler, tenor; and a chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5: Andrew Davis conducting a Borodin-Conus-Rimsky-Korsakov program, with Rosa Fain, violin. (Evenings at 8.)

Festival Concerts—The opening performances in a series of thirteen concerts devoted to the orchestral, choral, and chamber music of Schubert and Bartók presented through Thursday, June 11. CARNEGIE HALL. Thursday, May 28, at 8: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra and acting as violin soloist. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 2, at 8: Pinchas Zukerman directing the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, with Beverly Hoch, soprano; Jane Bunnell, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Bogdan, tenor; Harris Poor, bass; and the Manhattan Chorale. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 4, at 8: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 8: Misha Dichter, piano; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and the Vermeer Quartet in a chamber-music program. . . . CARNEGIE RECITAL HALL. Tuesday, June 2, at 5:45: Alexander Dashnaw directing the Manhattan Chorale, with Marc Neikrug, piano; Anne Connors, soprano; Fay Kittelson, mezzo-soprano; and William McFarland, baritone. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 4, at 5:45: A program of songs by Paul Sperry, tenor.

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—A series of five concerts. AVERY FISHER HALL. Saturday, May 30, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of the B-Minor Mass, with June Anderson, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 6, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus in a Charpentier-Vivaldi-Bach program. . . . CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Park Ave. at 64th St. Monday, June 1, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus in a program of Bach cantatas. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 3, at 7:30: Ronald Roseman, oboe, with the Musica Sacra Chamber Ensemble, in a Bach-Telemann program. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 7:30: Frederick Renz directing the Ensemble for Early Music in an all-Bach program. (For information about tickets, call 873-9546.)

Universal Symphony—Noel Da Costa conducting a program of chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, May 30, at 9.)

Downeast Chamber Orchestra—Burton Kaplan conducting, with Heidi Lehwalder, harp. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, June 6, at 8.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead and Paul LaMedica directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 29, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of new works by James T. Anderson entitled "Deepspace Home." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Monday,

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Fortunately the majestic wonders of nature in EAST AFRICA are still within reach. To witness the wild animals coming to water at your very doorsteps late in the evening, or to see the immense migratory herds crossing the Serengeti is bound to kindle a lasting sense of awe.

EGYPT, as Herodotus put it in 450 B.C., "the gift of the Nile" opens our eyes to its ancient past. To scrutinize the exquisite temples at Karnak or the finely decorated tombs at Beni Hassan has to fill one's heart with wonder.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 1, at 7:30. For tickets, call 286-0143 *Monday through Friday, from 2 to 5.)*

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The last in a series of one-hour concerts, this one played by Gillian Weir. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 27, at 5:30.)

Helen-Ursula Katz—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 27, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Russia. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 28, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The final concert of the season will be a program of music from Germany. With Jane Bryden, soprano; Jerry Grossman, cello; Eric Ewazen and Allan Feinberg, piano; and Clifton Hardison, percussion. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 28, at 8.)

Patterson-Bär Duo—A flute-and-piano recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 29, at 8.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 30, at 8.)

Caroline Stoessinger—Piano, with the Composers String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 30, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program entitled "A Celebration of Springtime." With Peter Johnson, narrator, and David Gordon, tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 30, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 30, at 8:30.)

Betty-Jean Hagen—Violin, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Raffael Adler. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, May 31, at 3.)

Janis-Rozena Peri—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 31, at 5:45.)

Michael May—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 31, at 8.)

Musical Elements—A program of chamber music by Hwang-Long Pan, Toru Takemitsu, Edgard Varèse, Luciano Berio, and others. With Mary Feinsinger, mezzo-soprano; David Taylor, trombone; and Sara Cutler, harp. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, June 1, at 8.)

Robert Schubert and Lawrence Schubert—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, June 3, at 8.)

Quadro Barocco—With Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba, and Chaya Schneider, recorder. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 4, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Saturday, June 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

MISCELLANY

Meredith Monk: A Music Concert with Film—Miss Monk and her vocal ensemble in a program of experimental music. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 265-0822. Wednesday through Saturday, May 27-30, at 8, and Sunday, May 31, at 2.)

Bel Canto Opera—Frederick S. Roffman conducting Victor Herbert's "The Princess Pat," with a new book by Mr. Roffman. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Friday, June 5, at 7:30; Saturday, June 6, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, June 7, at 2. Tickets at the door one hour before the performances.)

New York Lyric Opera Company—Peter Leonard directing a performance of Carl Maria von Weber's "Der Freischütz," in concert form. (Martin Luther King High School Auditorium, 122 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Saturday, June 6, at 7:30, and Sunday, June 7, at 3. Tickets at the door one hour before each performance.)

Benefit Concert—A concert celebrating the *twentieth anniversary of the Young Concert* Artists. Among those participating will be Emanuel Ax, piano; Fred Sherry, cello; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and the Tokyo String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, June 1, at 8.)

SPORTS

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Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, May 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, May 29, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Tuesday through Thursday, June 2-4, at 8. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, at 8.

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Sunday, May 31, starting at 5:15; varsity race at 6:45.). . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 4-6.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The Edgemere Handicap, Saturday, May 30; the Saranac, Sunday, May 31; the Mother Goose, Friday, June 5; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; *through Saturday, Sept. 5.* (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30, from Monday, June 1, through Saturday, Sept. 12.

Running—The L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with close to five thousand women participating, will start at eleven on Saturday, May 30, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green and finish at almost the same place.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. São Paulo of Brazil. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Thursday, June 4, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Drama and Prose Readings—Arthur Miller reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, May 27, at 8.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, and Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7, *from noon until sundown.*

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, May 28, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, including Gustave Doré's monumental work "Christ Leaving the Praetorium." . . . ¶ Friday, May 29, at 10:15 and 2: American Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including works by William Merritt Chase, Charles Demuth, and Paul Manship. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 3, at 10:15 and 2: Drawings by Boucher, Daumier, Burne-Jones, and others. Exhibition starts Friday, May 29. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, at 10:15 (continuing all day): Furniture, decorative works of art, and rugs. . . . ¶ Friday, May 29, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, May 30, at 10:15: European works of art, furniture, and tapestries. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 30, at 2: Paperweights. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** 171 E. 84th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, May 29, at 10:15 and 2: European and American books. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, May 29, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 30, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco works. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Friday, May 29, at 2: Paintings. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, May 27, from 10 to 7, and Thursday, May 28, from 10 to 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: June 21.

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, June 7 (day). California, June 16-18 (night). Minnesota, June 19-20 (n) and June 21 (d). Boston, June 22-25 (n). Milwaukee, July 3-4 (n) and July 5 (d). Toronto, July 7-9 (n). Detroit, July 10 (n). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, June 9-11 (night). Houston, June 12 (n), June 13 (at 7:05), and June 14 (day). Atlanta, June 15 (twi-night doubleheader) and June 16 (n). St. Louis, June 26 (n), June 27 (at 7:05), and June 28 (d). Chicago, June 29-July 1 (n) and July 2 (d).

Crew—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 2-5.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. June 11-14.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. June 18-21.)

Racing—At **ASCOT,** England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 16-19. . . . **WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, July 4.

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Atlanta, June 7. Toronto, June 14. Los Angeles, June 21. Fort Lauderdale, June 24. Tulsa, July 5.

Tennis—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 22-July 4.) . . . ¶ The United States vs. Czechoslovakia in a quarterfinal Davis Cup match. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. July 10-12.)

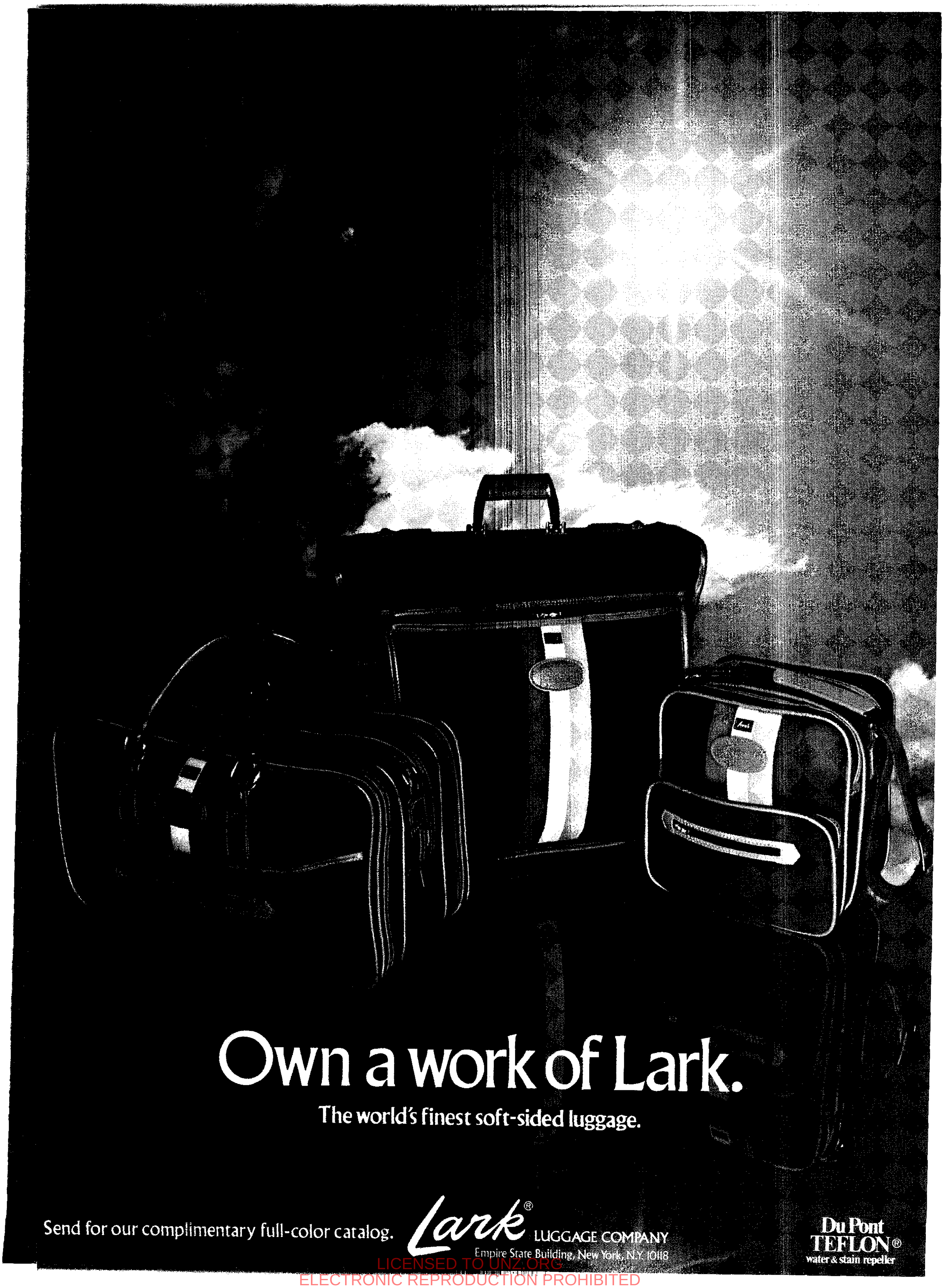
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: June 18-Aug. 8.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, June 13.

Music—The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 16 ("Tosca") and June 23 ("Samson et Dalila"). . . . ¶ The Guggenheim Concerts Band, in Damrosch Park, June 18-Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Kool Jazz Festival, formerly called the Newport Jazz Festival (Avery Fisher Hall, Carnegie Hall, Town Hall, Roseland Ballroom, a Staten Island ferry, Saratoga Performing Arts Center, the State University of New York, at Purchase, and Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N. J., among other places), June 26-July 5. . . . ¶ Tanglewood Festival, Lenox, Mass., June 26-Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, June 26-Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 27-Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Summermusic, at Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, June 30-July 9.

Dance—At the Metropolitan Opera House: Royal Ballet, June 15-July 4. . . . ¶ Netherlands Dance Theatre, July 6-11.

Other Dates—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is Sunday, June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Saturday.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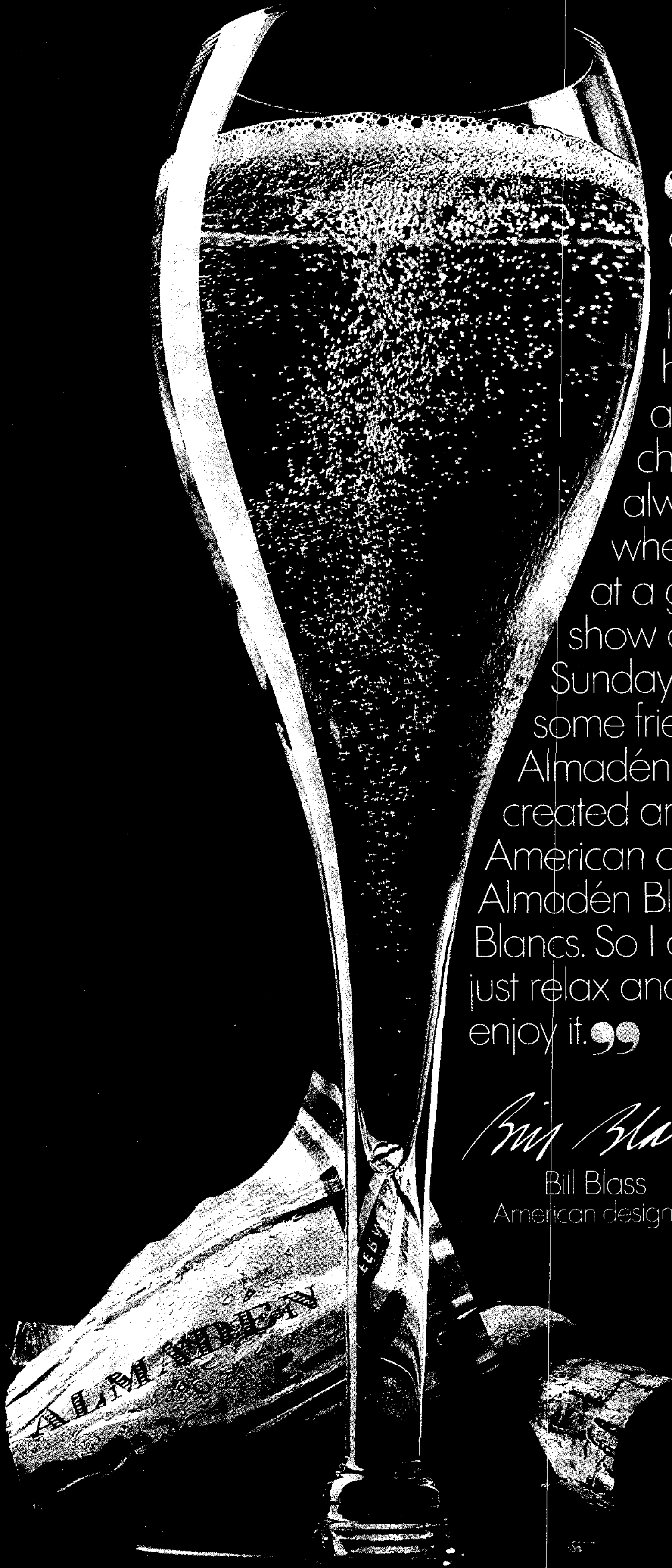

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Bill Blass

Bill Blass
American designer

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Doomed Love" (1978; directed by Manoel Oliveira; in Portuguese), a four-and-a-half-hour film. (No performances on Monday, June 1.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 2: "A Celtic Trilogy" (Kathleen Dowdey), a documentary film.
June 3-5: "Alambrista" (1978; Robert M. Young), with Domingo Ambriz.
From June 6: "Vietnam: An American Journey" (Robert Richter), a documentary film.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 28: "Excalibur" (†) and "Tom Horn." (†)
May 29-June 4: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams; and "A Change of Seasons" (Richard Lang), with Shirley MacLaine and Bo Derek.
From June 5: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Thief." (†)

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
Theatre 2: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
Theatre 3: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Fame." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 28: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.
From May 29: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"This Is Elvis." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)
Theatre 2: Through May 28: "Excalibur." (†) From May 29: "Dirty Tricks" (Alvin Rakoff), with Elliott Gould and Kate Jackson.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through May 28: "Thief." (†) From May 29: "The Haunting of Julia" (Richard Loncraine), with Mia Farrow and Keir Dullea.
Theatre 2: "The Black Stallion." (†)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "A Second Chance" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Anouk Aimée.
Theatre 2: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
Theatre 2: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

Loews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
Theatre 2: "Atlantic City." (†)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MOVIES
Westman

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 29.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 28: "Eyewitness." (†)
May 29-June 4: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)
From June 5: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through May 31: "Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.
From June 1: Theatre closed.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 2: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Happy Birthday to Me" (J. Lee Thompson), with Melissa Sue Anderson.

R.K.O. 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through May 28: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)
From May 29: "Polyester" (directed by John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.
Theatre 2: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.
Theatre 2: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.
Theatre 3: "Glenn or Glenda" (1952; Edward D. Wood), with Bela Lugosi.
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
May 27: "The Devil Doll" (†); and "The Vampire Lovers" (1971; Roy Ward Baker).
May 28: "The Vampire Lovers;" and "Martin" (1972; George A. Romero), with John Amplas.
May 29: "Martin;" and "Carrie." (†)
May 30: "Carrie" (†) and "Sisters." (†)
May 31: "Sisters" (†) and "Peeping Tom." (†)
June 1: "Peeping Tom" (†) and "The Naked Kiss." (†)
June 2: "The Naked Kiss" (†) and "Touch of Evil." (†)
June 3: "Touch of Evil" (†); and "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.
June 4: "The Brood;" and "They Came from Within" (1976; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Paul Hampton.
June 5: "They Came from Within;" and "Repulsion." (†)
June 6: "Repulsion" (†) and "Night of the Living Dead." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Alice in Wonderland" (†); and "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Airplane!" (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Valley" (1972; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 4: "Atlantic City." (†)
From June 5: To be announced.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†)
Theatre 3: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: Through May 28: "Charles Dead or Alive." (†) May 29-31: "La Salamandre." (†) June 1-2: "Le Retour d'Afrique." (†) June 3-4: "The Middle of the World." (†) From June 5: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000." (†)

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.
Theatre 2: Through May 28: "Excalibur." (†) From May 29: "This Is Elvis." (†)
Theatre 3: "Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.
Theatre 4: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Peter Elliot

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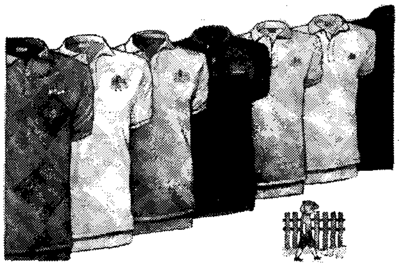

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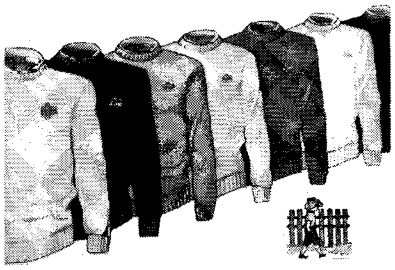

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 1: "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (Connie Field), a documentary film.
Theatre 2: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Olympia Triplex, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through May 28: "Excalibur." (†) May 29-June 4: "Melvin and Howard." (†) From June 5: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 3: Through May 28: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams. May 29-June 4: "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie. From June 5: "Altered States" (†) and "The Shining." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Outland" (directed by Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 2: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 3: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.
Theatre 4: Through May 28: "Savage Harvest" (Robert Collins), with Tom Skerritt and Michelle Phillips. From May 29: "Excalibur." (†)
Theatre 5: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.
Theatre 6: Through May 28: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder. From May 29: "This Is Elvis." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 28: "Thief." (†) From May 29: "Dirty Tricks" (Alvin Rakoff), with Elliott Gould and Kate Jackson; and "Hopscotch" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson.
Theatre 3: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)
Theatre 4: "Atlantic City." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Happy Birthday to Me" (J. Lee Thompson), with Melissa Sue Anderson.
Theatre 2: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through May 28: "Excalibur." (†)
From May 29: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter. (No evening performances on Monday, June 1.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.
Theatre 2: Through May 28: "Ms. 45" (Abel Ferrara), with Zoë Tamerlis. From May 29: "CaboBlanco" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and Dominique Sanda.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 27: "The Rocking Horse Winner" (1950; directed by Anthony Pelissier), with Valerie Hobson, John Howard Davies, John Mills, and Ronald Squire; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.
May 28: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Serpent's Egg" (1978; Ingmar Bergman), with Liv Ullmann and David Carradine.
May 29: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.
May 30: "Love and Death" (1975) and "Sleeper" (1973), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
May 31: "Pandora's Box" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks; and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero.
June 1: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976; Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland.
June 2: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
June 3: "Lord of the Flies" (1963; Peter Brook); and "The Magus." (†)
June 4: "Gizmo!" (†); and "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.
June 5: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
June 6: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus"; and "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.

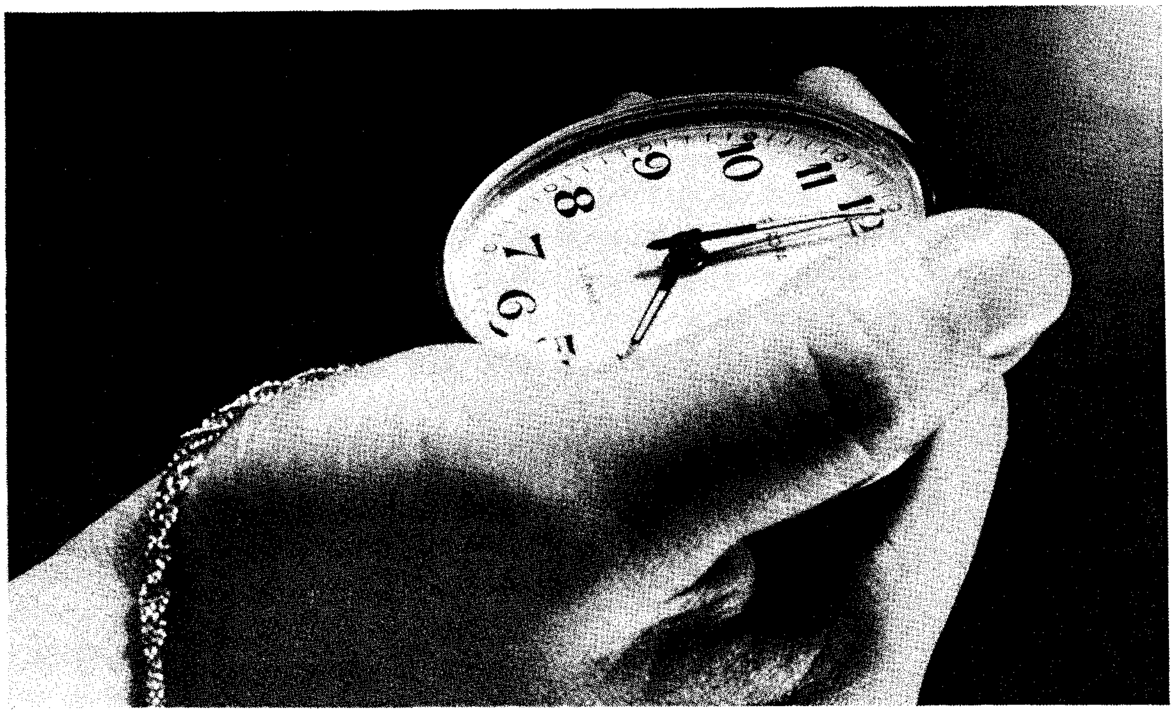
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 27: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
May 28: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
May 29: "Urban Cowboy" (1980; James Bridges), with John Travolta, Scott Glenn, Debra Winger, and Madolyn Smith; and "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.
May 30: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
May 31: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938; Michael Curtiz and William Keighley), with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "Ivanhoe" (1952; Richard Thorpe), with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and George Sanders.
June 1-2: "Doctor Zhivago." (†)
June 3: "The Europeans" (1979; James Ivory), with Lee Remick, Tim Woodward, and Lisa Eichhorn; and "The Fox." (†)
June 4: "The Marquise of O . . ." (†) and "Conversation Piece." (†)
June 5: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Dirty Harry" (1971; Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood.
June 6: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri. At noon, "Oliver Twist" (1948; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 28: "Kagemusha" (1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
May 29-30: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
May 31-June 2: "Heat" (†); and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).
June 3-4: "Repulsion" (†) and "The Tenant." (†)
June 5-6: "The Groove Tube" (†); and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre open in the late afternoon.)
Through May 28: "Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie.
May 29-June 4: To be announced.
From June 5: "Dial M For Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 30: "A Night at the Opera"

GOING TO THE ORIENT?



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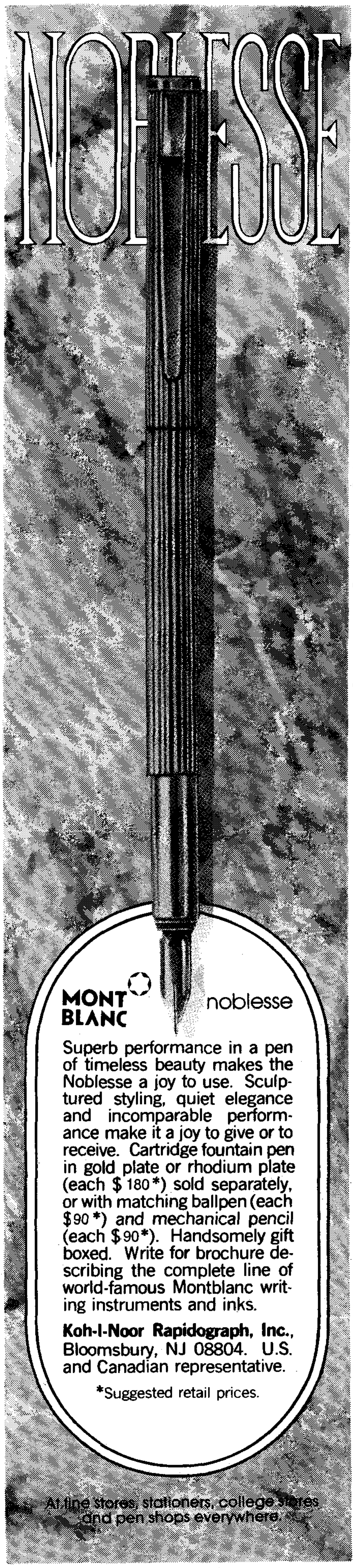

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(1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

May 31-June 2: "Stormy Weather" (†) and "Cabin in the Sky." (†)

June 3-6: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 30: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession" (1980; Nicolas Roeg), with Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; and "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam).

May 31-June 2: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967; Franco Zeffirelli), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.

June 3-6: "Grease" (†) and "Hair." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

May 27: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

May 28-30: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

May 31-June 2: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "After the Thin Man." (†)

June 3-6: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970; Christopher Miles), with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham.

Olympia Triplex I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through May 28: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.

May 29-30: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

May 31-June 2: "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery; and "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann.

June 3-4: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "Man with Bogart's Face" (1980; Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, Michelle Phillips, and Olivia Hussey.

June 5-6: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "Safety Last" (1923; Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

A Laurence Olivier festival:

May 27: "Marathon Man" (1976; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller; and "The Boys from Brazil" (1978; Franklin J. Schaffner), with Gregory Peck, James Mason, and Lilli Palmer.

May 28-30: "Perfect Understanding" (1933; Cyril Gardner), with Gloria Swanson and John Halliday; and "The Divorce of Lady X" (1938; Tim Whelan), with Merle Oberon and Ralph Richardson.

May 31-June 2: "Othello." (†)

June 3-6: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Fire Over England." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 27: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

May 28: "The Tempest" (1980) and "Jubilee" (1978), both films directed by Derek Jarman.

May 29-30: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

May 31: "Oliver!" (1968; Carol Reed), with Ron Moody, Oliver Reed, Mark Lester, Jack Wild, and Shani Wallis.

June 1: "Aparajito" (†), "Pather Panchali" (†), and "The World of Apu." (†)

June 2: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (†) and "Death of a Bureaucrat." (†)

June 3: "The Garden of Allah" (†); and "The First Legion" (1951; Douglas Sirk).

June 4: "It's Love I'm After" (1937; Archie Mayo), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland, and Patric Knowles; and "Madame DuBarry" (1934; William Dieterle).

June 5-6: "Olly Olly Oxen Free" (1978; Richard A. Colla), with Katharine Hepburn; and "Tuck Everlasting" (1980; Fred Keller).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 27: "Terror by Night" (1946), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

May 28: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French); "L'Affaire Est dans le Sac" (1932; Pierre Prévert; in French); and "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" (1962; Robert Enrico; in French).

May 29: "And Then There Were None" (1945; René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, and Judith Anderson; and "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural.

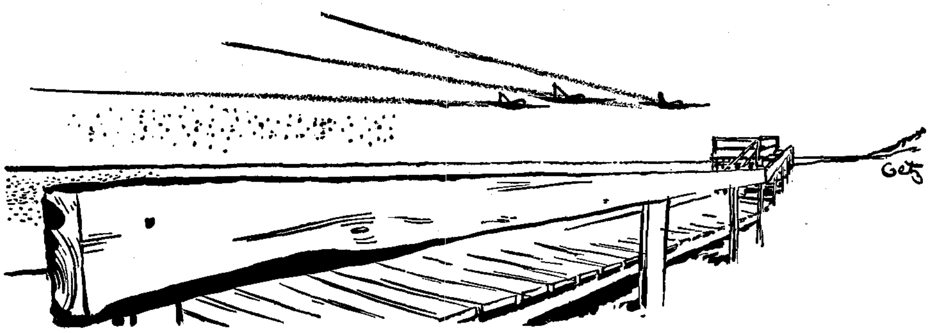
May 30-31: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963) and "Murder Ahoy" (1964), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

June 1: "The Miracle Woman" (†) and "Ladies of Leisure." (†)

June 2: "Nibelungen Saga." (†)

June 3: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

June 4: "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (†) and "Mädchen in Uniform." (†)



June 5-6: "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland; and "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939; Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The final programs in a series of Japanese films directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with English subtitles: May 28 at 2:30: "The Love of Sumako the Actress" (1947), with Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . May 29 at 2:30: "The Picture of Madame Yuki" (1950), with Michiyo Kogure. . . . May 30 at 2:30: "A Woman of Rumor" (1954), with Yoskiko Kuga. . . . May 30 at 5: "Victory of Women" (1946), with Kinuyo Tanaka and Michiko Kuwano. . . . May 31 at 2:30: "Lady Musachino" (1951), with Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . June 1 at 2:30: "Miss Oyu" (1951), with Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . June 1 at 6: "A Woman of Rumor." . . . June 4 at 2:30: "Victory of Women." . . . June 4 at 6: "Oyuki the Madonna" (1935), with Isuzu Yamada. (Other Mizoguchi films are being shown through June at Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 832-1155.) . . . ¶ Other, non-Mizoguchi, films scheduled during this period: May 28 at 6: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963; Don Chaffey), special effects by Ray Harryhausen. . . . May 28 at 8:30: "Mighty Joe Young" (1949; Ernest B. Schoedsack), special effects by Willis O'Brien and Ray Harryhausen. . . . May 29 at 6: "Jason and the Argonauts." . . . May 30 and 31 at noon: "The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran), special effects by Ray Harryhausen. . . . May 31 at 5: "Cast a Dark Shadow" (1955; Lewis Gilbert), with Dirk Bogarde, Kathleen Harrison, and Margaret Lockwood. . . . June 1 and 2 at noon: "A Jury of Her Peers" (1980; Sally Heckel), with Diane de Lorian and Dorothy Lancaster; and "Conscience" (1911; D. W. Griffith; a silent film). . . . June 2 at 2:30: "Now I'll Tell" (1934; Edwin Burke), with Spencer Tracy, Helen Twelvetrees, and Alice Faye. . . . June 2 at 6: "Recall" (1980; Rex Wilson) and "Outtakes—Paysage de Guerre" (1979). . . . June 4 at 8: "Out of the Blue" (1980; Dennis Hopper), with Hopper, Linda Manz, Sharon Farrell, and Raymond Burr. . . . June 5 at 2:30: "The Movies March On" (1939; a March of Time film) and "His Double Life" (1933; Arthur Hopkins), with Lillian Gish and Roland Young. . . . June 5 at 6: A program of ten short films made in New York City between 1905 and 1977. . . . June 6 at noon: "Earth vs. the Flying Saucers" (1956; Fred F. Sears), special effects by Ray Harryhausen. . . . June 6 at 2:30: "Taxi" (1953; Gregory Ratoff), with Dan Dailey and Constance Smith; and three short films made in New York City. . . . June 6 at 5: "Stars in the Ditch" (1978; Pupi Avati; in Italian, with French subtitles). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Starting May 30: "The Head of the Dragon" (1981; Francesc Torres). Continuous showings from noon to 6 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—May 27 at 3: A video program by Bill Viola. . . . ¶ May 27 at 8: "We Stole Away" (1964; Ken Jacobs). . . . ¶ May 28 at 8: "23rd Psalm Branch" (1966-67; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ May 29 at 8: Three films directed by George Kuchar. . . . ¶ May 30 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ May 30 at 8: A program of films by Ken Jacobs. . . . ¶ May 31 at 8: A program of five films by Saul Levine. . . . ¶ June 2 at 8: A video program. . . . ¶ June 3 at 8: "Songs 24-30" (1967-69; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ June 4 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ June 4 at 8: "Points of Interest" (1976) and "Spying" (1978-79), both films directed by Joe Gibbons. . . . ¶ June 4 at 10: A program of five films by Saul Levine. . . . ¶ June 5 at 8: A program of five films by Piero Heliczer. . . . ¶ June 5 at 10: "Shades and Drumbeats" (1964; Andrew Meyer) and "Kidnapped" (1978; Eric Mitchell). . . . ¶ June 6 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ June 6 at 8: "G-Man" (1978), "Black Box" (1978), and "Letters to Dad" (1979), all directed by Beth B. and Scott B.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After the Thin Man (1936)—The second in the "Thin Man" series, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy as Nick and Nora Charles, is moderately entertaining. In it, Elissa Landi (who has peculiarly mushy, ladylike diction) is in distress because she has lost her husband (Alan Marshall) to Penny Singleton. There are a couple of murders, and Asta's mate has puppies. The cast includes James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, and Jessie Ralph. W. S. Van Dyke directed, and the screenplay is by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. (Mini Cinema; May 31-June 2.)

Airplane!—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Festival.)

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Guild.)

Altered States—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. (1/19/81) (Olympia Triplex; starting June 5.)

Aparajito (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, yet it is full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" (see below) from the village to Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with school and the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a glowing moment when Apu recites a poem in a classroom—one understands how it is that art survives in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it to be not a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself embodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. In Bengali. (Thalia; June 1.)

Atlantic City—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Loews New York, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Paramount; through June 4. . . . ¶ Olympia Triplex; starting June 5.)

The Black Stallion (1979)—A slow, dark, mystical film starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Coronet.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 31-June 2.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (68th St. Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Carrie (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (Harold Clurman; May 29-30.)

Charles Dead or Alive (1969)—A film by the Swiss director Alain Tanner, made before his "La Salamandre" (see below). The hero is a fifty-year-old third-generation watchmaker who suddenly starts, on his firm's hundredth anniversary, to undo his soul as if he were taking a watch apart to see the works. There are moments in this politically complex, spirited black-and-white movie when he seems to feel that the mainspring has broken. Michel Simon's son, François, plays the hero very finely. In French. (Cinema Studio; through May 28.)

Conversation Piece (1975)—The theme is "Death in Venice" all over again, with Burt Lancaster playing Aschenbach to Helmut Berger's garish, grownup Tadzio, but the director, Visconti, is in a jovial mood, and the dignified older man—a retired American professor—isn't destroyed; on the contrary, he is recalled to life. Visconti pictures often had an undercurrent of silliness, and in this one the silliness is very close to the surface; however, there's something admirable about the director's allowing his sexual and political obsessions to be displayed so openly. As Konrad, the Tadzio figure, who moves into an apartment in the professor's house, Berger flaunts the mannerisms that many other actors avoid. A petulant little nymph, Konrad is being kept by a venomous, tantrummy Countess (Silvana Mangano). In Visconti's view, Konrad is a victim of those to whom he sells his favors, and at the end he stands revealed as a saint. It's an idiosyncratic film—an old man's film (partly directed from a wheelchair)—but it is vigorous and very likable. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4.)

Death of a Bureaucrat (1966)—An extraordinarily funny comedy, made in Cuba, about the slow torture we all suffer at the hands of government agencies. The director is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, evidently a shrewd and witty man, who is not in the least afraid of Chap-

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linesque slapstick. In Spanish. (Thalia, June 2.)

The Devil Doll (1936)—Creepy. Some bits are fairly certain to return in nightmares. Lionel Barrymore, a fugitive convict masquerading as an old lady, sells dolls to his enemies. The dolls are miniaturized people (Grace Ford and Arthur Hohl) who steal and kill. Tod Browning directed this adaptation of A. A. Merritt's "Burn Witch Burn!" With Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton, and Rafaela Ottiano. (Harold Clurman; May 27.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 1-2.)

Excalibur—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. Also with Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (St. Marks Cinema, Manhattan, Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Triplex, and National; through May 28. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting May 29.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (72nd Street East; through May 28.)

Fame (1980)—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffy, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. With Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody—the last of whom gives a subdued, exemplary performance as a dedicated drama teacher. The music is by Michael Gore, lyrics by Dean Pitchford. (5/26/80) (34th St. East.)

Fire Over England (1937)—The Armada is a toy fleet, but the actors are full-scale and stirring—a young, daredevil Laurence Olivier leaps about the battle scenes and makes love to an incredibly pretty Vivien Leigh, while Flora Robson plays a greathearted Queen Elizabeth, and Raymond Massey is Philip II of Spain. It's swashbuckling nonsense (and slow to get under way), but with a fine spirit. Alexander Korda produced, William K. Howard directed, James Wong Howe was the cinematographer. (Regency; June 3-6.)

The Fox (1968)—This is D. H. Lawrence's 1923 novella stripped of its subtlety, Freudianized, and turned into something resembling Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour," but in a woodsy setting. It's now a story about two young women—sickly, chattering, ultra-feminine Jill (Sandy Dennis) and dark, quiet, strong March (Anne Heywood)—who are trying, rather hopelessly, to run a chicken farm in Canada. There is some symbolism about a fox that has been raiding the hen coop, and along comes a marauding male (Keir Dullea, lowering his voice to indicate masculine strength), who kills the fox, puts the farm in order, and proposes to March, thus awakening the lesbianism dormant in the women. In making the movie sexually explicit, the adapters, Lewis John Carlino and Howard Koch, and the director, Mark Rydell, have diminished the material—have made it tamely "sexy" and brightly colored and "healthy." You have to go back to Lawrence to see how much more powerful and frightening was the repressed sexuality that he was writing about. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 3.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Manhattan, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Waverly; through May 28.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—Heavenly romantic kitsch, panting with eternal love, a moment's happiness, and spiritual anguish. Marlene Dietrich is the lonely, rich Domini, dressed in swirling chiffon as she seeks truth in the African desert. She meets Charles Boyer (whose eyes have never been darker or more liquid) and marries him. Then, right at the purple start of their desert honeymoon, his conscience and a Trappist liqueur combine to ruin everything, for he is a Trappist monk who has bolted the monastery and violated his vow of silence. Back he must go to repent. Taken from Robert Hichens' old squash pie of a novel, it's the juiciest tale of woe ever, and David O. Selznick produced it in poshly lurid color, with a Max Steiner score poured on top. Richard Boleslavski directed; with Tilly Losch, who has a wild minute as an entertainer in an Algerian hot spot, and Basil Rathbone, John Carradine, Joseph Schildkraut, C. Aubrey Smith, and Lucile Watson. Just about perfection of its insanely goopy type. (Thalia; June 3.)

Gizmo! (1980)—A cheerful retrospective documentary about old-time amateur inventors and wacko performers (Americans, for the most part) and their feats, as recorded in many dozens of old newsreel clips and publicity films dating back forty or fifty years or more. The glimpses of motorized roller skates, rocket-powered sleds, dog-powered washing machines, tree-climbing bikes, human xylophones, spaghetti-winders, cellar-built robots, airborne bicycles, and paddle-wing ornithopters are by turns hilarious, tacky, and remorselessly boring, but there is also an underlying sadness to it all, which arises from the inevitable cruelty of our laughter and from a sense of lost American innocence. Take the children. Compiled and produced by Howard Smith. (1/28/80) (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 4.)

Grease (1978)—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 3-6.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. Also with Chevy Chase. (Cinema Village; June 5-6.)

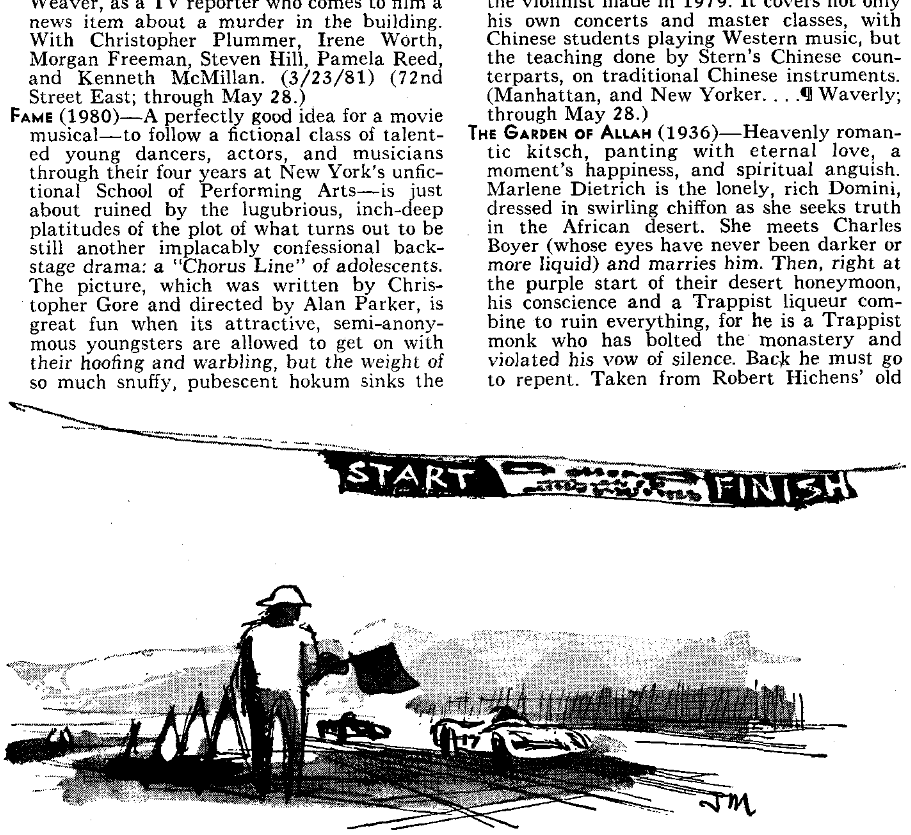
Hair (1979)—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not especially distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folktown of New York. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 3-6.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Cinema Village; May 31-June 2.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (1976)—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting June 5.)

Ladies of Leisure (1930)—Though she came from the theatre, Barbara Stanwyck seemed to have an intuitive understanding of the fluid physical movements that work best on camera; perhaps she had been an unusually "natural" actress even onstage. This was her first big hit in the movies. Under Frank Capra's direction, she plays a tough "party" girl (euphemism for call girl) who poses for a wealthy young artist (Ralph Graves); he sees in her the spirituality that she attempts to deny. The story is a museum piece of early-talkies sentimentality, but, in a way, that only emphasizes Stanwyck's superb modernism. With Marie Prevost, Lowell Sherman, Juliette Compton, and Nance O'Neil. Beautifully lighted by the cinematographer, Joseph Walker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 1.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—A sensitive young girl (Herthe Thiele) in a fashionable school is unhappy under the harsh, Prussian discipline;



she flowers when a sympathetic, understanding teacher (Dorothea Wieck) gives her special consideration. This consideration is ambiguous and certainly sensual. The teacher is not viewed as decadent, or even naughty; she appears to be on the side of the liberal, humanitarian angels, yet she seems unmistakably lesbian. This legendary film, temporarily obstructed by U.S. censors, was later voted the best film of the year by the New York press. It was directed by Leontine Sagan from Christa Winsloe's play "Yesterday and Today"—one of the few occasions in film history when a woman writer's material has also been directed by a woman. The picture is always described as sensitive; it's also a rather loaded piece of special pleading. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 4.)

The Magus (1968)—Probably the only movie in which one will ever see a copy of Empson's "The Seven Types of Ambiguity." That's a few too many types for this elaborate, trashy literary conceit, which should be eerie fun but isn't. It's certainly de-luxe, though, with Michael Caine, Anthony Quinn, Anna Karina, and Candice Bergen all being enigmatic on Majorca. Guy Green directed; John Fowles adapted his own novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 3.)

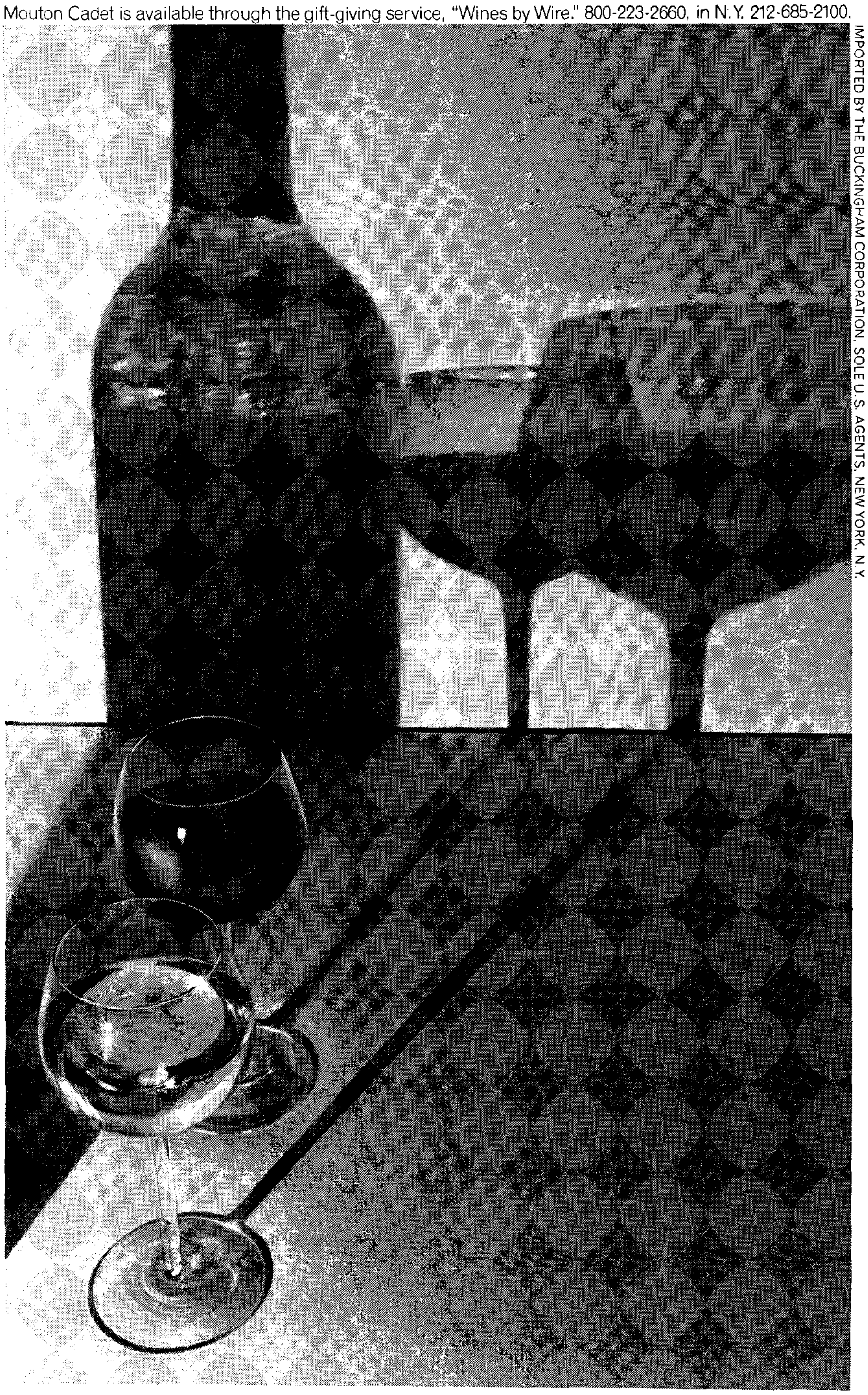
The Marquise of O . . . (1976)—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work recreated for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Olympia Triplex; May 29-June 4.)

Memories of Underdevelopment (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Thalia; June 2.)

The Middle of the World (1975)—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. Directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. In French. (Cinema Studio; June 3-4.)

The Miracle Woman (1931)—Barbara Stanwyck gives a peerless performance as a young evangelist—a girl from a religious background who is taken over by a carny promoter (Sam Hardy) and is developed into a big-time shear-the-sheep phenomenon, with her own church. Frank Capra directed this fictionalized version of the life of Aimee Semple McPherson. It was softened by a mawkish love story: the heroine is redeemed through her unselfish love for a blind aviator (David



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Manners, God help us all). But it's still a beauty, well staged and handsomely lighted (Joseph Walker was the cinematographer), and with some intermittent good writing; the screenplay is by Jo Swerling, from the play "Bless You Sister," by John Meehan and Robert Riskin. With Beryl Mercer and Russell Hopton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 1.)

The Naked Kiss (1965)—A New England town that is pleasant on the outside and filthy rotten on the inside. Samuel Fuller's movie is like soap opera run hysterically amok. With Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, Virginia Grey, Betty Bronson, and a bunch of forgettable men. (Harold Clurman; June 1-2.)

Nibelungen Saga (1924)—Utterly extraordinary: gigantic heroes, trailing processions, and a romantic mystique. Fritz Lang's bizarre, monumental German silent film, conceived as a tribute to the nation, was in two full-length parts—"Siegfried" and "Kriemhild's Revenge"—and the second, made a year after the first, is the madder of the two. The first tends to be static and ornamental; the second is packed with contrapuntal visual rhythms. It makes a picture like "Caligari" seem as routine as a TV sit-com. At the ending of "Siegfried," Brünnhilde has had Siegfried killed, and his widow, Kriemhild, swears revenge. In the second picture, Kriemhild marries Attila the Hun and begins the devastation—massacres, flames, chaos. The influence of the painter Arnold Böcklin is evident; this film, in turn, was a strong influence on Eisenstein and Leni Riefenstahl. There's a fine analysis of it in Lotte Eisner's book "The Haunted Screen." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 2.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever filmed in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living; seven people (the most resourceful one is played by Duane Jones) take refuge in a farmhouse, and we watch as the relentlessly marching, hungry corpses come in and tear at them—and we see, in closeup, the devouring of hearts, lungs, entrails. Made by George A. Romero, who photographed and directed on a budget of $114,000. The film's grainy, banal seriousness works for it—gives it a crude realism. Even the flatness of the amateurish acting and the unfunny attempts at campy comedy add somehow to the horror—there's no art to transmute the ghoulishness. (The dead also rise and come toward us at the climax of Abel Gance's pacifist film "J'Accuse," but the effect there goes far beyond the grisly-scary; the horror has grandeur.) At first, this film received almost no attention, but in two or three years it became a hit at midnight showings after the regularly scheduled feature—and not just in the United States, but in Tokyo, Paris, and other centers. (Harold Clurman; June 6.)

Othello (1966)—A filmed record of the theatrical production starring Laurence Olivier; the techniques employed are pitifully inadequate. But there he is: the most physical Othello imaginable—deep voice, with a trace of foreign music in it; happy, thick, self-satisfied laugh; rolling buttocks; grand and barbaric and, yes, a little lewd. As a lord, this Othello is a bit vulgar—too ingratiating, a boaster, an arrogant man. Who can afford to miss this performance? With Frank Finlay as the pale, parched little Iago—a man consumed with sexual jealousy—and Maggie Smith as the quietly strong, willful Desdemona. (Regency; May 31-June 2.)

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Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Thalia; June 1.)

Peeping Tom (1960)—Michael Powell, of the Powell and Pressburger team that made "Black Narcissus" and "The Red Shoes," did this thriller about a psychotic who kills women and photographs their last agonies. It was a controversial film at the time—and some considered it repellent. It has also been an influential film, and its reputation has grown with the years. With Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer. (Harold Clurman; May 31-June 1.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a runthrough of his overdeliberate, sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" (see below) as though still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; May 29-June 4.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The script, by Polanski and Gerard Brach, seems completely shaped for the camera; the approach is so objective, so external, that the film doesn't raise questions about this foreign girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn't offer explanations of her madness. It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors: the high spot is a man being slashed in the face with a straight razor—until he's cut to death. (If you're too scared to look, you still hear the slashing sounds.) Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have to be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjoy this one. With Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, Ian Hendry, Patrick Wymark, Renee Houston, James Villiers, and Polanski in a bit. Music by Chico Hamilton; cinematography by Gilbert Taylor. (Cinema Village; June 3-4. . . . ¶ Harold Clurman; June 5-6.)

Le Retour d'Afrique (1973)—A gaunt, droll story, set in Geneva, about a couple starting out on a journey to Algeria that is never actually taken, though it changes the two of them politically. The picture has a subdued gaiety and a firm intellect rare in films. Produced, directed, and written by Alain Tanner, who directed "Charles Dead or Alive" and "La Salamandre" (see below). In French. (Cinema Studio; June 1-2.)

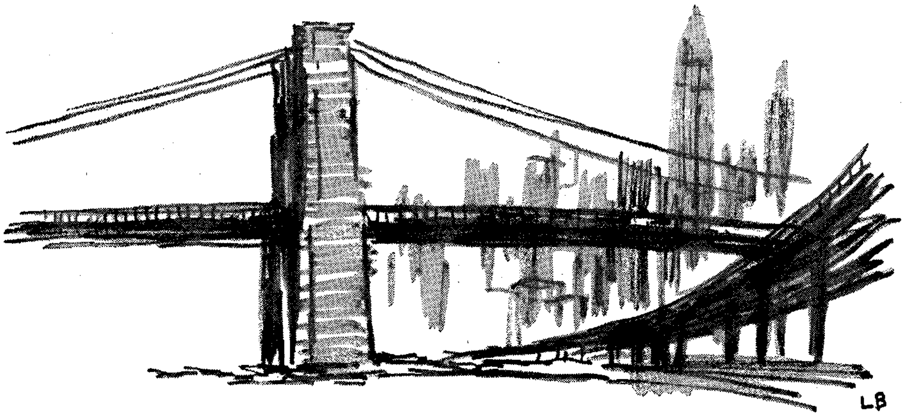
The Saga of Gösta Berling (1924)—Garbo, when she was an entrancingly soft-faced, full-bodied young girl, and the dashing Byronic Lars Hanson in Mauritz Stiller's stirring, romantic film version of the Selma Lagerlöf novel. Stiller was a master at unifying visual beauty and emotional effect; the complicated narrative is blurry, but there are sequences as lovely and expressive as any on film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 4.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Cinema Studio; May 29-31.)

The Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. The father, who wants to write, brings his wife and child to spend the winter in an isolated, snowbound, haunted hotel in Colorado, where he is to be the caretaker—and where he goes mad and acts out his son's fears. Taken from Stephen King's pulp best-seller, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. It has a promising opening sequence, and there is some spectacular use of the Steadicam, but Kubrick isn't interested in the people on the screen as individuals. They are his archetypes, and he's using them to make a metaphysical statement about the timelessness of evil. He's telling us that man is a murderer through eternity. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, though, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Olympia Triplex; starting June 5.)

Sisters (1973)—Brian De Palma's low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin lacks the dream-slapstick style he was to bring to his later thrillers, "Carrie" and "The Fury," but it has its share of flaked-out humor (as in the TV-game-show parody at the beginning). He achieves some virtuoso stunts, though he lurches his way through the picture, and he can't seem to get two people talking to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabbest Republic picture of 1938. The facetious dialogue is a wet blanket, and De Palma isn't quite up to his apparent intention—to provide cheap thrills that are also a parody of old corn. He manages the thrills, though (there are some demented knife slashings), and audiences seem to be happily freaked by Bernard Herrmann's score, with its old radio-play throb and zing. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision; Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance as a nitwit girl reporter; and Charles Durning, Bill Finley, and Barnard Hughes. Shakily written by De Palma and Louisa Rose. (Harold Clurman; May 30-31.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Vague, wandering show-biz story—a fictionalized bio of Bill Robinson—but marvellous musical numbers. With Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), Cab Calloway, Dooley Wil-



son, Katherine Dunham and her dancers, and the great Nicholas Brothers. Andrew Stone directed, and Clarence Robinson and Nick Castle staged the dances. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 31-June 2.)

The Tenant (1976)—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity: it seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This is no piece of whimsy and shock; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile. Photographed by Sven Nykvist. (Cinema Village; June 3-4.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

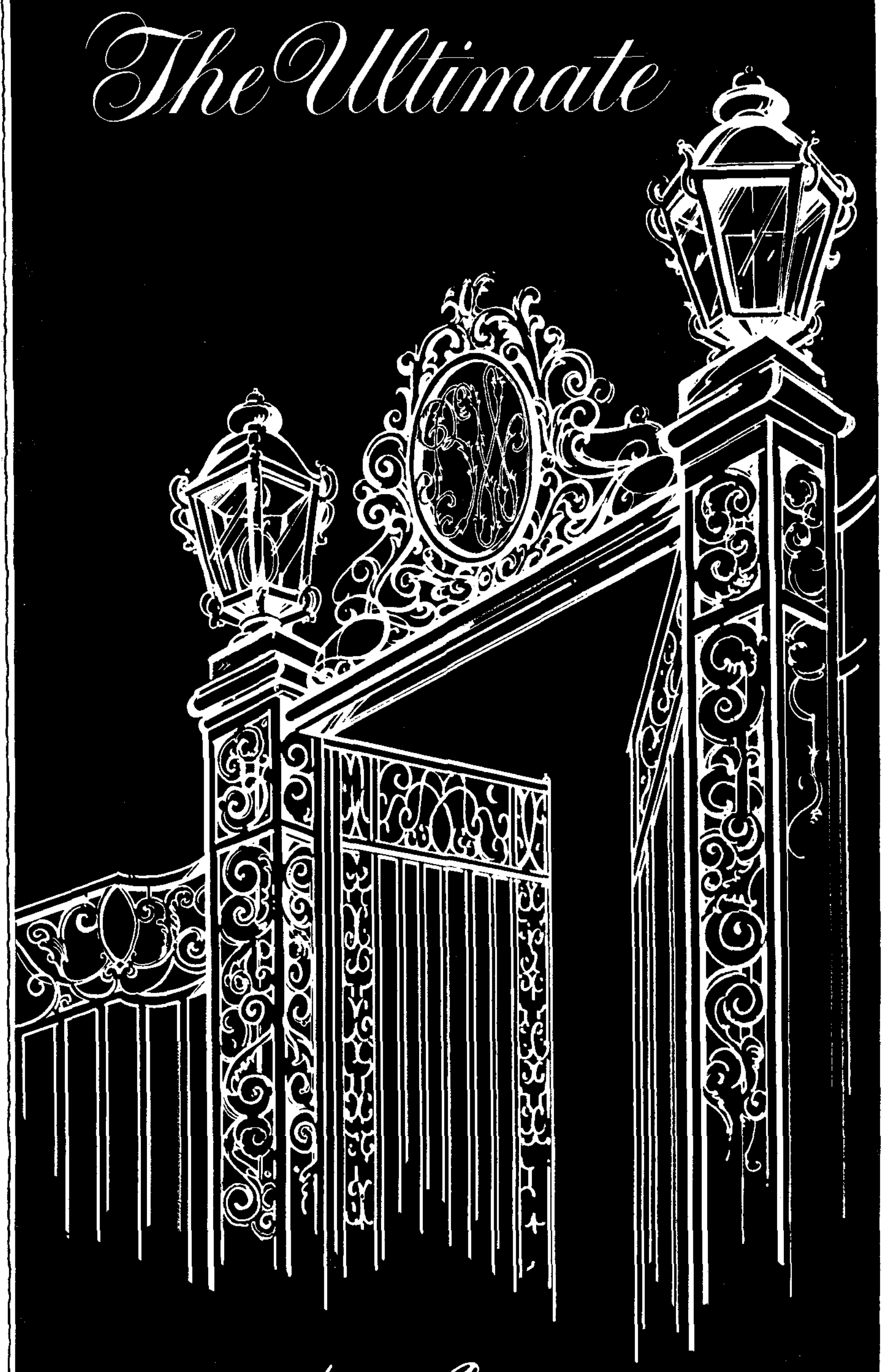
Thief—This is the first theatrical feature by the writer-director Michael Mann, and he has designed it like a choo-choo train to the box office. James Caan is the big-time safecracker who wants to take his bundle and retire, marry, have a nice house, and raise a family. But the corrupt System won't let him. The film sets up an improbable character in a series of rigged situations and then leaps to universal despairing conclusions. Mann belongs to the pressure-cooker school of filmmaking: Tangerine Dream's synthesized electronic music pulsates like mad, and the cinematography (by Donald Thorin) is so snazzy it overwhelms the action. With Tuesday Weld as the dazed, frizzed-out woman whom Caan marries; Willie Nelson, oozing sincerity as Caan's only friend, who dies; and Robert Prosky and James Belushi. (5/4/81) (Bay Cinema. . . . ¶ Baronet, and Embassy; through May 28.)

This Is Elvis—Directed by Andrew Solt and Malcolm Leo. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting May 29.)

Tom Horn—A handsome, vapid Western starring Steve McQueen as a worn-down gunslinger hired by some Wyoming cattlemen to solve their "rustler problem," who does his work with such gory efficiency that he himself becomes the problem. The title role is roughly based on the life and later times of a famous government scout, but the script (by Thomas McGuane and Bud Shrake) offers little more than some pseudohistorical ironies and moral tableaux that form a backdrop to McQueen's effortless, entertaining portrayal of another hero-mechanic who is too laconic and pure of heart to survive. Directed by William Wiard, with Slim Pickens, Richard Farnsworth, and Linda Evans. (6/2/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 28.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller, which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Harold Clurman; June 2-3.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. In Bengali. (Thalia; June 1.)



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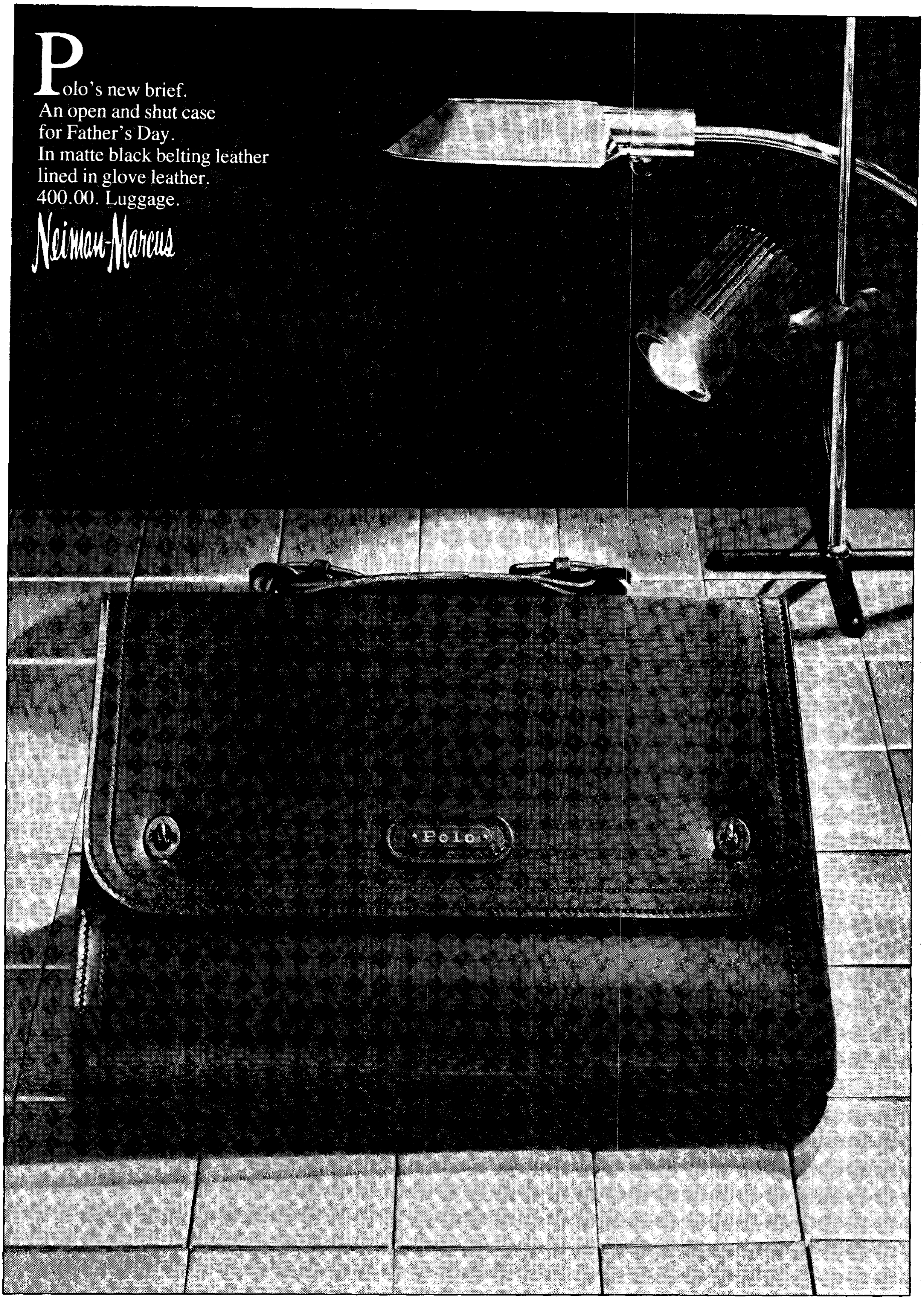

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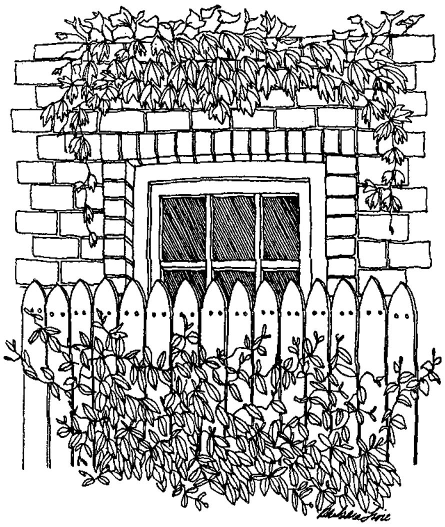
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO impatient men, liberty always looks like an impediment, and there have been signs in recent months that the men of the Reagan Administration and some of their allies in Congress, as they pursue what more than one of them has called their "revolution" in American political life, are impatient. The gambit in what is turning out to be a protracted debate on the nature of liberty and its role in political life may have been Secretary of State Haig's announcement some months ago that in foreign affairs "international terrorism will take the place of human rights in our concern." (For some reason, the liberties of foreign peoples have come to be called human rights.) At the same time, he identified the Soviet Union as a sponsor of such terrorism. Haig's substitution was both odd and disturbing, because it suggested the possibility that in the tracking down of terrorism the sacrifice of liberty might be tolerated. This interpretation appeared to be borne out by the nomination for Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs of Mr. Ernest Lefever, who once wrote that the United States should not give or withhold aid as a means of influencing other countries' "domestic institutions or practices, however obnoxious." At first, it seemed that the debate was to be confined to the foreign sphere, as though the question before us were how much of a domestic luxury—namely, liberty—foreign peoples could be expected or encouraged to have, but before long the nature of liberty at home was in question, too. In an apparent extension of Secretary Haig's foreign campaign, Senator Jeremiah Denton, soon after opening Senate hearings in the newly constituted Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism, began looking into the question of terrorism in the United States. (Considerable cold water was thrown on this approach by F.B.I. Director William H. Webster when he stated on "Meet the Press" that terrorist incidents have been declining in the United States, and that the F.B.I. has found no evidence linking such American terrorism as there is with Soviet conspiracies.) Meanwhile, President Reagan pardoned two former F.B.I. men who had been convicted of violating the rights of Americans during the early seventies by ordering that several American homes be broken into without warrants. The defense offered by the two men, which the jury had not found convincing, was that the break-ins had been necessary for tracking down terrorists. As an act of Presidential mercy, the pardon could not be argued with, but, coming, as it did, after Haig's pronouncement, it raised the question whether here at home, too, concern for human rights might not be replaced by concern about terrorism.



However, the most chilling statements so far regarding the liberties of Americans came recently from Mr. Edwin Meese, who is counsellor to the President and has been informally called a "deputy President," and from Mr. William A. Wilson, who is a longtime member of the President's kitchen cabinet and is now his nominee to represent the United States at the Vatican. In a recent speech in California, Meese said that the American Civil Liberties Union was, in effect, a "criminals' lobby," and, together with other groups, had "now formed a consistent body of lobbying which is regularly opposed to law enforcement." And Wilson wrote in a letter to Stanley Sheinbaum, who is active in the A.C.L.U., that it was logical to conclude that the A.C.L.U. "may be protected by some organized groups who make their living from misdeeds against society." Not only are these remarks in themselves unsupported and unfounded slurs on a nonpartisan, public-interest organization that has done much over more than six decades to uphold the rights of everyone under the Constitution but they also have a larger importance: they suggest a profound misunderstanding in the Administration of what liberty is. In essence, they are an argument against the Constitution itself, which, with its Bill of Rights and its separation of powers, is one of the greatest restrictions on "law enforcement" ever put in place. If the framers of the Constitution had supposed that the support of *rights* was the same as the support of *criminals*, there would have been no Constitution. In actuality, of course, rights, in the few countries in which they exist, are to be enjoyed by society as a whole, and an organization that, like the A.C.L.U., fights to uphold them is a lobby not for criminals but for all citizens. The difference is one that everybody, and especially people in high places, would do well to keep in mind.

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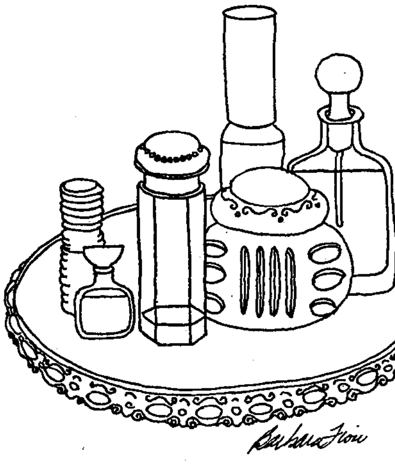
Rogers E. M. Whitaker

ROGERS E. M. WHITAKER, who died on Monday, May 11th, at the age of eighty-one, was best known to *New Yorker* readers for his many appearances in The Talk of the Town under the thin disguise of E. M. Frimbo, world's greatest railroad buff. Less visible until now has been the fact that in his fifty-five years at this magazine Whitaker's presence and intelligence permeated almost every part of *The New Yorker*, contributing to, among other things, the way this page looks and reads. The semifictional Frimbo, dapper and impeccable in his black homburg, the tails of his old tan mackintosh swirling in the steam hissing from a mighty locomotive, sometimes seemed larger than life. The real man was not always as endearing, but he had more sides to him and he attained greater stature.

Rogers Whitaker was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, on January 15, 1900. His father, Charles Harris Whitaker, was a vivid man, a lecturer on architecture, who crossed the Atlantic fifty times on steamships, and who, as editor of the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*, was an important figure in American architectural publishing. When Whitaker was nine, his father told him he was old enough to travel by himself on trains. At the end of Whitaker's sophomore year at Princeton, his father declined to pay any more tuition fees and gave him forty dollars and letters of introduction to three New York publishers. The young Whitaker's reaction was to plunge into publishing, dedicate himself to his work, learn whatever he could. "Work, for the night is coming" was one of his watchwords. From then on, he cherished his ability to pay his own way, and always dressed like someone with a large private income. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has taken an interest in his wardrobe; one of his handmade Bernard Weatherill tweed sports coats, with buttons on the sleeves that really button, has gone over to its Costume Institute.

When Whitaker got to New York, in 1920, he immediately adored it. He felt, as so many did then, that he had permanently acquired the freedom of the city—to go anywhere, at any time of the day—and that intelligence, wit, and a certain blend of tolerance and nerve would see him through any situation. He lived in a theatrical boarding house, down the hall from Mae West, and, later, in a Greenwich Village apartment with fifteen Persian cats. He sold advertising for a trade magazine, and he worked at the *Times* checking bridal announcements for hoaxes placed by rejected suitors. In 1925, he bought the first issue of *The New Yorker* and decided he had found the place where he wanted to work. A year later, he landed a job here as head of the makeup department, and he spent six years laying out each issue and refining the format. During this time, he also helped found our fact-checking department, teaching checkers that a fact is only as pure as the disinterestedness of its source. Then, as chief proofreader and head of the copy desk, he worked to develop the editorial query as an instrument for polishing a writer's intentions. Eventually, he was made an editor and worked directly with writers. Harold Ross bragged about Whitaker's eye for the bad, the flat, and the inapposite in a piece of writing, and attributed much of the magazine's early success to Whitaker and his colleague Hobart Weekes—two men who together could tussle with the prose of a loosely trained newspaperman and turn it into language.

Whitaker was a big man—six feet two and built like an ex-football player. He had pink cheeks, a large head, large features—except for narrow, hooded eyes—and a large stomach. He got handsomer with age. He spoke in a sort of gruff drawl. Some of the thirty or more writers Whitaker worked with over the years were scared of him, but many of them felt blessed. "He always got my point, and he was always interested in what I was trying to say," one of those writers has said. "He showed enormous courtesy to my writing."

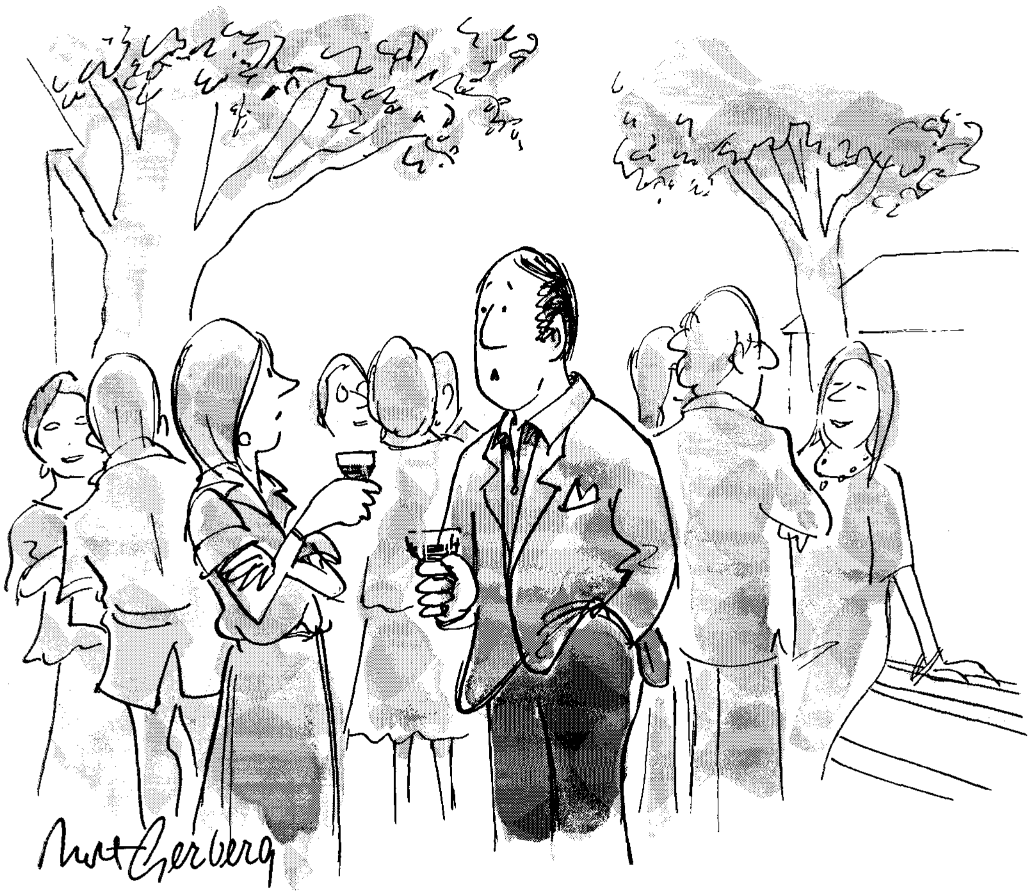


Another writer recalls, "He had such superb confidence in the language that it never crossed his mind it might be impossible to say whatever it was I was trying to say. So when I floundered he just fixed the sentences. 'There's always a way,' he would say, and he would find it."

"He had something of the great, crusty authority of Dr. Johnson," still another writer has said. "Our phone calls were a genuine education. His attention to grammatical detail ultimately had a kind of moral force, because to his way of thinking each issue of the magazine had to be as nearly perfect as possible. It might be the only copy of the magazine some reader would see."

In 1934, Whitaker, while continuing to serve *The New Yorker* in other capacities, began forty-six years of covering college football for the magazine—signing his columns "J. W. L.," because an early managing editor liked the look of these letters. Whitaker bought a huge pair of binoculars and wore a vest of real tiger skin under a big raccoon coat to Princeton games. He preferred to write about colleges that didn't give athletic scholarships, because he enjoyed watching games played without hope of reward or fear of punishment. Harvard's head coach, Joe Restic, said last week, "Whenever I talked to him, I felt I was talking to another coach—one who appreciated that when football is played by young people who love competition it serves them well the rest of their years."

In the early thirties, Whitaker had taken on another chore for the magazine, which lasted forty years—going to supper clubs and cabarets and writing short reviews of them for the Goings On About Town section. (From 1943 to 1963, over the initials R. E. M. W. or R. W., he also wrote about these clubs and cabarets in the column Tables for Two.) Whitaker found that he liked nothing better than dining in the Persian Room, taking in the midnight show at the Copacabana or the late show at the Blue Angel, and then trundling off to an after-hours spot in Harlem or the Village before diving into a big breakfast of turkey hash and orange muffins, ducking into a hotel barbershop for a quick shave and a shine, and reporting to his desk promptly at 10 A.M. He quickly made friends with the musicians and comics he wrote about, and he was often invited to climb on a train with Duke Ellington when the Ellington band went on tour. He helped a number of performers—Harry Belafonte, Debbie Reynolds, Orson Bean, Jonathan Winters—get their first Broadway-musical parts. He gave Cy Coleman, the composer of "Little Me," "Sweet Charity," and "Barnum," his first rave when Coleman was a very young jazz pianist. "Growing up," Coleman has said, "I had always wanted to be a concert pianist, and Whitaker's praise really got me started on a career I wasn't yet quite sure I wanted. It sent me spiralling in a strange way." (Coleman later wrote "On the Twentieth Century" with Whitaker in mind.) Whitaker also gave Lenny Bruce his only good notice when Bruce first opened at the Blue Angel. In the night-life world, for reasons that are lost to history, he was known as Popsie. "Popsie Whitaker reigned supreme," Bobby Short has said. "He was one of the few who *knew*, one of the few wise men I've met, and it was gratifying to know we were getting across to someone as intrinsically stylish as he was. The little blurbs he wrote were actually brilliant reviews that exerted a terribly important influence, because in two or three words he had it out flat exactly what you were up to. If you were bright, you picked it up and went on from there."



"I have a nice smile. But I don't use it much anymore."

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During all these years, Whitaker never stopped taking train trips whenever a moment opened up—an evening ride to Philadelphia, a weekend ride to Chicago and St. Louis, a week of rides in Switzerland or India or Japan or New Zealand. His totals were staggering—2,748,636.81 miles by train formally accounted for (and he confided a few months ago that he was at least several years behind in his arithmetic), seventy-eight trips across the Atlantic, twelve across the Pacific—but in his view he was always only doing something sensible and practical. "If I rode around in a Buick all weekend," he used to point out, "no one would say a word."

And Whitaker put his knowledge of trains to good use. During the Second World War, the United States Army commissioned him in the rank of major in the Traffic Control Division of the Transportation Corps, so that he could help plan the routing of troop trains. (Trains accounted for more than ninety-seven per cent of the troop movements in this country during the war.) In 1970, he was a key witness at an Interstate Commerce Commission "train-off" hearing that denied the Penn Central Railroad permission to discontinue all thirty-four of its long-distance passenger trains west of Buffalo and Harrisburg. In the mid-seventies, he worked as a secret consultant to Paul Reistrup, then the president of Amtrak: Whitaker would ride on troublesome trains and report privately on their problems. "Service is better today because of the work Frimbo did," Reistrup has said. "It was really beneficial to riders—particularly in scheduling and marketing. He would tell me it was no wonder our morning train to Princeton had no business, because there was no evening train back from Princeton. Our schedulers had never round-tripped it. I spotted him one day when he was on an unannounced trip out West—he booked tickets under forty-eight different aliases, so no one would know what he was up to—and I thought he was sort of nodding off. Only to be expected, at his age, I said to myself. Then he looked up and saw me, and I noticed that he had his pocket watch—set, as always, to New York time—in his hand. 'Just judging our speed by timing the catenary poles,' he said. He never earned his living on railroads—though for a couple of weeks in the summers of 1957, 1958, and 1959 he volunteered his services as a dining-car steward on the Western Pacific's Cariboo Country Special—but whenever I talked to him I thought I was talking to a real railroad man, and, specifically, to an employee of the New York Central passenger department. Each railroad had its own personality in the old days, and the Central had real class. It wasn't uppity, like the Pennsylvania."

At the end of 1975, Whitaker retired as an editor and, at the age of seventy-five, settled down as a full-time reporter. He wrote Talk of the Town pieces and pieces for the *Times*, *Travel & Leisure*, and *The Official Railway Guide*. In addition, he wrote a book, "Decade of the Trains: The 1940s;" he was consultant editor to "Fodor's Railways of the World;" and he wrote the foreword, the song blurbs, and the singer's biography for the forthcoming "First Blossom Dearie Songbook." Not long before his seventy-seventh birthday, he test-drove a moped in Central Park for another piece. A Baltimore & Ohio railroad car was named in his honor; a musical comedy about him—"Frimbo"—played last fall in Grand Central Terminal; and last October the National Association of Railroad Passengers presented him and Frimbo with a joint certificate of appreciation for "their vital contributions" to passenger service.

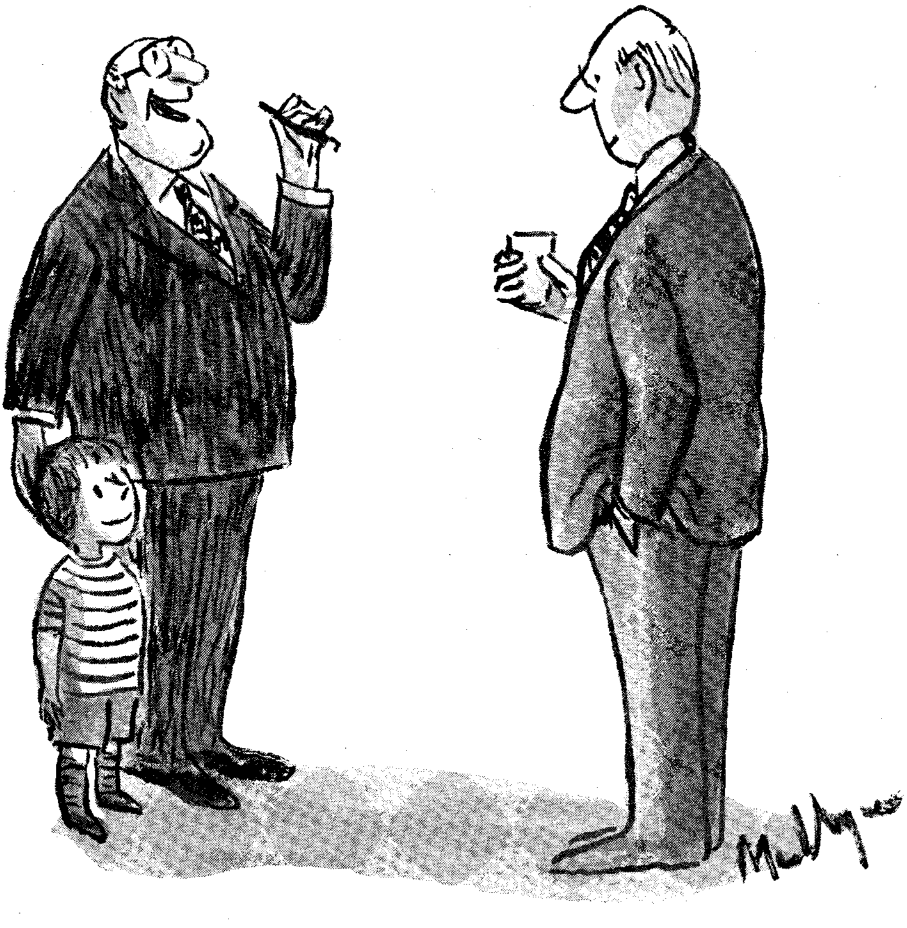
At the end, there was yet another transformation—one that surprised those who had never seen sweetness in Whitaker. His greatest strength for many years—his pride in making his own way in the world—had also kept him at a distance from some whose company he might otherwise have enjoyed. He was stubborn, and he could often be harsh and wounding. But when he was hospitalized with cancer a few months ago and started to lose a great deal of weight he somehow at the same time shed the large burdens of hurt and suspiciousness he had carried ever since he was yanked out of Princeton. He endured a great deal of pain in the hospital without complaint, and the Whitaker of the final days was a tiny, bright-eyed man—alert, valiant, courteous, and endlessly kind.

Sprouts

WHEN we heard that a lot of people from the Rodale Press had shown up at the Four Seasons the other day, we hurried over to see what was going on. It turned out that the editors of *Organic Gardening & Farming* were holding a reception there—an arrangement that struck us as unusual. But then, we reflected, Rodale Press people have always been enterprising and fond of the unexpected. For instance, they gave up mowing the lawn around their main building, in Emmaus, Pennsylvania, a couple of years ago, because they liked the looks of a natural meadow and thought that it would be more interesting. And at their research farm, near Maxatawny, Pennsylvania, they have been experimenting with things like amaranth and Oriental turnips, and even backyard aquaculture. Now they were entertaining some eighty Madison Avenue advertising agents with a natural-foods luncheon at the Four Seasons. The Rodale people had brought some of their own food, such as herbs and radish sprouts, and had also brought a slide show and copies of their magazine. For some reason, we kept thinking of former President Nixon's first trip to China.

Tom Stoneback, the "special projects" manager at Rodale Press, was excited about the whole thing. "For us, this is like a coming-out party in New York," he told us. "We invited the key representatives of kitchen equipment, kitchen supplies, and food products from the advertising agencies to show them how *Organic Gardening* has grown and changed. We want to show them where Madison Avenue and Main Street in Emmaus, Pennsylvania, intersect. We have a huge market that they aren't fully aware of. We have a million four hundred thousand subscribers and four million readers. Our readers buy things like food processors and mixers, because they help improve a self-reliant life style. The gardener's kitchen is the heart of his home, and he wants to use the latest technology. We have strong cook-and-bake-from-scratch activity; our readers are very much intrinsics-oriented rather than image-oriented. They buy a product not because it's chic but because it's practical. The Four Seasons was very coöperative. We're having food here today that they've never served before. The manager, Alex von Bidder, told us he couldn't remember ever serving sprouts at the Four Seasons. He said that they were a California food and he didn't see any reason to have them here, but we felt that it was important to include them in the menu, because sprouts are a hallmark of organic gardening, so we're having radish sprouts. We discussed having tabbouleh and tahini but decided they probably weren't appropriate. The chef wasn't interested in tabbouleh—he didn't feel that it complemented his salad—so we settled on bulgur. We didn't want to alter what the Four Seasons stood for, but we challenged them, and they rose to the challenge. That's been the exciting part. We're having an unconventional menu, but we're sure it will be good."

The Four Seasons was already in its springtime mode, and the mood of the guests was cheerful. The advertising representatives of products like toaster



"My grandson, needless to say, is also pro-Reagan."

ovens, popcorn poppers, plastic-bag sealers, food processors, and Corning Ware, and even Sanka and Kraft cheese, were having cocktails and wondering what they would be served for lunch. Gene Falk, who handles Puritan Salad Oil at Doyle Dane Bernbach, was looking forward to the meal, whatever it was. He said, "When I got into advertising, they promised me all these crazy perks in the wild and wonderful world of advertising, and this is my first perk. We admen were supposed to be three-Martini-lunched to death, but actually everybody has to get back to work in the afternoon. I keep saying, 'Let's go to Lutèce for lunch,' but they keep telling me we're only budgeted for McDonald's."

"It's accountability you want, and I can give it to you."

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David Fenton, a Rodale Press public-relations consultant, who said he was trying to get Rodale authors on the "Today" show, told us, "I was here when the people from Rodale met with the manager of the Four Seasons and they were trying to figure each other out. When somebody from Rodale suggested blueberry juice, the manager really had trouble with that. He just rolled his eyes upward. But he recovered quickly. They worked it out. The Four Seasons is concerned about protecting its culinary reputation, of course, but, really, fine French cooking uses natural foods anyway, not processed foods, and its vegetables are not overcooked."

The large, round tables in the dining room above the Pool Room had centerpieces of freesias and orchids, with some copies of *Organic Gardening* around them. We sat next to the president of the Rodale Press, a pleasant, gray-haired fellow named Bob Teufel, whom we had met once at a sprout-tasting, and looked at slides: a picture of the Rodale Press building in its meadow; wholesome-looking fresh vegetables; happy families gardening and cooking together; assorted kitchens. "That's my house and that's my wife," Bob Teufel whispered at one point. The narrator of the slide show said that the *Times* had called *Organic Gardening* a magazine of "the imperative life style." When the slide show ended, Bob Teufel said, "It was like a home movie. My wife was in there twice, my son David was in twice, and our house was in there four times."

Then the food appeared. The whole-wheat rolls with herbs were a hit. The cucumber soup made with yogurt was a big hit. The iced herb tea, with a peppermint flavor and a hint of anise, was a hit. The biggest hit was the salmon poached in court bouillon with some crisp vegetables sliced at odd angles. The radish sprouts in the salad were a pleasant surprise. Altogether palatable.

The conversation took on a tone of giggly curiosity.

"What is this? Celery?"

"No, it can't be celery. It's too sweet."

"Is it kohlrabi?"

"What's this leaf? Sage?"

"If it tastes like chicken, it's sage."

"It tastes like fennel. Maybe it's fennel. It has an anise aftertaste."

"What's in the salad? I see romaine. Is this watercress?"

"It could be watercress. It *could* be a dandelion."

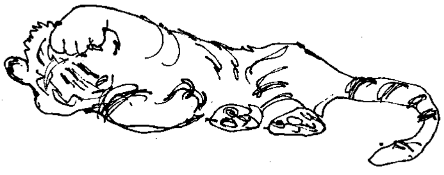
Tom Ney, who runs Rodale's Test Kitchen, told us later, "They didn't know what to do with the bulgur"—cracked wheat. "I brought it from Emmaus yesterday, and when I arrived for the luncheon, an hour early, I went back and talked to the chef, and he had it simmering in a large pot. That wasn't really necessary. He could have soaked it in cold water for fifteen minutes. It's actually precooked, then dried. So then he had to chill it for the salad. I also brought about five pounds of Oriental greens to supplement the salad greens they had. The Oriental greens—a variety called Osaka Large Latest—were grown in solar grow-frames at the Organic Gardening and Farming Research Center. I also brought the herb mixture that was on the table as a salt alternative. And I brought the dried herbs that were used in the whole-wheat rolls. I grew the radish sprouts myself. I started them in a dark part of my kitchen, and on the third day I set them in a window to get some nice green color in them. I brought eight quarts of radish sprouts, with a quarter cup of seeds per quart. I wanted to get amaranth on the menu, but we decided that that would be a little far out—too exotic for the Four Seasons. It's not really commercially available anyway."

After the dessert—two slices of cantaloupe and three large red strawberries, with a blob of crème fraîche—we sought out Alex von Bidder, the Four Seasons manager, and found him beaming with pleasure. "It was a lot of fun," he said. "The food was terrific. We like to do things like this. We hadn't worked with cracked wheat in a salad before, and we hadn't made herb bread, herb tea, yogurt-and-cucumber soup."

The Rodale people gave the Four Seasons people copies of their "Fish-Lovers' Cookbook" and their "Bread Winners" cookbook. And the Four Seasons people gave the Rodale people some copies of their cookbook—"Four Seasons." Alex von Bidder said he wanted to go to Emmaus and eat at Rodale's Fitness House dining room. The advertising people said they liked the radish sprouts. They liked the herb tea. They loved the salmon. They liked the Four Seasons. They all said thank you and went back to Madison Avenue.

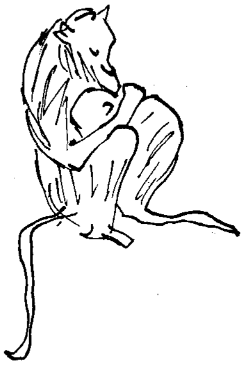
Sunday Afternoon

THE Bronx Zoo in bloom: Breeze shaking white blossoms; pink and blue balloons bouncing on strings; not a cloud in sight; perfect Sunday afternoon. "What are they doing?" asks elderly woman on arm of elderly man with cigar, peering at heaps of earth where Sea Lion Pool usually is. Told that they're fixing everything up, she says, "Oh, that's nice. It's such a *beautiful* zoo." Prairie dogs digging vigorously next to Elephant House; men digging forty yards away at site of expanding Children's Zoo. Piles of lumber, cinder block; bulldozers, trucks; whine of electric saws and hammering over animal noises. "Zoo Renaissance," say signs. Crowd sauntering about (familiar sound of stroller wheels squeaking) looking for animal action. Many animals asleep. Tiger dead to world, with paw over face (*Illus. A*).



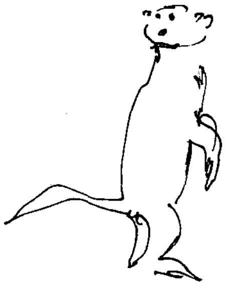
Illus. A

Camel and elephant rides temporarily closed, as is Children's Zoo, but Skyfari (aerial ride) is working, as is Safari Tour train ("A lecture tour given by a driver-guide. Learn about wild animals. See the latest babies," says sign). Large baboon is hugging small baboon (mother and child?); both seem to have drifted off (*Illus. B*).



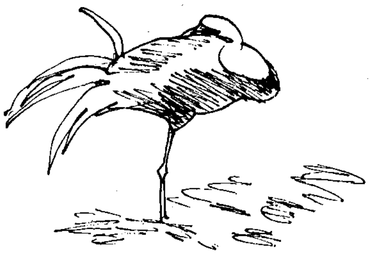
Illus. B

"In order to conserve water," says sign in Reptile House, "thunderstorms are temporarily discontinued." Another sign says, "Shhhhh! Some of the crocodiles are building nests!" Not at the moment; most appear to be in REM sleep, although two False Gavials are floating snout to snout, eyes open, as if in conference. Outdoors, one otter is vigorously scrubbing himself by stream; second otter digs in earth, getting dirtier and dirtier, then runs over and dives into water for cleanup. Four wild boars are dozing, curved tusks pointed skyward. Inside Small-Mammal House (red-lit in places to simulate night), a Two-Toed Sloth is suspended from a grille by his nails (possibly catching nap), but the Suricate is definitely wide-awake (*Illus. C*).



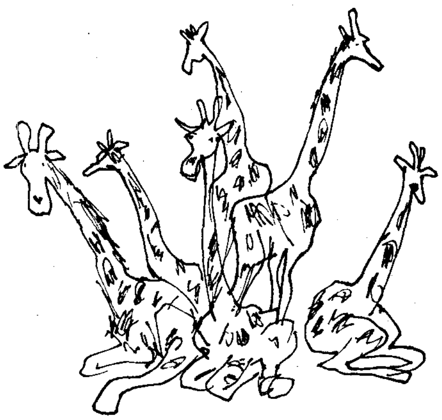
Illus. C

A Spotted Skunk lying in corner of his cage looks like lump of fur, except that his stripes expand and contract. Two Lesser Spear-Nosed Bats are dangling and twitching (bad dreams?), but the Pen-Tailed Bettong ("rarely seen nocturnal marsupial" who looks like tiny kangaroo) is leaping around wildly. Two companions of ours, Kathleen and Emily (both aged twelve), catch up with us at the Great Apes (all awake), and, having just ridden the Skyfari, ask to go once more. Clearly waste of money as well as of educational opportunities. "Sure," we say. They're off. Wind lifts one feather on otherwise stationary White-Naped Crane (*Illus. D*).



Illus. D

We spot what may be Latest Baby. It is on young mother's lap, on bench, drinking milk: strawberry-patterned pajamas; pink-and-blue sweater; white wool hat and booties. Name is Melissa. How old? "She's three months old," says mother. Definitely a contender. Stroll past sleeping Pygmy Hippo and lively Dik-Dik, then see, across excavated area, bouquet of giraffes (*Illus. E*).



Illus. E

Back at Elephant House, three residents are taking walk with keeper, trunks holding tails. Kathleen and Emily appear with pink helium balloon. (Emily's was blue; it got away.) Time to leave. "Wait," says Kathleen. Tears piece of paper from brown bag containing Zoo T-shirts they have bought, and writes message instructing whoever finds this balloon to write to Kathleen at such-and-such address. She ties paper to balloon string, releases balloon. It sails up and over Monkey House, disappears beyond light-green treetops, heading south.

MY MARRIED LIFE: THE WHOLE TRUTH THUS FAR

IT is true. I have been married quite a few times. There have been more marriages than, at certain moments, I can remember. Concentrating, however, I recall them all. Damn near half a million. The entire fleet heaves into view on the warm ocean of my memory. I am proud of all my marriages. I have gulped so often from the deep cup of life's pleasures. And each time I have come away stumbling drunk. Women, I have discovered, find my marrying moods irresistible. Frankly, I think I am a pretty good catch.

My first wife was Eos, goddess of the dawn. I have never been certain how long our union lasted. This was before the Greeks could agree upon the number of days in a month. Keeping track of time was difficult. Sustaining a marriage was difficult, too. Her career got in the way. Eos, her hair the red of turning maples, was a child of the sun and the wind and the pale pink velvet morn. I, on the other hand, am basically a night person. Often, I felt like a Tuesday or a Thursday evening out on the town. "Come, Eos," I would say. "Let us go eat Chinese and riot in Athens till the wee hours." But she would protest: Tomorrow was a workday. How could I expect her to carouse all night? How, on little or no sleep, could she possibly usher the pristine dawn across the metallic firmament? She had a point. Inevitably, other conflicts arose between us. Fortunately, there were no children. We parted amicably and then, as can happen, lost track of each other.

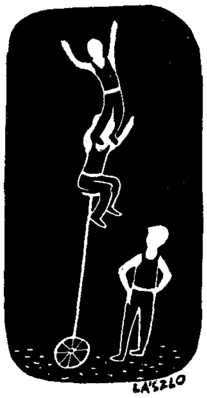
I remarried almost immediately. Repeatedly, in fact, I have remarried almost immediately. Some of my wives wore black mesh stockings. Several wore heavy eye makeup. Some drank. One carried a small firearm. Two studied *tae kwon do*, the Korean art of self-defense. Two were Korean but defenseless. A dozen—maybe fifteen at tops—lacked conspicuous physical beauty. Their hidden beauties, however, made them ravishing. I have always taken marriage seriously and have concentrated upon the one I am involved in at the moment. I have always discovered the hidden beauties.

I married no men—only women. Men, I believe, do not make decent wives. Men make good fishing buddies. Once, I was offered a lot of money to marry Judge Crater, in the hope that this would bring him back into public view. Of course, I declined. The people who were offering this money had about them an air of being up to no good.

In addition to my own marriage ceremonies, I have attended many others. I was with Tommy Manville all thirteen times he took the leap. I witnessed three of Barbara Hutton's nuptials. Mickey Rooney and I go back a long way together. To my regret, I had to miss Norman Mailer's fifth wedding, the one that took place recently and was followed by a quick divorce so that he could marry someone else. I would have been there but I was getting married that day.

I believe that all of my wives were faithful. I believe that all of my wives were faithful despite the rumors I heard about Susan and Doreen, of Provo. This was during the six-year period when I was busy marrying all of the women in Utah. The rumors about Susan and Doreen—first Susan and then, somewhat later, Doreen—made no sense to me. I made it a policy to be totally up-front with my wives. I hid nothing from them. A marriage to me was always an eyes-open proposition. It must have been a different Susan and a different Doreen, or perhaps Susan and Doreen when they had already become ex-wives.

I was married to many movie stars. Although I loved them all, I know that in a way some of these marriages were tainted by cynicism. Some of these actresses had careers that had stalled. They needed a little ink in the columns. I married them for that reason. But that was not the reason I married Ingrid Bergman. I married her for pure, unalloyed love. This was while she was married to Roberto Rossellini, the Italian filmmaker. So great was my love of Ingrid Bergman that I was willing to become Rossellini for two years. I was willing to interrupt my own important work to direct the films "Open City" and "Paisan." I perfected my Italian. I spoke English with a convincing inflection. Ingrid Bergman was shocked when, at last, I confessed to her that I was not, technically speaking, Rossellini. He seemed not to notice.



Briefly, I married a woman who now stars in a popular television comedy series. I will call her Angela. We met on a blind date. In fact, now that I think of it, it's a funny coincidence; Pam Dawber, who was then a total nobody but later went on to star in "Mork & Mindy," fixed us up. Angela and I met for lunch, on a day in early spring, asparagus time. Between the cold cucumber soup and the crabmeat salad, we became engaged. Our waiter, having overheard our pledges of troth, announced that he was a minister. Angela ordered a second carafe of the house white. Before coffee, the waiter performed the ceremony in a small alcove between the coatcheck room and the pay phone. We tipped him extravagantly. As we were leaving, the coat-check lady casually mentioned that the waiter had not actually been ordained. Outside, Angela said that she was feeling vexed. I said never mind, if we consider ourselves married, we're married. But we quarrelled. The quarrel made us realize that perhaps our decision to marry had been made in haste. Again, of course, there were no children. I still get Christmas cards from Angela and often watch her on TV.

That was by no means my shortest marriage. One day I married an entire subway carful of gorgeous ladies. There were forty-three of them. It was an uptown B train during rush hour. Never before had I been on a subway car with that many women and no other men present. Being recently divorced, I saw no reason not to marry all of them right then and there. I officiated at these ceremonies myself and, afterward, catered the reception and took photographs. There was plenty to drink and plenty to eat—hot chafing dishes filled with sweetbreads in wine sauce, silver trays of tiny lamb chops, roast-beef carving stations at either end of the subway car. We rode together to 168th Street, the end of the line, and then all forty-three of my new wives changed to an uptown A train headed for the George Washington Bridge Terminal, where they boarded buses for New Jersey. In New Jersey, they had homes with back yards, children, and husbands. I have been told that these forty-three marriages don't count in the final standings. I couldn't disagree more. I loved these women well and wish them well. In my book, they all count.

—MARK SINGER

THE GIFT OF THE PRODIGAL

THERE'S Ricky down in the washed river gravel of my driveway. I had my yardman out raking it before 7 A.M.—the driveway. It looks nearly perfect. Ricky also looks nearly perfect down there. He looks extremely got up and cleaned up, as though *he* had been carefully raked over and smoothed out. He is wearing a three-piece linen suit, which my other son, you may be sure, wouldn't be seen wearing on any occasion. And he has on an expensive striped shirt, open at the collar. No tie, of course. His thick head of hair, parted and slicked down, is just the same tan color as the gravel. Hair and gravel seem equally clean and in order. The fact is, Ricky looks this morning as though he belongs nowhere else in the world but out there in that smooth spread of washed river gravel (which will be mussed up again before noon, of course—I'm resigned to it), looks as though he feels perfectly at home in that driveway of mine that was so expensive to install and that requires so much upkeep.

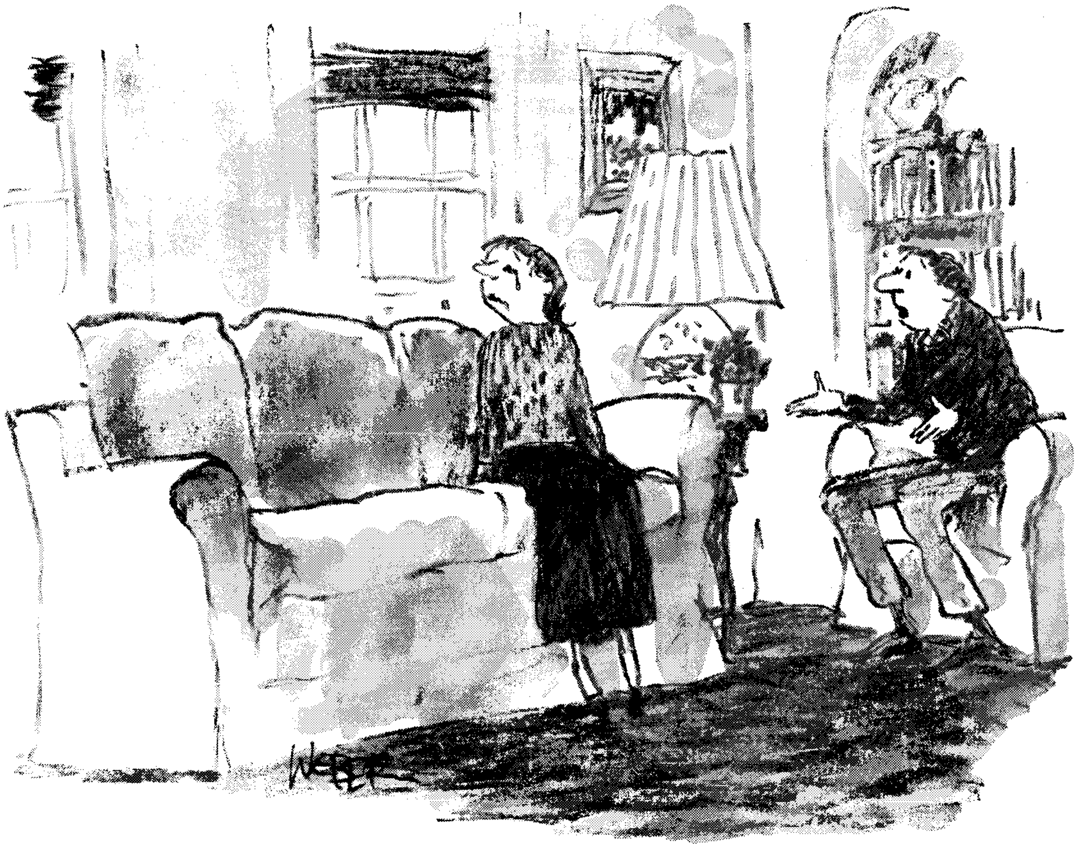
Since one can't see his freckles from where I stand at this second-story window, his skin looks very fair—almost transparent. (Ricky just misses being a real redhead, and so never lets himself get suntanned. Bright sunlight tends to give him skin cancers.) From the window directly above him, I am able to get the full effect of his outfit. He looks very masculine standing down there, which is no doubt the impression his form-fitting clothes are meant to give. And Ricky *is* very masculine, no matter what else he is or isn't. Peering down from up here, I mark particularly that where his collar stands open, and with several shirt buttons left carelessly or carefully undone, you can see a triangle of darker hair glistening on his chest. It isn't hard to imagine just how recently he has stepped out of the shower. In a word, he is looking what he considers his very best. And this says to me that Ricky is coming to me *for* something, or *because of* something.

His little sports car is parked in the turnaround behind this house which I've built since he and the other children grew up and since their mother died. I know of course that, for them, coming here to see me can never really be like coming home. For Rick it must be like going to see any other old fellow who might happen to be his boss and who is ailing and is staying away from the office for a few days. As soon as I saw him down there, though, I knew something was really seriously wrong. From here I could easily recognize the expression on his face. He has a way, when he is concerned about something, of knitting his eyebrows and at the same time opening his eyes very wide, as though his eyes are about to pop out of his head and his eyebrows are trying to hold them in. It's a look that used to give him away even as a child, when he was in trouble at school. If his mother and I saw that expression on his face, we would know that we were apt to be rung up by one of his teachers in a day or so or maybe have a house call from one of them.

Momentarily Ricky massages his face with his big right hand, as if to wipe away the expression. And clearly now he is headed for the side door that opens on the driveway. But before actually coming over to the door he has stopped in one spot and keeps shuffling his suède shoes about, roughing up the smooth gravel, like a young bull in a pen. I almost call out to him not to *do* that, not to muss up my gravel, which even his car wheels haven't disturbed—or not so much as he is doing with his suède shoes. I *almost* call out to him. But of course I don't really. For Ricky is a man twenty-nine years old, with two divorces already and no doubt another coming up soon. He's been through all that, besides a series of live-ins between marriages that I don't generally speak of, even.

G. BOMAR
1890-1939
DEBUNKED
1976

For some time before coming on into the house, Ricky remains there in that spot in the driveway. While he stands there, it occurs to me that he may actually be looking the place over, as though he'd never noticed what this house is like until now. The old place, on Wertland Street, where he and the other children grew up, didn't have half the style and convenience of this one. It had more room, but the room was mostly in pantries and hallways, with front stairs and back stairs and third-floor servants' quarters in an age when no servant would be caught dead living up there in the attic—or staying anywhere else on the place, for that matter. I am not unaware, of course, how much better that old house on Wertland was than this one. You couldn't have replaced it for twice what I've poured into this compact and well-appointed habitation out here in Farmington. But its neighborhood had gone bad. Nearly all of Charlottesville proper has, as a matter of fact, either gone commercial or been absorbed by the university. You can no longer live within the shadow of Mr. Jefferson's Academical Village. And our old Wertland Street house is now a funeral parlor. Which is what it ought to have been five years before I left it. From the day my wife, Cary, died, the place seemed like a tomb. I wandered up and down the stairs and all around, from room to room, sometimes greeting myself in one of Cary's looking glasses, doing so out of loneliness or out of thinking *that* couldn't be *me* still in my dressing gown and slippers at midday, or fully dressed—necktie and all—at 3 A.M. I knew well enough it was time to sell. And, besides, I wanted to have the experience at last of making something new. You see, we never built a house of our own, Cary and I. We always bought instead of building, wishing to be in an established neighborhood, you know, where there were good day schools for the girls (it was before St. Anne's moved to the suburbs), where there were streetcars and buses for the servants, or, better still, an easy walk for them to Ridge Street.



"*Just because I say you're hypersensitive doesn't mean I'm right.*"

My scheme for building a new house after Cary died seemed a harebrained idea to my three older children. They tried to talk me out of it. They said I was only doing it out of idleness. They'd laugh and say I'd chosen a rather expensive form of entertainment for myself in my old age. That's what they *said*. That wasn't all they *thought*, however. But I never held against them what they thought. All motherless children—regardless of age—have such thoughts. They had in mind that I'd got notions of marrying again. Me! Why, I've never looked at another woman since the day I married. Not to this very hour. At any rate, one night when we were having dinner and they were telling me how they worried about me, and making it plainer than usual what they thought my plans for the future were or might be, Ricky spoke up—Ricky, who never gave a thought in his life to what happened to anybody except himself—and he came out with just what was on the others' minds. "What if you should take a notion to marry again?" he asked. And I began shaking my head before the words were out of his mouth, as did all the others. It was an unthinkable thought for them as well as for me. "Why not?" Ricky persisted, happy of course that he was making everybody uncomfortable. "Worse things have happened, you know. And I nominate the handsome Mrs. Capers as a likely candidate for bride."

I *think* he was referring to a certain low sort of woman who had recently moved into the old neighborhood. You could depend upon Rick to know about her and know her name. As he spoke he winked at me. Presently he crammed his wide mouth full of food, and as he chewed he made a point of drawing back his lips and showing his somewhat overlarge and overly white front teeth. He continued to look straight at me as he chewed, but looking with only one eye, keeping the eye he'd winked at me squinched up tight. He looked for all the world like some old tomcat who's found a nasty morsel he likes the taste of and is not going to let go of. I willingly would have knocked him out of his chair for what he'd said, even more for that common look he was giving me. I knew he knew as well as the others that I'd never looked at any woman besides his mother.

Yet I laughed with the others as soon as I realized they were laughing. You don't let a fellow like Rick know he's got your goat—especially when he's your own son and has been in one bad scrape after another ever since he's been grown and seems always just waiting for a chance to get back at you for something censorious you may have said to him while trying to help him out of one of his escapades. Since Cary died, I've tried mostly just to keep lines of communication with him open. I think that's the thing she would have wanted of me—that is, not to shut Rick out, to keep him talking. Cary used to say to me, "You may be the only person he can talk to about the women he gets involved with. He can't talk to me about such things." Cary always thought it was the women he had most on his mind and who got him into his scrapes. I never used to think so. Anyway, I believe that Cary would have wished above all else for me to keep lines open with Rick, would have wanted it even more than she would have wanted me to go ahead in whatever way I chose with schemes for a new house for my old age.

Because the house was *our* plan originally, you see, hers and mine. It was something we never told the chil-

A MOTOR

The heavy, wet, guttural
Small-plane engine
Fights for air, and goes down in humid darkness
About where the airport should be.
I take a lot for granted,
Not pleased to be living under the phlegm-
Soaked, gaseous, foggy, and irradiated
Heavens whose angels wear collars in propjets
And live elsewhere in Clean Zones,
But figuring the air is full of sorrows.

I don't blame
The quick use of the entire earth
On the boozy
Pilot
Come down to get a dose of cobalt
For his cancer. He's got
A little life left, if
He doesn't have to take all day to reach it.
With the black patches
Inside him, and
The scars and the streaks and the sick stomach,

His life is more and more like
That of the lowliest child chimney sweep
In the mind of the great insensible,
William Blake. William Blake,
The repeated one, Blake, the half-mad,
Half-remembered,
Who knew his anatomy, down to
The little-observed muscle in the shoulder
That lifts the wing.

The little London chimney sweeper
Reaches up and reaches down.
In his back,
Every vertebra is separated from the long
Hours of stretching.
With one deep, tired breath,
The lungs go black.

By the Holliday Company crane,
Adding a level to the hospital,
On the highest land in the county,
Heavy sits the pure-white Air Care
Helicopter, with
Its bulging eye.
It has kept many going, a good buy,
Something.

Now someone I know says Blake
In anger,
Angry for his brother in the factory
And his sister on the ward,
But tonight I have no more anger
Than the muscle
That lifts my knee when I walk.

Another pleads with the ocean
That the words for
Suffering and trouble
Take place in a sound that will be all sounds
And in the tidal roll
Of all our lives and every event,
But I am silent by water,
And am less to such power
Than a failed lung.

And I think it is only a clever trick to know
That one thing may be contained
In another. Hence,
Blake in the sweep, one in the ground
In one in the air,
Myself in the clinic for runaway cells,
Now and later.

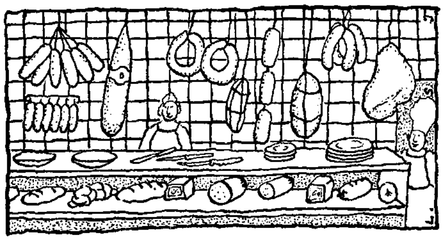
—Marvin Bell

• •

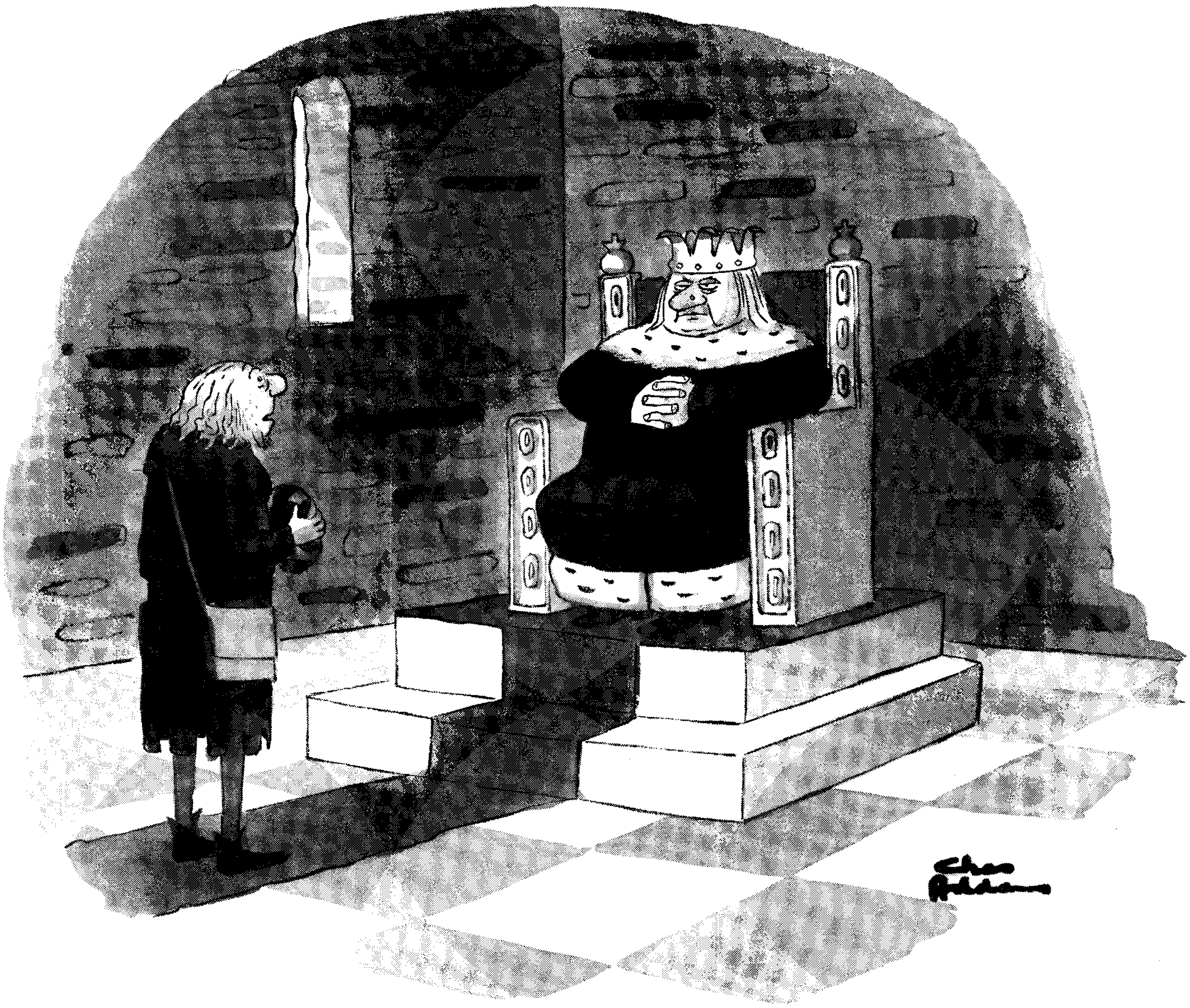
dren about. There seemed no reason why we should. Not talking about it except between ourselves was part of the pleasure of it, somehow. And that night when Ricky came out with the speculation about my possibly marrying again, I didn't tell him or the others that actually I had already sold the Wertland Street house and already had blueprints for the new house here in Farmington locked away in my desk drawer, and even a contractor all set to break ground.

WELL, my new house was finished the following spring. By that time all the children, excepting Rick, had developed a real enthusiasm for it. (Rick didn't give a damn one way or the other, of course.) They helped me dispose of all the superfluous furniture in the old house. The girls even saw to the details of moving and saw to it that I got comfortably settled in. They wanted me to be happy out here. And soon enough they saw I was. There was no more they could do for me now than there had been in recent years. They had their good marriages to look after (that's what Cary would have wished for them), and they saw to it that I wasn't left out of whatever of their activities I wanted to be in on. In a word, they went on with their busy lives, and my own life seemed busy enough for any man my age.

What has vexed the other children, though, during the five years since I built my house, is their brother Ricky's continuing to come to me at almost regular intervals with new ordeals of one kind or another that he's been going through. They have thought he ought not to burden me with his outrageous and sometimes sordid affairs. I think they have especially resented his troubling me here at home. I still go to the office, you see, two or three days a week—just whenever I feel like it or when I'm not playing golf or bridge or am not off on a little trip to Sarasota (I stay at the same inn Cary and I used to go to). And so I've always seen Ricky quite regularly at the office. He's had every chance to talk to me there. But the fact is, Rick was never one for bringing his personal problems to the office. He has always brought them home.



Even since I've moved, he has always come *here*, to the house, when he's really wanted to talk to me about

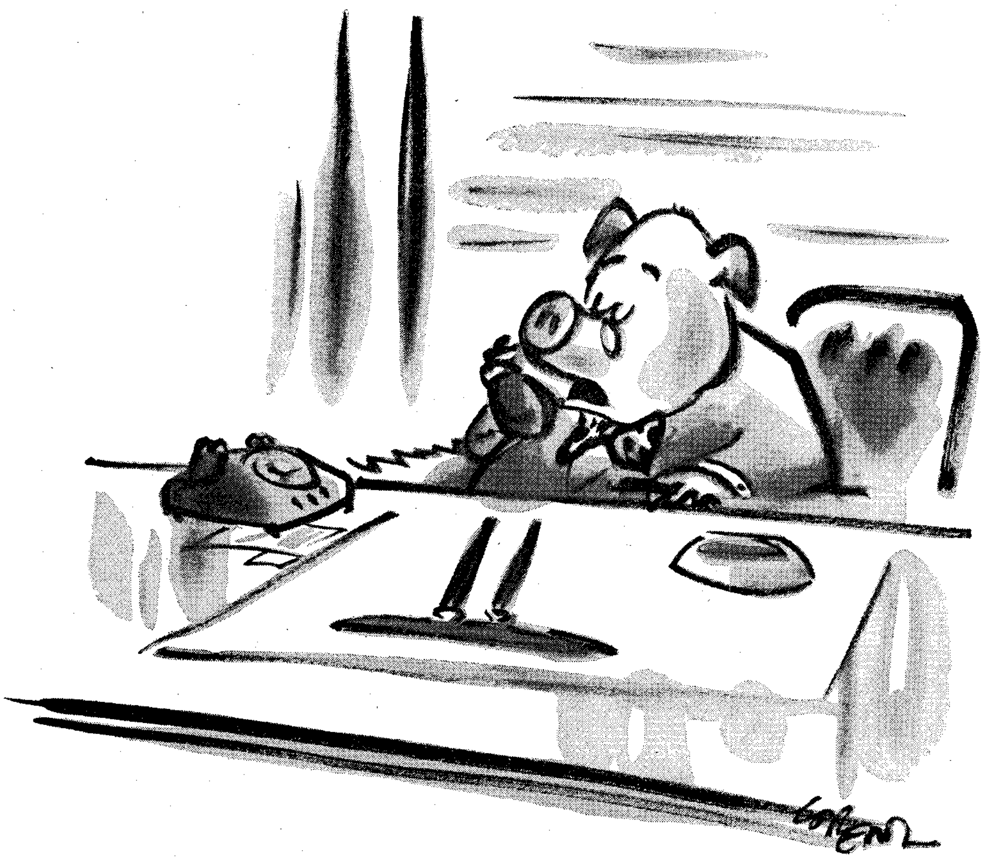


"Bad news, Sire. The 'Dump Louis' movement is gaining momentum."

• •

something. I don't know whether it's the two servants I still keep or some of the young neighbors hereabouts who tell them, but somehow the other children always know when Ricky has been here. And they of course can put two and two together. It will come out over Sunday dinner at one of their houses or at the Club—in one of those little private dining rooms. It is all right if we eat in the big dining room, where everybody else is. I know I'm safe there. But as soon as I see they've reserved a private room I know they want to talk about Ricky's latest escapade. They will begin by making veiled references to it among themselves. But at last it is I who am certain to let the cat out of the bag. For I can't resist joining in when they get onto Rick, as they all know very well I won't be able to. You see, often they will have the details wrong—maybe they get them wrong on purpose—and I feel obliged to straighten them out. Then one of them will turn to me, pretending shocked surprise: "How ever did you know about it? Has *he* been bringing his troubles to *you* again? At his age you'd think he'd be ashamed to! Someone ought to remind him he's a grown man now!" At that point one of the girls is apt to rest her hand on mine. As they go on, I can hear the love for me in their voices and see it in their eyes. I know then what a lucky man I am. I want to say to them that their affection makes up for all the unhappiness Ricky causes me. But I have never been one to make speeches like that. Whenever I have managed to say such things, I have somehow always felt like a hypocrite afterward. Anyway, the talk will go on for a while till I remember a bridge game I have an appointment for in the Club lounge, at two o'clock. Or I recall that my golf foursome is waiting for me in the locker room.

I've never tried to defend Rick from the others. The things he does are really quite indefensible. Sometimes I've even found myself giving details about some escapade of his that the others didn't already know and are genuinely shocked to hear—especially coming from me. He was in a shooting once that everybody in Farmington and in the whole county set knew about—or knew about, that is, in a general way, though without knowing the very thing that would finally make it a public scandal. It's an ugly story, I



"Oh, you want Mr. Big. This is Mr. Pig."

• •

warn you, as, indeed, nearly all of Ricky's stories are.

He had caught another fellow in bed with a young married woman with whom he himself was running around. Of course it was a scandalous business, all of it. But the girl, as Rick described her to me afterward, was a real beauty of a certain type and, according to Rick, as smart as a whip. Rick even showed me her picture, though I hadn't asked to see it, naturally. She had a tight little mouth, and eyes that—even in that wallet-sized picture—burned themselves into your memory. She was the sort of intense and reckless-looking girl that Ricky has always gone for. I've sometimes looked at pictures of his other girls, too, when he wanted to show them to me. And of course I know what his wives have looked like. All three of his wives have been from good families. For, bad as he is, Ricky is not the sort of fellow who would embarrass the rest of us by *marrying* some slut. Yet even his wives have tended to dress themselves in a way that my own daughters wouldn't. They have dressed, that is to say, in clothes that seemed designed to call attention to their female forms and not, as with my daughters, to call attention to the station and the affluence of their husbands. Being the timid sort of man I am, I used to find myself whenever I talked with his wife—whichever one—carefully looking out the window or looking across the room, away from her, at some inanimate object or other over there or out there. My wife, Cary, used to say that Ricky had bad luck in his wives, that each of them turned out to have just as roving an eye as Ricky himself. I can't say for certain whether this was true for each of them in the beginning or whether it was something Ricky managed to teach them all.

Anyway, the case of the young married woman in whose bed—or apartment—Ricky found that other fellow came near to causing Ricky more trouble than any of his other escapades. The fellow ran out of the apartment, with Rick chasing him into the corridor and down the corridor to a door of an outside stairway. It was not here in Farmington, you see, but out on Barracks Road, where so many of Rick's friends are—in a development that's been put up on the very edge of where the horse farms begin. The fellow scurried down the outside stairs and across a parking lot toward some pastureland beyond. And Rick, as he said, couldn't resist taking a shot at him from that upstairs stoop where he had abandoned the chase. He took aim just when the fellow reached the first pasture fence and was about to climb over. Afterward, Rick said that it was simply too good to miss. But Rick rarely misses a target when he takes aim. He hit the fellow with a load of rat shot right in the seat of the pants.

I'll never know how Rick happened to have the gun with him. He told me that he was deeply in love with the young woman and would have married her if her husband had been willing to give her a divorce. The other children maintain to this day that it was the husband Rick meant to threaten with the gun, but the husband was out of town and Rick lost his head when he found that other fellow there in his place. Anyhow, the story got all over town. I suppose Ricky himself helped to spread it. He thought it all awfully funny at first. But before it was over, the matter came near to getting into the courts and into the paper. And that was because there was something else involved, which the other children and the people in the Barracks Road set didn't know about and I did. In fact, it was something that I worried about from the beginning. You see, Rick naturally took that fellow he'd blasted with the rat shot to a doctor—a young doctor friend of theirs—who removed the shot. But, being a friend, the doctor didn't report the incident. A certain member of our judiciary heard the details and thought perhaps the matter needed looking into. We were months getting it straightened out. Ricky went out of town for a while, and the young doctor ended by having to move away permanently—to Richmond or Norfolk, I think. I only give this incident in such detail in order to show the sort of low company Ricky has always kept, even when he seemed to be among our own sort.

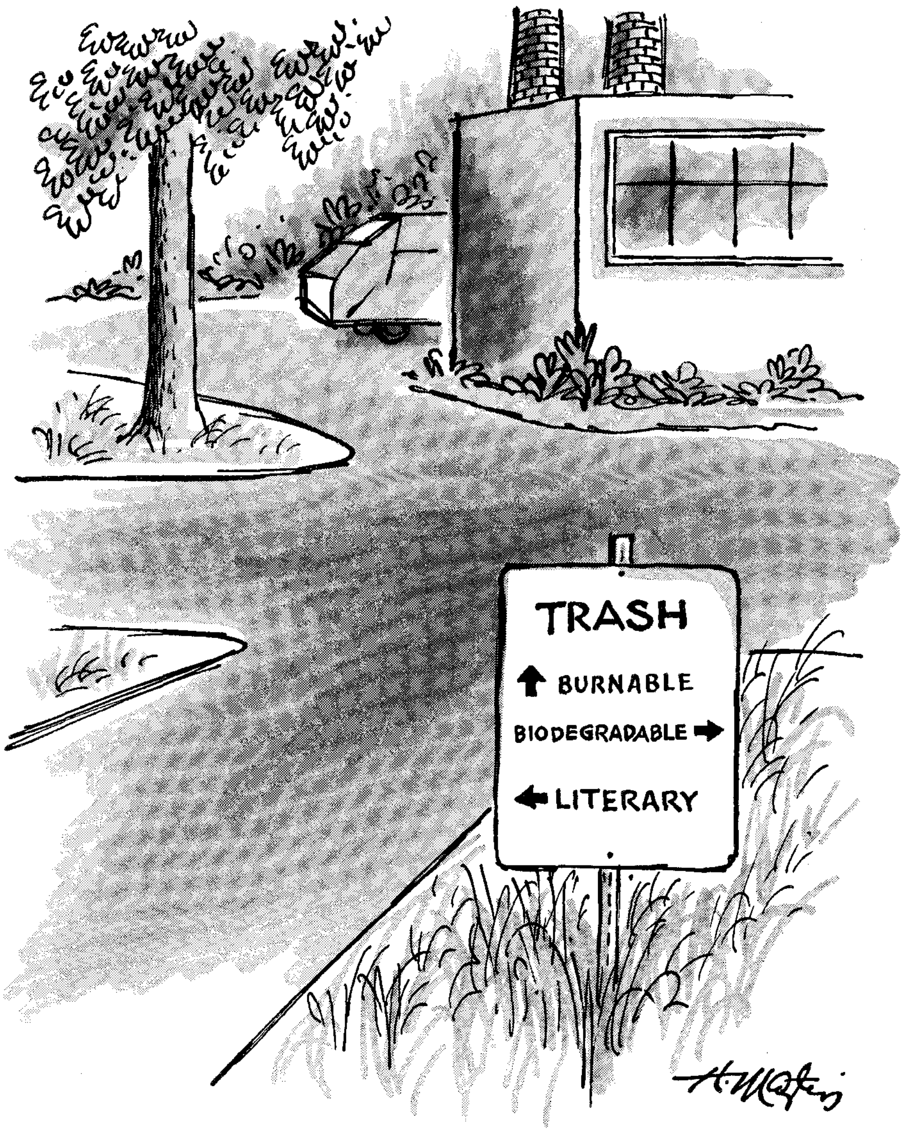
His troubles haven't all involved women, though. Or not primarily. And that's what I used to tell Cary. Like so many people in Charlottesville, Rick has always had a weakness for horses. For a while he fancied himself a polo player. He bought a polo pony and got cheated on it. He bought it at a stable where he kept another horse he owned—bought it from the man who ran the stable. After a day or so, he found that the animal was a worthless, worn-out nag. It couldn't even last through the first chukker, which was humiliating of course for Ricky. He daren't try to take it onto the field again. It had been all doped up when he bought it. Ricky was outraged. Instead of simply trying to get his money back, he wanted to have his revenge upon the man and make an even bigger fool of *him*. He persuaded a friend to dress himself up in a turtleneck sweater and a pair of yellow jodhpurs and pretend just to be passing by the stall in the same stable, where the polo pony was still kept. His friend played the role, you see, of someone only just taking up the game and who thought he *had* to have that particular pony. He asked the man whose animal it was, and before he could get an answer he offered more than twice the price that Rick had paid. He even put the offer into writing—using an assumed name, of course. He said he was from up in Maryland and would return in two days' time. Naturally, the stableman telephoned Ricky as soon as the stranger in jodhpurs had left the stable. He said he had discovered, to his chagrin, that the pony was not in as good condition as he had thought it was. And he said that in order that there be no bad feeling between them he was willing to buy it back for the price Ricky had paid.

Ricky went over that night and collected his money. But when the stranger didn't reappear and couldn't be traced, the stableman of course knew what had happened. Rick didn't return to the stable during the following several days. I suppose, being Ricky, he was busy spreading the story all over town. His brother and sisters got wind of it. And I did soon enough. On Sunday night, two thugs and some woman Ricky knew but would never identify—not even to me—came to his house and persuaded him to go out and sit in their car with them in front of his house. And there they beat him brutally. He had to be in the hospital for five or six days. They broke his right arm, and one of them—maybe it was the woman—was trying to bite off the lobe of his left ear when Ricky's current wife, who had been out to some party without the favor of his company, pulled into the driveway beside the house. The assailants shoved poor Ricky, bruised and bleeding and with his arm broken, out onto the sidewalk. And then of course they sped away down the street in their rented car. Ricky's wife and the male friend who was with her got the license number, but the car had been rented under an assumed name—the same name, actually, as some kind of joke, I suppose, that Ricky's friend in jodhpurs had used with the stablekeeper.

Since Ricky insisted that he could not possibly recognize his two male assailants in a lineup, and since he refused to identify the woman, there was little that could be done about his actual beating. I don't know that he ever confessed to anyone but me that he knew the woman. It was easy enough for me to imagine what *she* looked like. Though I would not have admitted it to Ricky or to anyone else, I would now and then during the following weeks see a woman of a certain type on the streets downtown—with one of those tight little mouths and with burning eyes—and imagine that she might be the very one. All we were ever able to do about the miserable fracas was to see to it finally that that stable was put out of business and that the man himself had to go elsewhere (he went down into North Carolina) to ply his trade.

THERE is one other scrape of Ricky's that I must mention, because it remains particularly vivid for me. The nature and the paraphernalia of this one will seem even more old-fashioned than those of the other incidents. Maybe that's why it sticks in my mind so. It's something that might have happened to any number of rough fellows I knew when I was coming along.

Ricky, not surprising to say, likes to gamble. From the time he was a young boy he would bet on anything at home. He would often try to inveigle one of the other children into making wagers

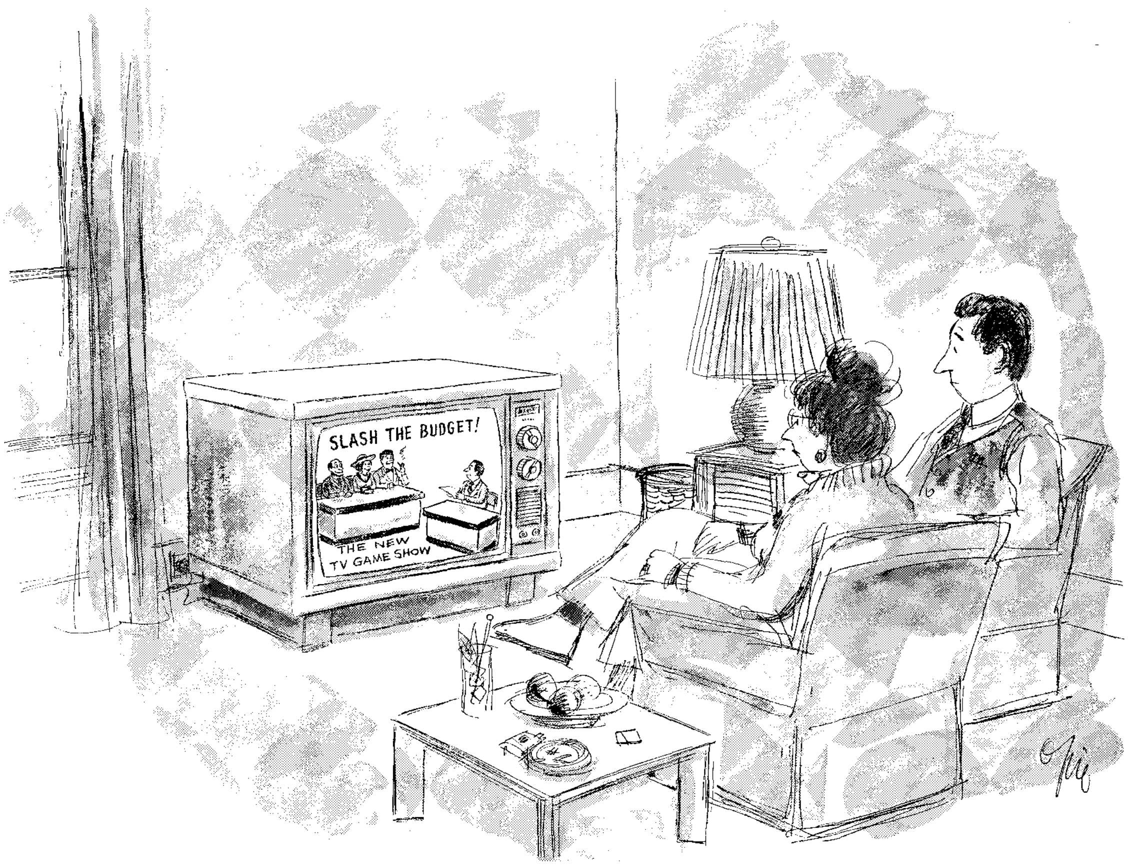


with him on how overdone his steak was at dinner. He always liked it very rare and when his serving came he would hold up a bite on his fork and, for a decision on the bet, would ask everyone what shade of brown the meat was. He made all the suggestions of color himself. And one night his suggestions got so coarse and vile his mother had to send him from the dining room and not let him have a bite of supper. Sometimes he would try to get the other children to bet with him on the exact number of minutes the preacher's sermon would last on Sunday or how many times the preacher would use the word "Hell" or "damnation" or "adultery." Since he has got grown, it's the races, of course, he likes—horse races, it goes without saying, but also such low-life affairs as dog races and auto races. What catches his fancy above all else, though, is the chicken fights we have always had in our part of the country. And a few years ago he bought himself a little farm a dozen miles or so south of town, where he could raise his own game chickens. I saw nothing wrong with that at the time. Then he built an octagonal barn down there, with a pit in it where he could hold the fights. I worried a little when he did that. But we've always had cockfights hereabouts. The birds are beautiful creatures, really, though they have no brains, of course. The fight itself is a real spectacle and no worse than some other things people enjoy. At Ricky's urging, I even went down to two or three fights at his place. I didn't bet, because I knew the stakes were very high. (Besides, it's the betting that's illegal.) And I didn't tell the other children about my going. But this was after Cary was dead, you see, and I thought maybe she would have liked my going for Ricky's sake, though she would never have acknowledged it. Pretty soon, sizable crowds began attending the fights on weekend nights. Cars would be parked all over Ricky's front pasture and all around the yard of the tenant house. He might as well have put up a sign down at the gate where his farm road came off the highway.

The Sprats

The point is, everyone knew that the cockfights went on. And one of his most regular customers and biggest bettors was one of the county sheriff's right-hand men. I'm afraid Rick must have bragged about that in advertising his fights to friends—friends who would otherwise have been a little timid about coming. And during the fights he would move about among the crowd, winking at people and saying to them under his breath, "The deputy's here tonight." I suppose it was his way of reassuring them that everything was all right. I don't know whether or not his spreading the word so widely had anything to do with the raid, but nevertheless the deputy was present the night the federal officers came stealing up the farm road, with their car lights off and with search warrants in their pockets. And it was the deputy who first got wind of the federal officers' approach. He had one of his sidekicks posted outside the barn. Maybe he had somebody watching out there every night that he came. Maybe all along he had had a plan for his escape in such an emergency. Rick thought so afterward. Anyhow, the deputy's man outside knew at once what those cars moving up the lane with their lights off meant. The deputy got the word before anyone else, but, depend upon Ricky, he saw the first move the deputy made to leave. And he was not going to have it. He took out after him.

The deputy's watchman was prepared to stay on and take his chances. (He wasn't even a patrolman. He probably only worked in the office.) I imagine he was prepared to spend a night in jail if necessary, and pay whatever fine there might be, because his presence could explain one of the sheriff's cars' being parked in the pasture. But the deputy himself took off through the backwoods on Ricky's property and toward a county road on the back of the place. Ricky, as I've said, was not going to have that. Since the cockfight was on his farm, he knew there was no way out of trouble for himself. But he thought it couldn't, at least, do him any harm to have the deputy caught along with everybody else. Moreover, the deputy had lost considerable amounts of money there at the pit in recent weeks and had insinuated to Ricky that he suspected some of the cocks had been tampered with. (I, personally, don't believe Ricky would stand for that.) Ricky couldn't be sure there wasn't some collusion between the deputy and the feds. He saw the deputy's man catch the deputy's eye from the barn doorway and observed the deputy's departure. He was right after him. He overtook him just before he reached the woods. Fortunately, the deputy wasn't armed. (Ricky allowed no one to bring a gun inside the barn.) And fortunately Ricky wasn't armed, either, that night. They scuffled a little near the gate to the woods lot. The deputy, being a man twice Rick's age, was no match for him and was soon overpowered. Ricky dragged him back to the barn, himself resisting—as he later testified—all efforts at bribery on the deputy's part, and turned in both himself and his captive to the federal officers.


SLASH THE BUDGET!
THE NEW TV GAME SHOW

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Extricating Ricky from that affair and setting matters aright was a long and complicated undertaking. The worst of it really began for Ricky after the court proceedings were finished and all fines were paid (there were no jail terms for anyone), because from his last appearance in the federal courthouse Ricky could drive his car scarcely one block through that suburb where he lives without receiving a traffic ticket of some kind. There may not have been anything crooked about it, for Ricky is a wild sort of driver at best. But, anyhow, within a short time his driving license was revoked for the period of a year. Giving up driving was a great inconvenience for him and a humiliation. All we could do about the deputy, who, Ricky felt sure, had connived with the federal officers, was to get him out of his job after the next election.

The outcome of the court proceedings was that Rick's fines were very heavy. Moreover, efforts were made to confiscate all the livestock on his farm, as well as the farm machinery. But he was saved from the confiscation by a special circumstance, which, however, turned out to produce for him only a sort of Pyrrhic victory. It turned out, you see, that the farm was not in Ricky's name but in that of his young tenant farmer's wife. I never saw her, or didn't know it if I did. Afterward, I used to try to recall if I hadn't seen some such young woman when I was down watching the cockfights—one who would have fitted the picture in my mind. My imagination played tricks on me, though. I would think I remembered the face or figure of some young girl I'd seen there who could conceivably be the one. But then suddenly I'd recall another and think possibly it might be she who had the title to Ricky's farm. I never could be sure.

WHEN Ricky appeared outside my window just now, I'd already had a very bad morning. The bursitis in my right shoulder had waked me before dawn. At last I got up and dressed, which was an ordeal in itself. (My right hip was hurting somewhat, too.) When finally the cook came in, she wanted to give me a massage before she began fixing breakfast even. Cary would never have allowed her to make that mistake. A massage, you see, is the worst thing you can do for my sort of bursitis. What I wanted was some breakfast. And I knew it would take Meg three-quarters of an hour to put breakfast on the table. And so I managed to get out of my clothes again and ease myself into a hot bath, groaning so loud all the while that Meg came up to the door twice and asked if I was all right. I told her just to go and get my breakfast ready. After breakfast, I waited till a decent hour and then telephoned one of my golf foursome to tell him I couldn't play this afternoon. The two other members of the foursome had already called him and said they also had bursitis and couldn't play today. It's this damp fall weather that does us in worst. All you can do is sit and think how you've got the whole winter before you and wonder if you'll be able to get yourself off to someplace like Sarasota.

While I sat at a front window, waiting for the postman (he never brings anything but circulars and catalogues on Saturday; besides, all my

"I'm hoping to find something in a meaningful, humanist, outreach kind of bag, with flexible hours, non-sexist bosses, and fabulous fringes."

• •

serious mail goes to the office and is opened by someone else), I found myself thinking of all the things I couldn't do and all the people who are dead and that I mustn't think about. I tried to do a little better—that is, to think of something cheerful. There was lots I *could* be cheerful about, wasn't there? At least three of my children were certain to telephone today—all but Ricky, and it was sure to be bad news if he did! And a couple of the grandchildren would likely call, too. Then tomorrow I'd be going to lunch with some of them if I felt up to it. Suddenly I thought of the pills I was supposed to have taken before breakfast and had forgotten to: the Inderal and the potassium and the hydrochlorothiazide. I began to get up from my chair and then I settled down again. It didn't really matter. There was no ailment I had that could really be counted on to be fatal if I missed one day's dosage. And then I wholeheartedly embraced the old subject, the old speculation: How many days like this one, how many years like this one lay ahead for me? And finally, irresistibly, I descended to lower depths still, thinking of past times not with any relish but remembering how in past times I had always *told* myself I'd someday look back with pleasure on what would seem good old days, which was an indication itself that they hadn't somehow been good enough—not good enough, that is, to stand on their own as an end in themselves. If the old days were so damned good, why had I had to think always how good they would someday seem in retrospect? I had just reached the part where I think there was nothing *wrong* with them and that I ought to be satisfied, had just reached that point at which I recall that I loved and was loved by my wife, that I love and am loved by my children, that it's not them or my life but *me* there's something wrong with!—had just reached that inevitable syllogism that I always come to, when I was distracted by the arrival of Saturday morning's late mail delivery. It was brought in, it was handed to me by a pair of black hands, and of course it had nothing in it. But I took it upstairs to my sitting room. (So that even the servant wouldn't see there was nothing worth having in it.) I had just closed my door and got out my pills when I heard Ricky's car turn in to the gravel driveway.

He was driving so slowly that his car wheels hardly disturbed the gravel. That in itself was an ominous phenomenon. He was approaching slowly and quietly. He didn't want me to know ahead of time what there was in store for me. My first impulse was to lock my door and refuse to admit him. I simply did not feel up to Rick this morning! But I said to myself, "That's something I've never done, though maybe ought to have done years ago, no matter what Cary said. He's sure to send my blood pressure soaring." I thought of picking up the telephone and phoning one of the other children to come and protect me from this monster of a son and from whatever sort of trouble he was now in.

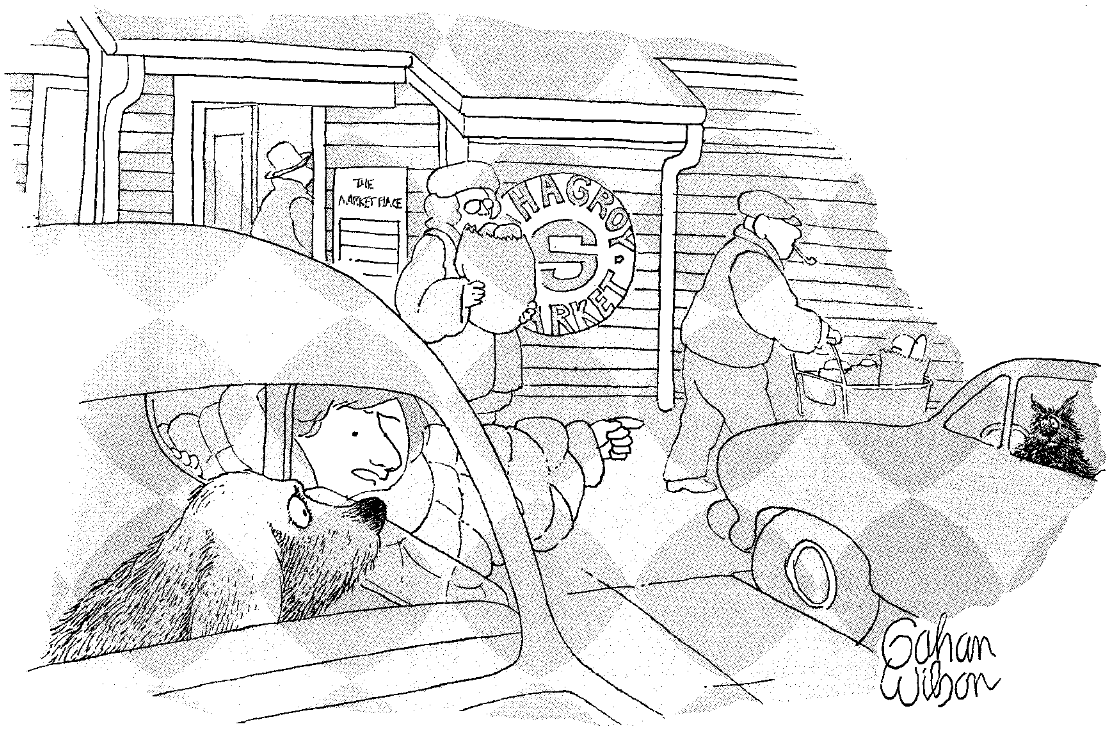
But it was just then that I caught my first glimpse of him down in the driveway. I had the illusion that he was admiring the place. And then of course I was at once disillusioned. He was only hesitating down there because he dreaded seeing me. But he was telling himself he *had* to see me. There would be no other solution to his problem but to see his old man. I knew what he was thinking by the gesture he was making with his left hand. It's strange how you get the notion that your children are like you just because they have the same facial features and the same body build and make the same gestures when talking to themselves. None of it means a thing! It's only an illusion. Even now I find myself making gestures with my hands when I'm talking to myself that I used to notice my own father making sometimes when we were out walking together and neither of us had spoken a word for half an hour or so. It used to get on my nerves when I saw Father do it, throwing out his hand almost imperceptibly, with his long fingers spread apart. I don't know why it got on my nerves so. But, anyhow, I never dreamed that I could inherit such a gesture—or much less that one of my sons would. And yet there Ricky is, down in the driveway, making the same gesture precisely. And there never were three men with more different characters than my father and me and my youngest child. I watch Ricky make the gesture several times while standing in the driveway. And now suddenly he turns as if to go back to his car. I step away from the window, hoping he hasn't seen me and will go on off. But, having once seen him down there, I can't, of course, do that. I have to receive him and hear him out. I open the sash and call down to him, "Come on up, Ricky."

He looks up at me, smiles guiltily, and shrugs. Then he comes on in the side entrance. As he moves through the house and up the stairs, I try to calm myself. I gaze down at the roughed-up gravel where his suède shoes did their damage and tell myself it isn't so bad and even manage to smile at my own old-maidishness. Presently, he comes into the sitting room. We greet each other with the usual handshake. I can smell his shaving lotion. Or maybe it is something he puts on his hair. We go over and sit down by the fireplace, where there is a fire laid but not lit in this season, of course. He begins by talking about everything under the sun except what is on his mind. This is standard procedure in our talks at such times. Finally, he begins looking into the fireplace as though the fire were lit and as though he were watching low-burning flames. I barely keep myself from smiling when he says, "I've got a little problem—not so damned little, in fact. It's a matter that's got out of hand."

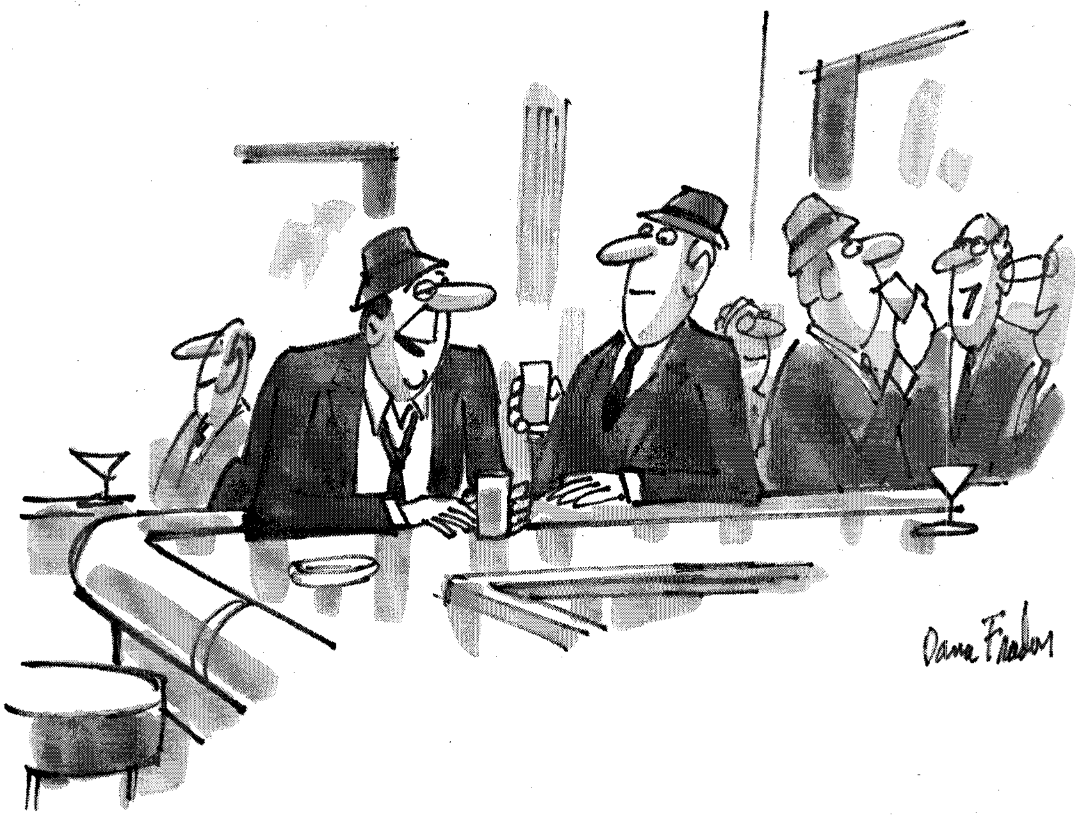
And then I say, "I supposed as much."

You can't give Ricky an inch at these times, you see. Else he'll take advantage of you. Pretty soon he'll have shifted the whole burden of how he's to be extricated onto your shoulders. I wait for him to continue, and he is about to, I think. But before he can get started he turns his eyes away from the dry logs and the unlit kindling and begins looking about the room, just as he looked about the premises outside. It occurs to me again that he seems to be observing my place for the very first time. But I don't suppose he really is. His mind is, as usual, on himself. Then all at once his eyes do obviously come to focus on something over my shoulder. He runs his tongue up under his upper lip and then under his lower lip, as though he were cleaning his teeth. I, involuntarily almost, look over my shoulder. There on the library table behind me, on what I call my desk, are my cut-glass tumbler and three bottles of pills—my hydrochlorothiazide, my Inderal, and my potassium. Somehow I failed to put them back in my desk drawer earlier. I was so distracted by my morbid thoughts when I came upstairs that I forgot to stick them away in the place where I keep them out of sight from everybody. (I don't even like for the servants to see what and how much medicine I take.) Without a word passing between us, and despite the pains in my shoulder and hip, I push myself up out of my chair and sweep the bottles, and the tumbler, too, into the desk drawer. I keep my back to Ricky for a minute or so till I can overcome the grimacing I never can repress when these pains strike. Suddenly, though, I do turn back to him and find he has come to his feet. I pay no special attention to that. I ease myself back into my chair, saying, "Yes, Ricky." Making my voice rather hard, I say, "You've got a problem?" He looks at me coldly, without a trace of the sympathy any one of the other children would have shown—knowing, that is, as he surely does, that I am having pains of some description. And he speaks to me as though I were a total stranger toward whom he feels nothing but is just barely human enough to wish not to torture. "Man," he says—the idea of his addressing *me* that way!—"Man, you've got problems enough of your own. Even the world's greatest snotface can see that. One thing sure, you don't need to hear *my* crap."

I am on my feet so quick you wouldn't think I have a pain in my body. "Don't you use that gutter language with me, Ricky!" I say. "You weren't brought up in some slum over beyond Vinegar Hill!" He only turns and looks into the fireplace again. If there were a fire going I reckon he would have spat in it at this point. Then he looks back at me, running his tongue over his teeth again. And then, without any apology or so much as a by-your-leave, he heads for the door. "Come back here, Ricky!" I command. "Don't you dare leave the room!" Still moving toward the closed door, he glances back over his shoulder



"See? It's not as if you were the only one."



"Ordinarily, I lean toward a land-based-MX system. But when I have a few drinks I lean toward those little submarines."

• •

at me, with a wide, hard grin on his face, showing his mouthful of white teeth, as though my command were the funniest thing he has ever heard. At the door, he puts his big right hand on the glass knob, covering it entirely. Then he twists his upper body, his torso, around—seemingly just from the hips—to face me. And simultaneously he brings up his left hand and scratches that triangle of dark hair where his shirt is open. It is like some kind of dirty gesture he is making. I say to myself, "He really is like something not quite human. For all the jams and scrapes he's been in, he's never suffered any second thoughts or known the meaning of remorse. I ought to have let him hang in some noose of his own making years ago. I ought to have let him hang," I say to myself, "by his own beautiful locks."

But almost simultaneously what I hear myself saying aloud is "Please don't go, Rick. Don't go yet, son." Yes, I am pleading with him, and I mean what I say with my whole heart. He still has his right hand on the doorknob and has given it a full turn. Our eyes meet across the room, directly, as they never have before in the whole of Ricky's life or mine. I think neither of us could tell anyone what it is he sees in the other's eyes, unless it is a need beyond any description either of us is capable of.

Presently Rick says, "You don't need to hear my crap."

And I hear my bewildered voice saying, "I do . . . I do." And "Don't go, Rick, my boy." My eyes have even misted over. But I still meet his eyes across the now too silent room. He looks at me in the most compassionate way imaginable. I don't think any child of mine has ever looked at me so before. Or perhaps it isn't really with compassion he is viewing me but with the sudden, gratifying knowledge that it is not, after all, such a one-sided business, the business between us. He keeps his right hand on the doorknob a few seconds longer. Then I hear the latch click and know he has let go. Meanwhile, I observe his left hand making that familiar gesture, his fingers splayed, his hand tilting back and forth. I am out of my chair by now. I go to the desk and bring out two Danlys cigars from another desk drawer, which I keep locked. He is there ready to receive my offering when I turn around. He accepts the cigar without smiling, and I give it without smiling, too. Seated opposite each other again, each of us lights his own.

And then Ricky begins. What will it be this time, I think. I am wild with anticipation. Whatever it will be, I know it is all anyone in the world can give me now—perhaps the most anyone has ever been able to give a man like me. As Ricky begins, I try to think of all the good things the other children have done for me through the years, and of their affection, and of my wife's. But it seems this was all there ever was. I forget my pains and my pills and the cancelled golf game, and the meaningless mail that morning. I find I can scarcely sit still in my chair for wanting Ricky to get on with it. Has he been brandishing his pistol again? Or dragging the sheriff's deputy across a field at midnight? And does he have in his wallet perhaps a picture of some other girl with a tight little mouth, and eyes that burn? Will his outrageous story include her? And perhaps explain her fascination or perhaps not explain it, leaving her a blessed mystery? As Ricky begins, I find myself listening not merely with fixed attention but with my whole being. . . . I hear him beginning. I am listening. I am listening gratefully to all he will tell me about himself, about his life, about any life that is not my own. —PETER TAYLOR

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from State News, Michigan State University's student newspaper]

LITTLE ROCK, Ark. (AP)—It was a battle, but John and Kathy Reese finally are getting their mail delivered to their new home.

The Reeses moved from Tulsa, Okla., to Little Rock last month and bought a new home just inside the city limits.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PATIENT

II—DISAPPEARING INCIDENTS

ON the morning of June 16, 1978, a thirty-year-old woman named Sylvia Frumkin was brought to Creedmoor Psychiatric Center in an ambulance. Creedmoor Psychiatric Center is a large state hospital for the mentally ill in Queens Village, New York. It serves the two million residents of Queens, one of New York City's five boroughs. Miss Frumkin had been in Creedmoor a number of times between 1964 and 1978; she had last been released from the hospital on May 31st. Although she complained bitterly about her frequent Creedmoor exits and reëntries—on June 16th, she cried out that she wished she could stop going through the revolving door—she signed a form that morning in which she agreed to be admitted to the hospital on a voluntary basis. In 1978, most Creedmoor patients were assigned to one of nine geographical units in the hospital, according to the section of Queens in which they had lived before they were hospitalized. Miss Frumkin's parents, Harriet and Irving Frumkin (the names of almost all the people mentioned in this article, including the Frumkins, have been changed, and some details have been altered to disguise their identities), live in Beechhurst, a community in the Clearview unit's "catchment area," so Miss Frumkin was admitted to Ward 043 of the Clearview unit, which occupied the first floor of an aging three-story building known as Building N/4.

From June 16th to June 29th, Miss Frumkin was considered the most difficult patient in the Clearview unit. She fought so much with some of the hundred and forty other patients in the unit, and with some of the staff, that she spent little time in the spacious shabbiness of Clearview's dayhalls, porches, and dormitories, and a lot of time in the confined shabbiness of one of Clearview's seclusion rooms. Miss Frumkin is a heavy, articulate, flamboyant, angry woman. The behavior that had resulted in her being ordered into seclusion, either by the psychiatrist who had admitted her, Dr. Sun Ming Wong, or by one of the unit's other psychiatrists, persisted while she was in the seclusion room. She tried to hit staff members who came to the room to bring her meals or the medication that had been prescribed for her—she tended to gobble down the food and refuse the medication—and she was so delusional that she addressed several therapy aides by the names of movie stars.

Between June 30th and July 6th, Miss Frumkin seemed to take a turn for the better—or, at least, for the

"He parlayed that frank, open countenance into a place of honor at the public trough."

"You may be in a holding pattern, Comstock, but it doesn't look like such a bad holding pattern."

• •

quieter. She wasn't put in seclusion. She wasn't given any Thorazine injections for agitation. She swallowed five hundred milligrams of liquid Thorazine three times a day willingly. Dr. Sun had left for a two-week vacation on July 3rd without changing this dose, which he had raised her to on June 29th. During the first week of July, Miss Frumkin still expressed a number of delusions: "I'm a Jewish mental-patient detective," she insisted on July 1st. She also wore odd costumes: on July 2nd, she was wearing a blouse draped over one shoulder and tied around her neck by the sleeves, and had wrapped herself up in a pink blanket. When her father came to visit her on July 3rd, she didn't hit him (as she had done once in June) or ignore him (as she had done on several occasions in June). He had brought her some of the many things she had asked him for the previous day, when she had called home—some Sensodyne toothpaste and a Sensodyne toothbrush (she said that she had sensitive teeth), some Cepacol mouthwash, a bar of Ivory soap (the only kind, she said, she could use on her sensitive skin), and a spare pair of eyeglasses, which the Frumkins kept at home for her. (On the morning of the twenty-fourth, she had thrown and broken a pair of glasses with octagonal frames—which she had worn to the hospital on the sixteenth—when a doctor on night duty had allowed her to have them. Miss Frumkin lost or broke two or three pairs of glasses every year.) When Mr. Frumkin took the things he had brought from home out of a shopping bag, his daughter examined them, berated him for the items she had requested which he had failed to bring her—a can of apricot nectar, a bag of popcorn, a nail clipper—and then thanked him, in her fashion, for the glasses. "Oh, you brought my glasses," she said, putting them on. She lost the toothpaste, the soap, and the mouthwash within twenty-four hours. She kept the glasses and seemed grateful that she could see clearly after two and a half weeks in a myopic haze. On July 4th, she hit Paulette Finestone, another patient, with her pocketbook, but in general she was less combative. On July 5th, she asked to see Dr. Shamaldaree Batra, who was handling Dr. Sun's patients during his vacation. She told him she wanted to go off all medication and threatened to sue him for malpractice when he didn't consent. On July 6th, when Dr. Batra was walking through the women's dayhall, Miss Frumkin loped over to him and said, "Sweet Dr. Batra, why don't you go into my office and we'll make love?" Dr. Batra smiled and kept on walking. When Hermine Plotnick, Clearview's unit chief, was making her daily rounds on the sixth, she noticed that Miss Frumkin was still "talking schizophrenia," as she put it, but she thought that the medication was beginning to take hold.

On the morning of Friday, July 7th, Miss Frumkin got up and dressed herself in a flowered nylon half-slip, a bra, a long-sleeved navy-blue T-shirt, and a pair of high-heeled gold sandals. She put on her glasses and tied a kerchief around her hair. She ate breakfast and refused her morning medication. Her mood seemed more defiant than it had been in the past week, and the therapy aides didn't criticize her attire. At eight-thirty, the ward cleaner wanted to mop the women's dayhall. It was a warm, bright day. Miss Frumkin and the other women in the dayhall who didn't have grounds privileges were told to go out on the porch. A nurse came out to the porch a few minutes later with injections for Miss Frumkin (because she had refused her oral medication) and Barbara Herbert, another patient who had been obstreperous all morning. Miss Frumkin called the nurse "the pusher" and bent over reluctantly to

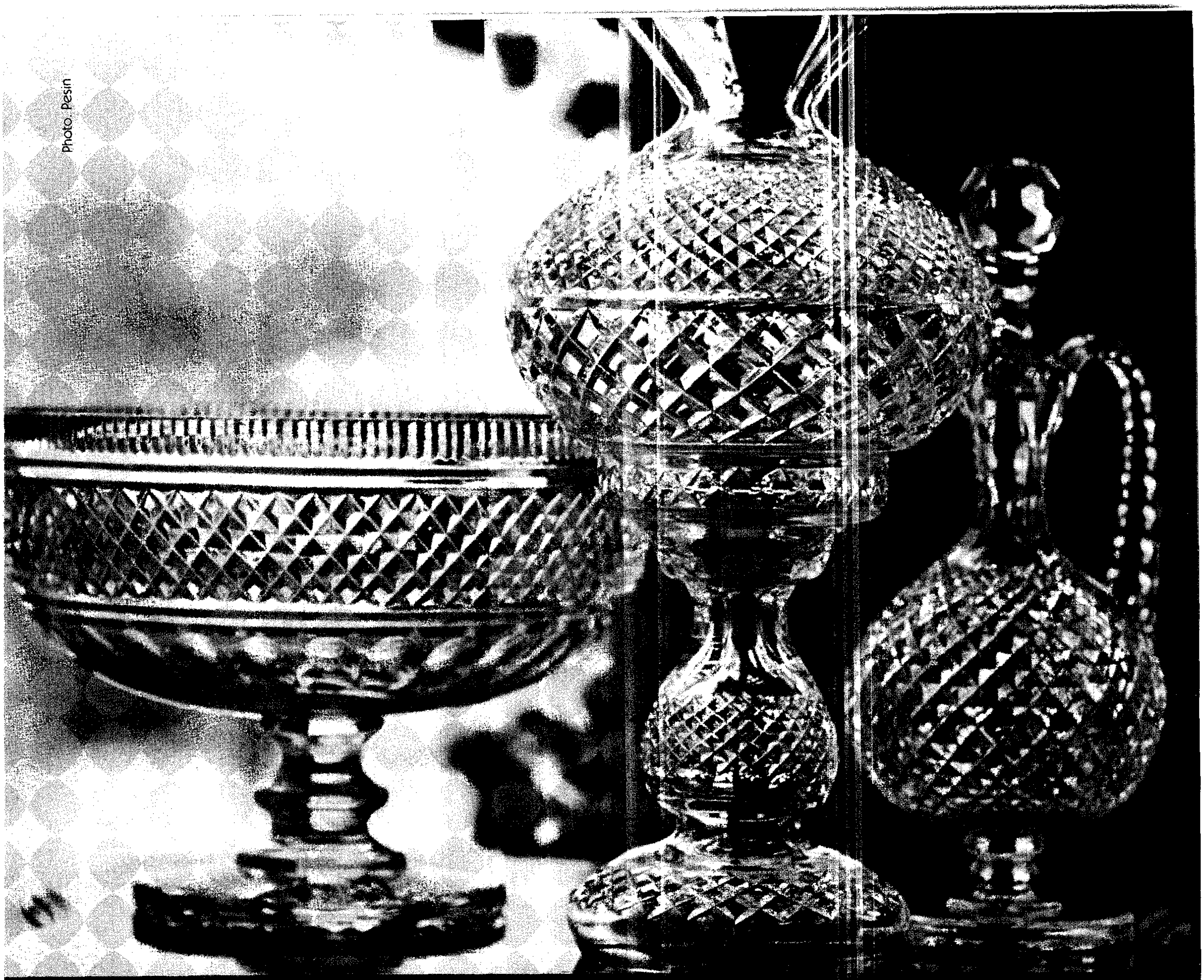

Photo: Pesin

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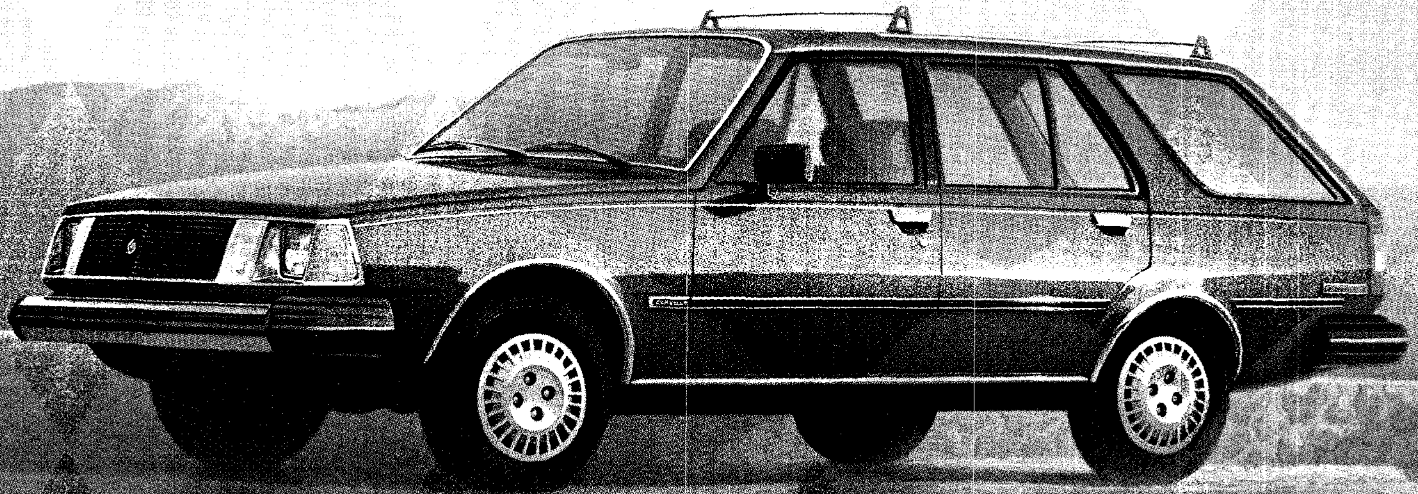


Renault Presents
The Remarkable 18i Sportswagon.

Renault, maker of Europe's best selling cars, presents a remarkable new wagon for America...the Renault 18i Sportswagon.

Remarkable, because it is, at once, a wagon that provides comfortable seating for 5, *and* muscle to move you crisply from 0 to 50...

...a wagon with up to 65.5 cubic feet of load space, *and* the good manners to go where you aim it through precise, quick rack and pinion steering (lock to lock in just 3 turns)...

...a wagon that takes care of the whole family, *and* carefully meters out fuel for outstanding efficiency*...

...a wagon that bristles with innovative technology of the 80's.

38 HWY EST* ㉕ MPG EST

Bosch L-Jetronic Fuel Injection

This is the Electric Multi-Point Bosch system also used by Porsche 928 and Jaguar XJ-S. It precisely measures out the fuel required for optimum performance and efficiency from the 18i's enthusiastic 1.6 liter (1647 cc, aluminum block and head) 4-cylinder engine.

20 Years Experience in Front-Wheel Drive Design.

The 18i front-wheel drive system is a study in compact, lightweight design. Front drive transaxles, engine and 4-speed manual transmission (5-speed, avail.) are deftly mounted to provide a 60/40 weight ratio, front to rear. It also allows quick access for service at any of the more than 1300 Renault and American Motors Dealers.

Slip Stream Aerodynamics

The 18i Sportswagon silhouette is notably slippery. A wide front modesty panel—more discreet than add-on air dams—encourages turbulence to slide beneath the 18i. Slip stream styling effects promote excellent fuel efficiency* as the wagon carves the air.

Road Adhesion

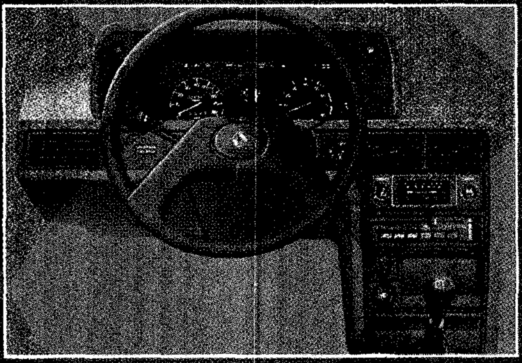
The 18i Sportswagon is masterfully tuned for the road. With 155SR x 13 Michelin steel belted radials, box section "live" rear axle (it flexes in the turns), front and rear sway bars, and beefy helical coil springs (variable-flex in the rear) surrounding long-travel shock struts.

Inner Space Geometry

The 18i's elegantly tailored seats are bio-formed with special support for the lumbar region and upper thighs.

Controls and gauges are strategically angled and positioned for driver access.

A wide rear bench seat folds forward, providing a lushly carpeted flat load bed more than 5½ feet long.



The Renault 18i Sportswagon. Remarkable? We think so. It provides what wagon users ask for...generous space and great mileage. And something many have been missing...the sheer joy of commanding a responsive, nimble, sensitive, exciting road machine.

*EPA estimated at ㉕ mpg. 38 mpg highway est. Remember: Compare this estimate with estimated mpg for other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Your highway mileage will probably be lower.

Renault 18i

More than just economy

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get her Thorazine injection. She bled slightly where the needle had been inserted. "They struck blood, which proves I'm Jesus Christ," she said, and she invited the others on the porch to drink her blood. Mrs. Herbert called her a pig. While the floor of the dayhall was drying, a patient named Hiroku Izutsu sang a song to the tune of "Alouette":

Medication, Creedmoor medication,
Medication, the pills we love to pop.
First you take a Stelazine, then you take a Thorazine,
Mellaril, Elavil,
Tofranil, what a thrill!
Oh—
Medication, Creedmoor medication,
Medication, the pills we love to pop.

A few of the women laughed appreciatively. Miss Frumkin appeared to be envious of Miss Izutsu's cleverness and of the attention she had received while she sang. She took a banana out of her pocketbook, ate it, used the banana peel to wipe off her glasses, seemed pleased when someone said, "Sylvia, you're too much," threw the banana peel on the floor, and recited a poem called "Supreme Egotism," which she said she had just written.

She thinks that she
Has the most
Colorful mind in
The whole star-
Studded universe,
But,
Confidentially,
I have.

After reciting the poem, she said, "That poem means I am the best," and sat down. She looked pleased with herself for having regained center stage.

"Sylvia, why don't you ever give your mouth a rest?" one of the other patients said.

"I've got to stay here with my children," Miss Frumkin answered. "They are my children. I've been here long enough to be Mother Goose to them."

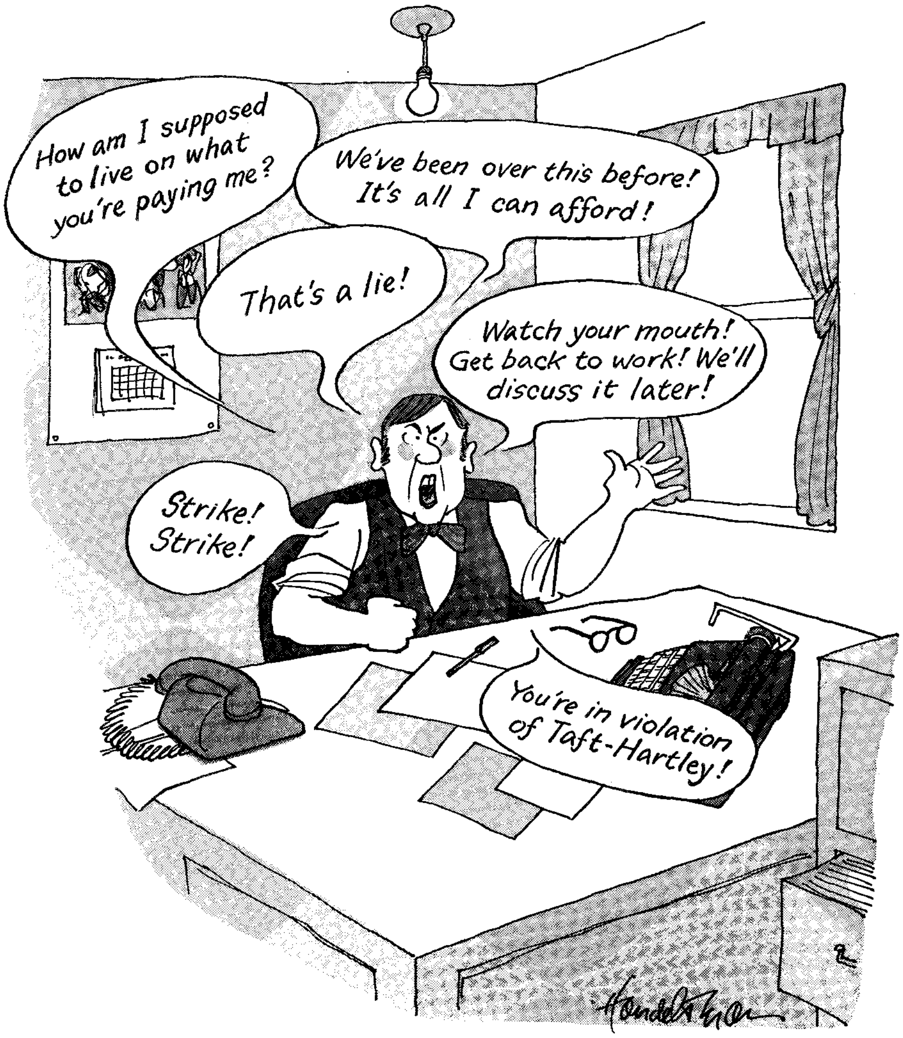
By nine o'clock, the dayhall floor was dry, and the patients on the porch were told they could go back inside. Miss Frumkin ran into the women's dayhall, saw that the door leading to 044, the men's ward, was open, ran down the corridor to the men's dayhall, said, in passing, to a therapy aide in 044, "I'm Jack Warden and I'm making a movie and I want to see the doctor," and ran through an open door that led from the 044 dayhall to the chart room, where the patients' records were kept. Diana Bancroft, a psychologist who had started work in the Clearview unit a week earlier, was standing in the doorway and heard what Miss Frumkin had said to the therapy aide as she breezed by. Miss Bancroft followed Miss Frumkin into the chart room and invited her to come to her office, hoping she could calm her down. Miss Frumkin ignored Miss Bancroft and sailed through the chart room, where she saw Dr. Batra. She immediately demanded to go to Jewish services. The Frumkins are Jewish and attend services at their temple two or three times a year—on Rosh Hashanah and on Yom Kippur. When Miss Frumkin was not in Creedmoor, she accompanied her parents to temple on these holy days. When she was in Creedmoor, she usually attended Jewish services every Friday morning in the Assembly Hall, a building that was about a five-minute walk from Building N/4. Each Friday, the rabbi led a congregation of about fifty or sixty white, black, and Hispanic Catholics, Protestants, and Jews in prayer. He spoke from nine-forty-five to ten. His sermon was followed by refreshments provided by various religious and service organizations in Queens. When Miss Frumkin considered herself Jewish, she went to Jewish services faithfully and took notes on the rabbi's sermons. When, periodically, she considered herself a Hebrew-Christian, she went to the Jewish services regularly, mainly for the sandwiches, fruit punch, and cake, and also went to church. When, periodically, she considered herself a born-again Christian, she skipped Jewish services, tore up her notes on the rabbi's sermons, and went to church more often.

When Miss Frumkin burst into the chart room on July 7th, Dr. Batra was alone there, writing in a patient's chart. He kept on writing as if he hadn't heard her. "Mental patients have constitutional rights, and I demand that you let me out immediately to go to Jewish services!" Miss Frumkin shouted at him.

Dr. Batra tapped his pen on the table.

"Dr. Batra, if you don't stop tapping your pen, I'll take it away from

THE AGONY OF THE SELF-EMPLOYED


How am I supposed to live on what you're paying me?
We've been over this before! It's all I can afford!
That's a lie!
Watch your mouth! Get back to work! We'll discuss it later!
Strike! Strike!
You're in violation of Taft-Hartley!
Handelsman

you!" Miss Frumkin shouted, even louder. "Jewish services start at nine-fifteen in the Assembly Hall, and you're making me late!"

Dr. Batra looked up at Miss Frumkin, said, "You want to go to Jewish services? Go ahead," and told Miss Bancroft, who was standing just outside the chart room, to see to it that Miss Frumkin was let out of the ward. Miss Bancroft was stunned. She knew that Miss Frumkin didn't have grounds privileges, and she didn't believe her to be in any condition to go to Jewish services by herself. Two of the things that a treatment team—the psychiatrist, psychologist, social worker, nurse, and therapy aide who work most closely with a patient and who, in theory, jointly decide upon a course of treatment—was supposed to consider before letting a patient out of a locked ward unescorted were the patient's state of mind and state of dress. In Miss Bancroft's opinion, Miss Frumkin's attire that morning—blue T-shirt, flowered half-slip, and high-heeled gold sandals—was altogether inappropriate, and so was her behavior. Like a number of other psychiatrists at Creedmoor, Dr. Batra paid lip service to the concept of the treatment team but often neglected to consult the other team members. Stephanie Fulton, Miss Frumkin's treatment-team leader, had not yet shown up for work (she was often late), but several other members of the team were there. Dr. Batra did not consult them. Nor did he write on the doctor's order sheet in Miss Frumkin's chart that he had given her permission to attend Jewish services—another required procedure.

Miss Frumkin walked quickly to the Assembly Hall. The rabbi, who had known her and her family for years, was startled by her clothes and by her behavior. She kept interrupting his sermon, and after it was over, and he had turned on a tape of "Milk and Honey" and other theatre music with a Jewish theme, she tried to convert him to Christianity. Miss Frumkin gulped down three cups of punch and ate two bologna sandwiches and several cupcakes. A volunteer worker who was helping to serve the refreshments, a woman who had also known Miss Frumkin and her family for years, suggested to her that she return to the ward and put a skirt on. Miss Frumkin ignored her. She left the Assembly Hall, but instead of going back to N/4 she walked a short distance to one of the buildings operated on the Creedmoor grounds by Transitional Services for New York, Inc., a nonprofit agency that tries to help the mentally ill return to their communities, and barged into the office of Peter Orenstein, Transitional's clinical coordinator. She told him she wanted Transitional Services to take her back immediately. (She had lived there between May 31st and June 16th.) Orenstein was upset by the way Miss Frumkin looked and sounded. He asked her who had let her out of the ward. When she told him, he telephoned Dr. Batra, informed him of Miss Frumkin's whereabouts, and said that she appeared to be agitated. Dr. Batra called Creedmoor's Safety Department, and asked Safety to pick Miss Frumkin up at Transitional Services and bring her back to Clearview.

"Help! Help! There's a big bird after me."

By then, it was ten-fifteen, and Stephanie Fulton was at work. Soon after her arrival, Diana Bancroft, who had been watching the clock and worrying, told her the circumstances of Miss Frumkin's departure from the ward. Miss Fulton was furious: the team hadn't even met to consider giving Miss Frumkin grounds privileges, because she wasn't ready for this first small step, and here was a doctor—not even the patient's regular doctor—exposing her to possible harm. While Miss Fulton telephoned Mrs. Plotnick to tell her what Dr. Batra had done, Miss Bancroft decided to express her anger by writing a note in Miss Frumkin's chart saying that Dr. Batra had let Miss Frumkin out of the ward against her better judgment and that Miss Frumkin hadn't returned. A few minutes later, Dr. Batra appeared and told Miss Bancroft and Miss Fulton that Miss Frumkin was on her way back to the ward. The two women notified Mrs. Plotnick that Miss Frumkin was all right, and resumed the day's work.

Two safety officers went to Transitional Services and escorted Miss Frumkin back to Clearview's central corridor. To her pleasant surprise, they didn't take her back into the ward but left her just outside the locked door leading to 043 and 044. She waited a few minutes, to be sure they had gone, and then took off again. This time, she left the hospital grounds. She walked through the unlocked gate nearest N/4 onto Hillside Avenue, took a quick inventory of the contents of her handbag, found her bankbook, and went to her bank, a few blocks down Hillside Avenue, where she had the interest for the quarterly period

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that had ended on June 30th entered in her bankbook. Her bank balance was about two hundred dollars. She then continued to walk down Hillside Avenue.

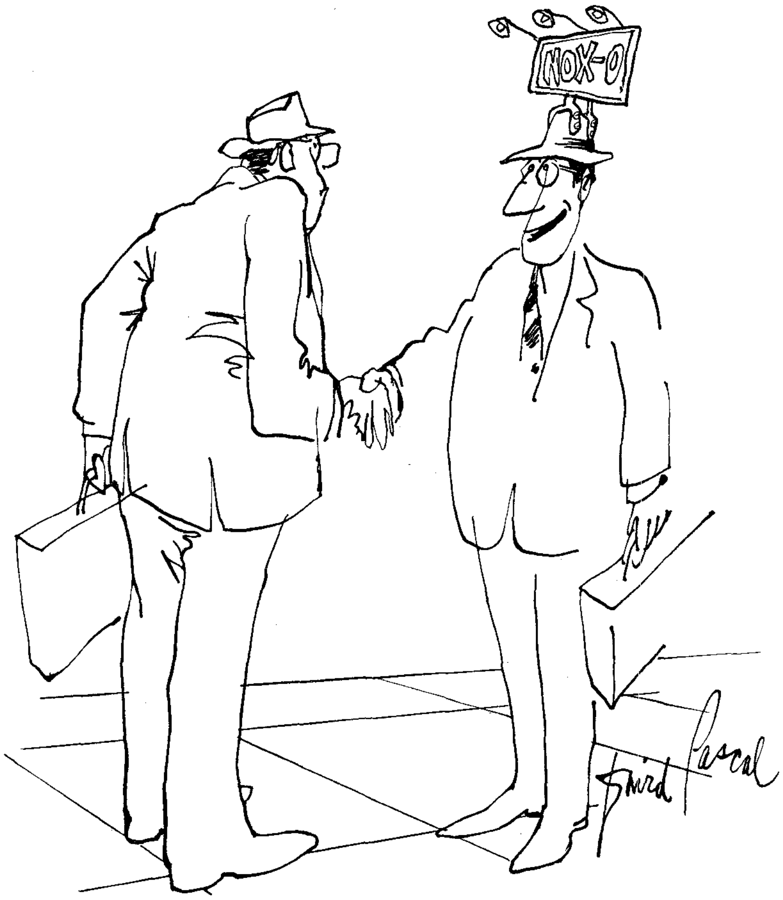
Around three o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Bancroft noticed that Miss Frumkin was not in the ward. She went to ask Miss Fulton and Dr. Batra where she was. Miss Fulton hadn't seen her all day. Dr. Batra hadn't seen her since he let her leave for Jewish services in the morning. He didn't appear to be concerned that she was missing. "She'll come back," he said. At three-thirty, Dr. Batra called the Safety Department to report that Miss Frumkin was missing. "She probably went home," he told Miss Fulton and Miss Bancroft, and then he telephoned the Frumkins to ask if she was there. Many patients who wander off from Creedmoor do go home. Miss Frumkin hadn't gone home, and her parents were distressed to learn that a doctor had let a young woman in her condition venture out of the building alone. Miss Fulton and a therapy aide got into Miss Fulton's car and drove up and down the streets surrounding Creedmoor looking for her. They didn't find her.

Miss Frumkin was found by two policemen from a neighboring precinct at ten past eight that evening. She was still wearing a kerchief on her head, gold sandals on her feet, and a half-slip. She was no longer wearing a T-shirt, and her bra was open. Four months later, in November, she recalled that she had had a lovely afternoon. She had browsed in some of the stores near her bank. She had walked to the Happy Robin, an inexpensive restaurant on Hillside Avenue that served meals cafeteria-style. She had often eaten at the Happy Robin with her parents. She had asked a woman behind the counter for a glass of water and, when the woman gave her the water, had said to her, "Smile. You're on 'Candid Camera.' " She knew that there were sliced raw onions as well as salt and pepper and other condiments at the Happy Robin, so she had sat down at a table and eaten a few free onions. "I do crazy things when I'm sick, and then I don't know why when I'm well," she said that November. When the policemen picked Miss Frumkin up on Hillside Avenue in her state of semi-undress, she went with them peaceably. She also remembered that she had been having a fantasy about being in the Police Department on that warm July day. She knew that policemen sometimes had nicknames—she had learned that from seeing a movie called "The Super Cops" on television, in which two policemen were known as Batman and Robin. She had told the policemen that her nickname was the Pink Streak. "Oh, yeah, I've heard of you," she remembered one of them telling her as they escorted her back to Clearview.

When the police returned Miss Frumkin to Clearview, a therapy aide on the evening shift found her extremely hyperactive and confused. She was placed in a locked seclusion room for a short time and was given some food and then her evening medication—five hundred milligrams of Thorazine. The doctor on night duty who was called to Clearview to examine Miss Frumkin found her in good physical condition. She fell asleep around ten o'clock in an unlocked seclusion room. By that time, the therapy aide had called Mrs. Plotnick and the Frumkins. Harriet Frumkin didn't seem surprised to learn that her almost topless daughter was back in the hospital without having been molested. "That girl has more lives than a cat," she said.

VOLUNTARY patients who take off from Creedmoor, as Miss Frumkin did on July 7, 1978, are said to have gone on a leave without consent, or L.W.O.C. If they succeed in staying away from the hospital for three days, they are discharged. The official reasoning behind the discharge is that the state is required by law to reply within seventy-two hours to a voluntary patient's written request for release and that a patient's departure is considered the equivalent of such a letter. In the absence of the patient, the state cannot turn down the patient's request for release, because in order to do so it must have two physicians certify the patient—a procedure mandated by the New York State Mental Hygiene Law. Therefore, the regulations hold, the patient is to be discharged. People who are at Creedmoor involuntarily—as fewer than a third of the patients were in 1978—are officially said to have escaped if they decamp. If they manage to stay away, they are discharged when the term of their commitment expires; forensic patients—those who have been accused of a crime and found unfit to stand trial because of mental disease or defect, or those who have been tried and acquitted for the same reason—are the only exception.

In 1978, when a patient at Creedmoor was discovered to have gone on an L.W.O.C. or to have escaped, a New York State Office of Mental Health Form 147—an incident report—was supposed to



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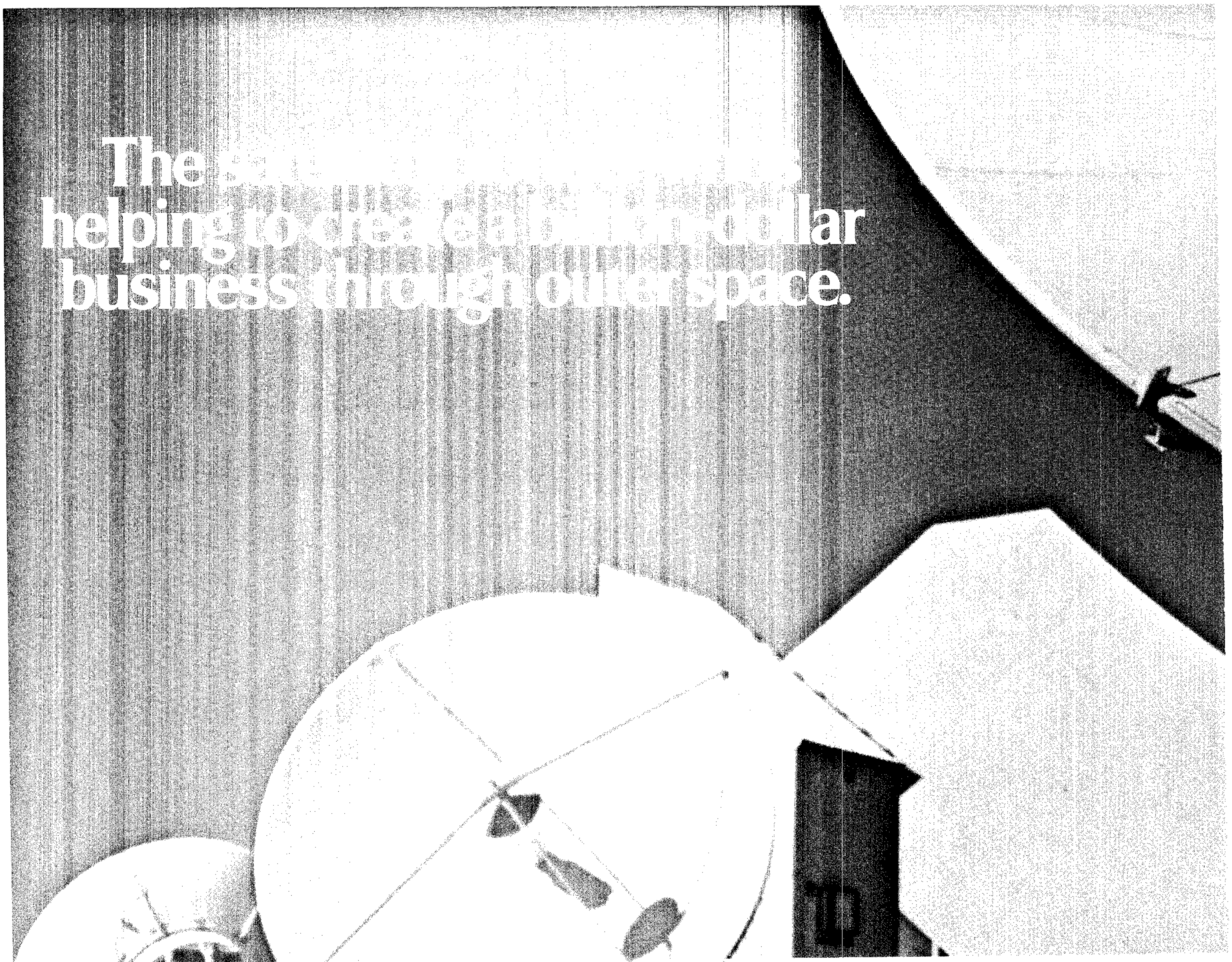

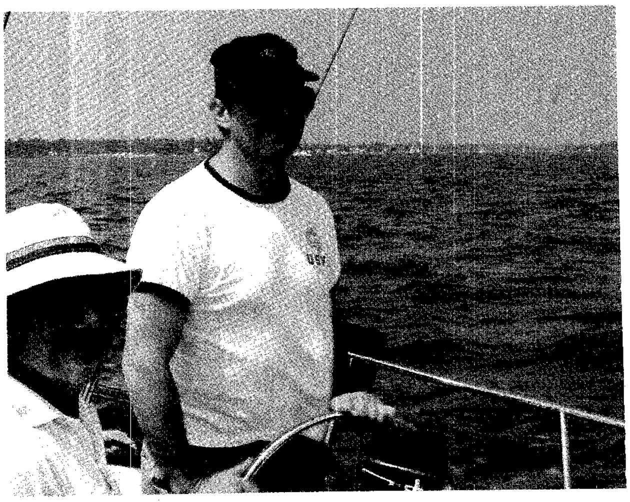

Moments from Burt Edelson's orbit (clockwise from upper left): Monthly meeting of literary discussion group in the Edelson home; in COMSAT's new launch control center; sailing on the Chesapeake; in COMSAT Lab's microwave test room; relaxing with wife Betty and youngest son, Dan, with their home computer; leading a technical exchange visit at China's Great Wall; reviewing satellite stabilization test device with co-worker. *Main illustration:* With several types of experimental antennas at COMSAT's Maryland laboratories.

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When Edelson joined COMSAT, he helped set up its research laboratories where major developments in satellite communications continue to be made. The main thrust of his work today is the expansion of the world's communications potential through satellites.

How does SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN fit into Edelson's busy scheme of things? Not only is he an editorial contributor (SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, February, 1977, "Global Satellite Communications"), but he's been an avid reader for over 30 years. "Martin Gardner ("Mathematical Games" columnist) is my hero. Many of my COMSAT colleagues are SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN buffs, too. Incidentally, SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is one of my favorite gifts for relatives, friends and up-and-coming whizzes of the future."

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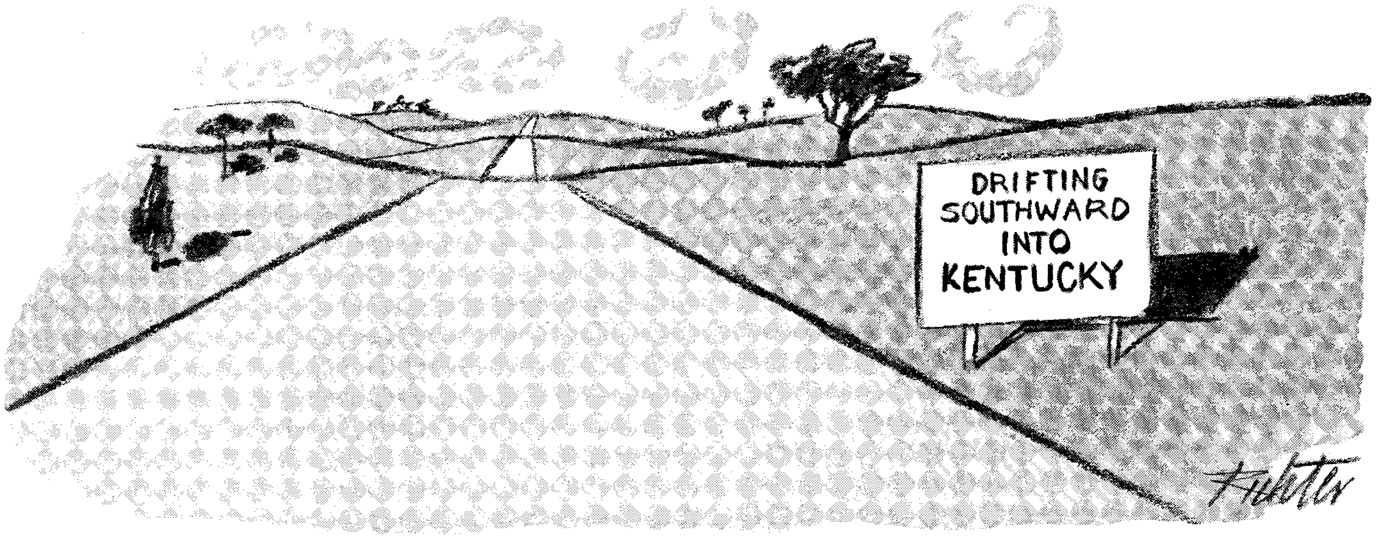

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be filled out in triplicate. Form 147 was supposed to be used for other types of incidents as well. An incident report was supposed to be filled out at Creedmoor, or any of the state's other mental hospitals, when, say, a patient was injured accidentally by himself or others; when a patient fought with or assaulted another patient; when a patient assaulted a visitor; when a patient assaulted a member of the staff; when a staff member was accused of abusing a patient; when a patient attempted to commit suicide, as five patients in the Clearview unit did in 1978, or succeeded in committing suicide, as a patient named Lloyd Colvin did on February 1, 1979; or when a patient died suddenly, as a patient named Alexander Morton did, after a fight with another patient, on October 13, 1978. (According to the autopsy, Morton's death resulted from a heart attack.)

An incident report was also supposed to be filled out when a patient was improperly medicated. The potential hazard of medication errors had been demonstrated two years earlier. On Saturday, October 9, 1976, four of Clearview's patients suffered grand-mal seizures; one of the four, an elderly man, died that afternoon. Mrs. Plotnick and one of her treatment-team leaders were able to reconstruct what had apparently happened. The four patients who had had the seizures were all on heavy doses of liquid Thorazine. Liquid Thorazine comes in two concentrations—thirty milligrams to the millilitre and a hundred milligrams to the millilitre. Creedmoor's pharmacy had routinely been carrying the lighter concentration and had only recently begun to stock the heavier one. The drug company that manufactures Thorazine puts the different concentrations in bottles that vary in size, in the color of their labels, and in the color of their rubber droppers. When Mrs. Plotnick and the treatment-team leader interviewed the ward's medication-certified therapy aides individually and asked each to pour a certain dose of Thorazine, they watched with horror as one therapy aide poured the Thorazine from the wrong bottle—from a bottle containing the hundred-milligram concentrate. The four patients had presumably been given more than three times their prescribed doses. Creedmoor's pharmacy immediately went back to stocking Thorazine in only the lighter concentration.

According to Clearview's records, which were kept by the unit's medical nurse, Clearview's patients were involved in a hundred and sixty incidents of all types in 1978. Mrs. Plotnick estimates that there were actually almost six times that number, or roughly nine hundred. Some incidents never reached a Form 147 because the patients involved were unable or unwilling to report them, no staff member saw them, and any patients who saw them were unable or afraid to report them. On July 29, 1978, Nicholas Taliaferro, a manic-depressive who had been in and out of Creedmoor, forced a Spanish-speaking woman who had been brought to the hospital suffering from a severe case of postpartum depression into an act of fellatio in the women's dayhall. The young woman screamed after the sexual assault. She then went into a near-catatonic state that lasted for several days, until she was discharged to her husband, who sent her and their new baby home to her family, in Nicaragua. In 1978, Taliaferro had sexual intercourse with a number of women in the Clearview unit, some of whom consented, some of whom lacked the capacity for consenting. Only one of these sexual escapades was the subject of an incident report, and that one was recorded because two staff members were injured when they went into the men's bathroom to separate Taliaferro and his willing partner. The extent of Taliaferro's sex life at Clearview became more apparent when it was discovered, in January of 1979, that he had gonorrhea. Clearview's nurses gave him four million eight hundred thousand units of penicillin. They gave identical doses of penicillin to ten women patients, whom they suspected of having been exposed to the gonococcus bacteria by Taliaferro, and whom the staff considered unreliable informants on their sexual liaisons. A number of Clearview's therapy aides disapprove of the frequent examples of "sexual acting out" which they can't help seeing, and are reluctant to fill out incident reports on a subject they find so unsavory.

A great many other incidents, of a less lurid nature, were also not recorded, either because the staff—particularly the therapy aides, who had to write up most of the description on the front of a Form 147—didn't consider them serious enough or because they were too busy to fill forms out, or both. The number of reported assaults on patients by other patients (thirty-four) and fights between patients (eighteen) were also well below the actual number of assaults and fights that took place. Many of these incidents were

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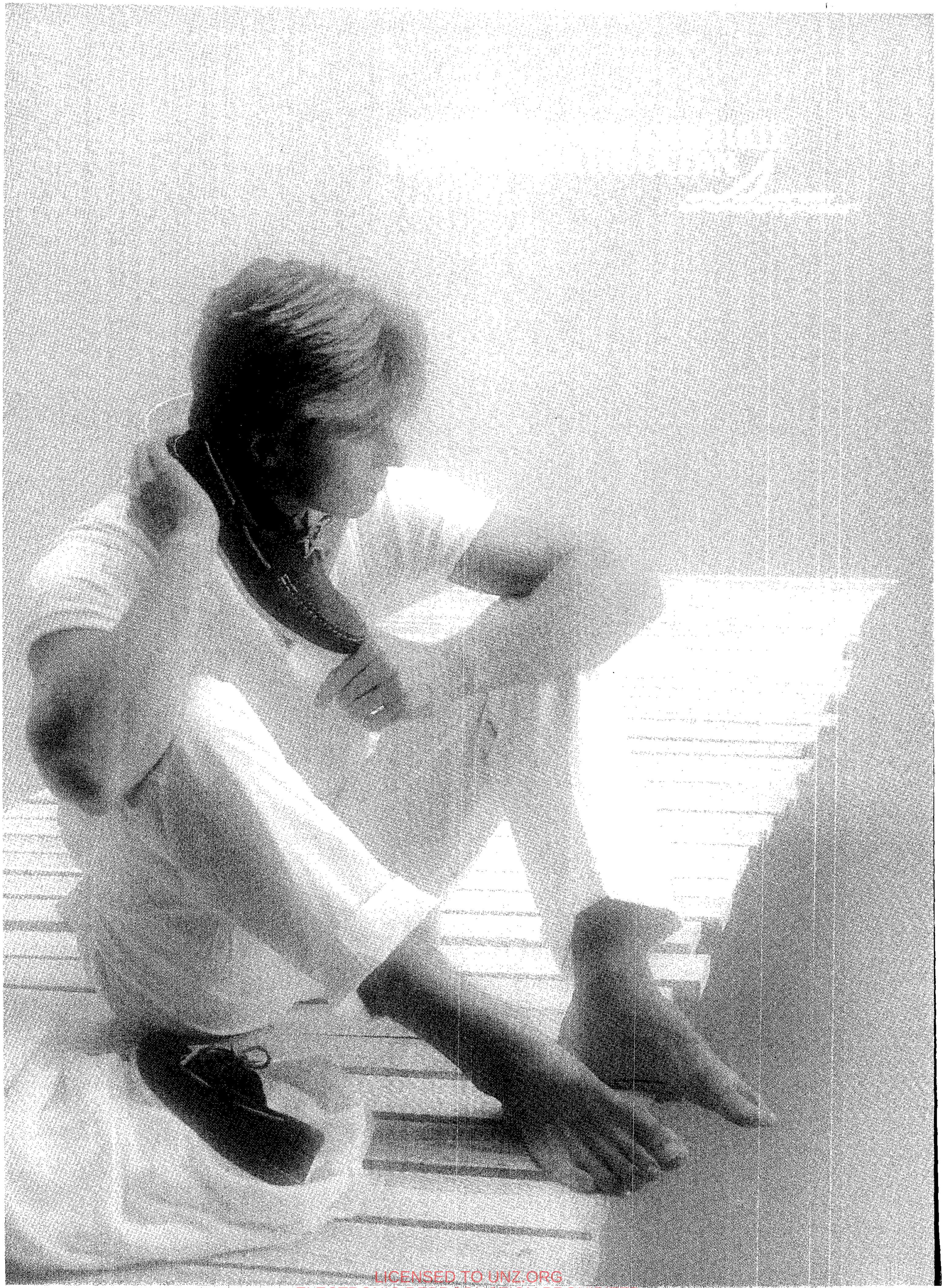


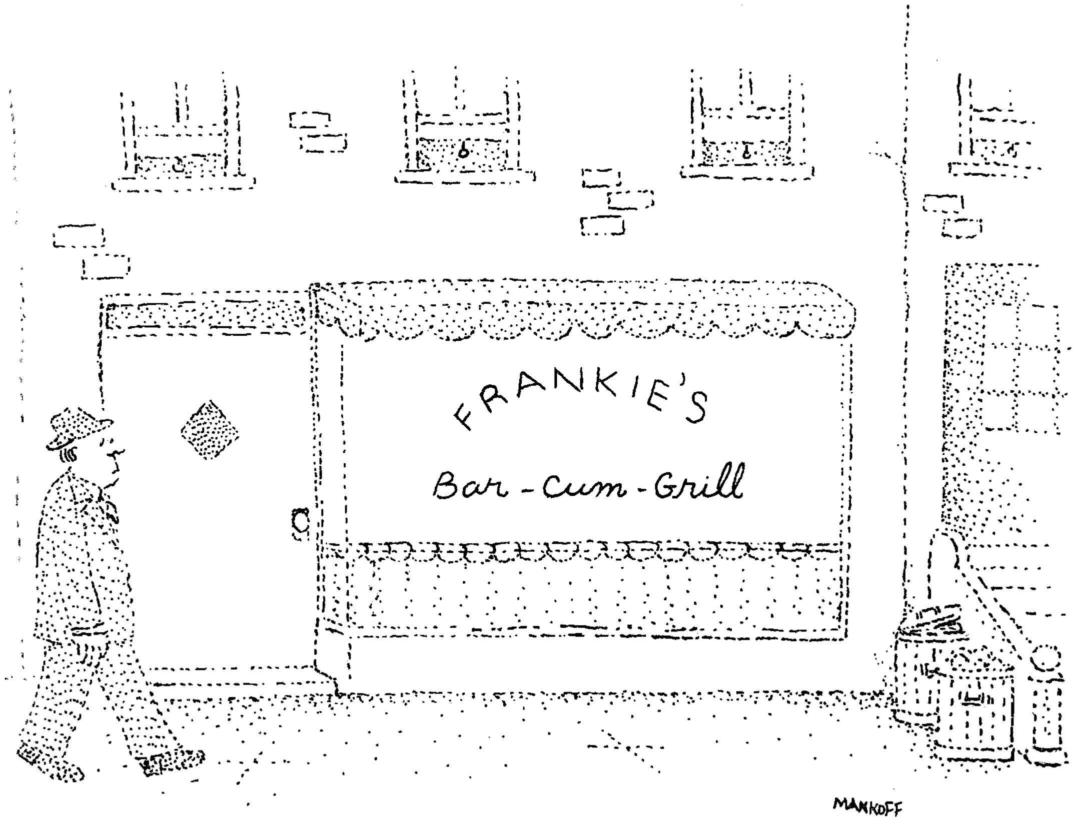
written up only because patients had to be sent out of the ward for medical treatment.

According to Clearview's records, there were thirteen cases of assaults on the staff by patients in 1978. Mrs. Plotnick estimates that there were twenty times that many. It was the exceptional day at Clearview when twenty-four hours went by without several patients slapping, kicking, scratching, pushing, or biting therapy aides or throwing chairs, mops, or cigarette urns at them. (Therapy aides were the most likely targets, because they outnumbered all other employees and had the most frequent contact with patients.) Most of these assaults went unreported because they were minor and because the therapy aides, a number of whom were barely literate, disliked paperwork. Another reason that some therapy aides didn't write up minor assaults was that they felt sympathy for their assailants; they believed that the patients wouldn't have lashed out at them if the patients had not been mentally disturbed, and they accepted minor incidents as an occupational hazard. Some of the attendants were less sympathetic to patients; indeed, it seemed to Mrs. Plotnick and the treatment-team leaders that about five per cent of Clearview's therapy aides provoked attacks from the patients by their own hostile attitudes and received about ninety-five per cent of the minor injuries. These therapy aides often didn't fill out incident reports, either, because in most cases it did them no good. Mental patients, by reason of their being mental patients, often could not be held responsible for their acts.

Easily the most contentious category of incidents at Creedmoor is abuse of patients by staff members. There were two reported cases of alleged abuse of patients in the Clearview unit in 1978. The first involved a therapy aide named Paul Torres, who pummelled a patient named Marshall Lopez after Lopez threw a chair at him and then punched him. When the hospital tried to dismiss Torres, the therapy aides' union, the Civil Service Employees Association, took the case to arbitration. The arbitrator decided that the hospital had failed to prove its case conclusively but that Torres was "wanting in professional judgment." He ordered Torres returned to his job, with a penalty of six weeks' suspension without pay.

The second case still rankles Mrs. Plotnick. It is the only one she has ever lost before an arbitrator, and involved a therapy aide named Crystal Chamberlin and a fifty-year-old manic-depressive patient named Josephine Sandusky. On May 29, 1978, according to a licensed practical nurse who witnessed the incident, Miss Sandusky, after refusing to take a pill that had been prescribed for her, emptied a paper cup filled with water on Miss Chamberlin's wig. Miss Chamberlin, according to the nurse, "then pushed the patient to the wall several times, banged the patient's head against the wall, pushed the patient to the floor, banged her head against the floor several times, and kicked the patient on the arms." Two other therapy aides were in the room at the time the incident occurred. After the incident, a doctor treated Miss Sandusky for a small bruise and a swelling on the left side of her scalp and a small laceration on her right elbow. The abuse of patients by staff members is particularly abhorrent to Mrs. Plotnick. She looks upon mental patients as among the most defenseless human beings, and feels that at a minimum a hospital should ease their lot and see that they are not abused by the staff. After an investigation, the hospital suspended Miss Chamberlin without pay and notified her that she would be dismissed—a move that, in practical terms, meant that the case would be taken to arbitration.

The therapy aides tend to hold a united front against the hospital management in disciplinary matters, apparently on the theory that any one of them could get into trouble and need supporting witnesses someday and because they are dependent on each other for help in handling the patients in the ward. In this instance, though, Mrs. Plotnick thought the hospital would win, because the two therapy aides had said enough when questioned on the day of the incident to make her believe that they would corroborate the nurse's testimony. At the arbitration hearing, conducted at the offices of the American Arbitration Association, in Manhattan, Miss Chamberlin denied having hit or kicked Miss Sandusky. The nurse who had witnessed the incident testified that she had. The two therapy aides who had also been in the room did not corroborate the nurse's testimony against Miss Chamberlin. One testified, according to the arbitrator's report, that she had seen Miss



Chamberlin and Miss Sandusky "holding arms" but that "she saw no blows and heard no screams or yelling," noting that "there was a great deal of noise in that area." The other therapy aide, according to the arbitrator's report, explained that her vision had been "somewhat impaired by a couch." After hearing the conflicting testimony, the arbitrator ruled that the hospital had failed to prove that Miss Chamberlin was guilty and that she should be returned to work with full back pay; any mention of the incident was to be removed from her personnel file.

Despite the difficulty of proving physical abuse of patients, Mrs. Plotnick does not believe that it is frequent. She thinks that genuine sadists would find a less arduous way of satisfying their desire to hurt people than working for low wages in conditions as taxing as those at Creedmoor. She thinks that most instances of abuse result from fits of temper or the misguided assumption that physical retribution will somehow make a mental patient behave normally. In one case of flagrant brutality against a woman patient, in 1976, Mrs. Plotnick did obtain the dismissal of a female therapy aide, because she had attacked the patient so viciously and injured her so severely. The therapy aide had punched the patient, then had dragged her down the hall by the hair from the women's dormitory to the women's bathroom, ordered the patients inside the bathroom to get out, and proceeded to work the patient over thoroughly and break her nose. Enough witnesses had accumulated among patients and staff by the time the aide and her bleeding victim emerged from the bathroom to discredit the version of the incident which the aide presented to the arbitrator. Mrs. Plotnick also succeeded in disciplining a drunk male therapy aide who attempted to commit a homosexual act with a patient in a utility closet (the patient was sober and strong and fended off his assailant), although on this occasion the aide received what was considered a light penalty—a six-month suspension—because the arbitrator found him "contrite." The aide was dismissed a year later, however, for having a bloody fight in a Creedmoor parking lot with another employee. Mrs. Plotnick recently had a male cleaner dismissed for engaging in a sexual act with a female patient. Sexual relations of any variety between staff and patients are forbidden.

THE supposedly simpler problem of seeing to it that patients stay at the hospital—the kind that involved Sylvia Frumkin on July 7, 1978—accounts for Creedmoor's (and Clearview's) largest category of reported incidents each year. Fifty-five of the hundred and sixty incidents recorded at Clearview in 1978 were L.W.O.C.s or escapes. Most of the patients involved in these incidents just quietly slipped away. One pushed past a numbers man—a Creedmoor employee—who was coming inside on the daily rounds he made among the staff. Some left with a romantic liaison in mind. (There have been numerous marriages between released Creedmoor patients.) The most common reason was that the patient was simply tired of the hospital and wanted a change of scene. Few of the patients who left Creedmoor without permission in 1978 caused harm, although one man broke all the windows in his girlfriend's apartment and a woman destroyed everything in her sister's apartment. Most patients went directly home. Those who didn't usually did no more than irritate the people who live around the hospital by trespassing or urinating on their lawns, or give someone a fright by walking into a house through an unlocked front door. Theoretically, the disappearance of a patient should be discovered within a few hours, because there are six official counts daily—one at every change of shift and at mealtimes—and a number of informal counts. Counts are sometimes inaccurate, however. The staff sometimes doesn't know who has been discharged, who has grounds privileges, and who has home leave. Occasionally, the Clearview staff first hears of a patient's departure when a relative calls to say that the patient has come home.

The failure or unwillingness of the Clearview unit's staff to fill out a Form 147 was not the only reason that most incidents of all kinds—L.W.O.C.s and escapes, medication errors, "sexual acting out," patient assaults on staff, staff abuse of patients—went unreported to higher authorities in 1978. There was another process at work within the hospital and state bureaucracy—one that might be called the disappearing-incidents syndrome. Of the hundred and sixty incidents that were written up on Form 147s in 1978—out of the roughly nine hundred incidents of all types that Mrs. Plotnick estimates to have occurred in the unit—very few were written up fully. Some of the forms contained nothing but a comment by a staff member who had witnessed the incident; some had comments by that staff member and a doctor; some had been filled out by Mrs. Plotnick as well. A number of these hundred and sixty incident reports never got any further than Mrs. Plotnick's desk. Because Mrs. Plotnick is a capable administrator, she had handled incident reports by the book during her first year as chief of the Clearview unit, in 1974-75, and as a result the Clearview unit had the highest number of reported incidents in the hospital that year. Some of Mrs. Plotnick's colleagues discouraged her from exercising her administrative talent so vigorously. In the future, when she received reports of incidents that seemed minor or unlikely to have repercussions—for example, the patient fell but wasn't seriously hurt, or the patient escaped but came back within a few hours—she could just file these reports in the unit instead of sending them on to the Administration Building for the Incident Review Committee. If the incident should later turn into something major, she could always forward the report at that time. When Alexander Morton died after the fight on October 13, 1978, she forwarded incident reports of fights in which he had been involved on October 6th and October 10th.

Of the hundred and sixty incident reports that reached her desk in 1978, Mrs. Plotnick ended up forwarding about a hundred and twenty to the Administration Building. There the hospital's Incident Review Committee reviewed them and chose to forward seventy-nine to the nearest regional office of the New York State Office of Mental Health, in Manhat-

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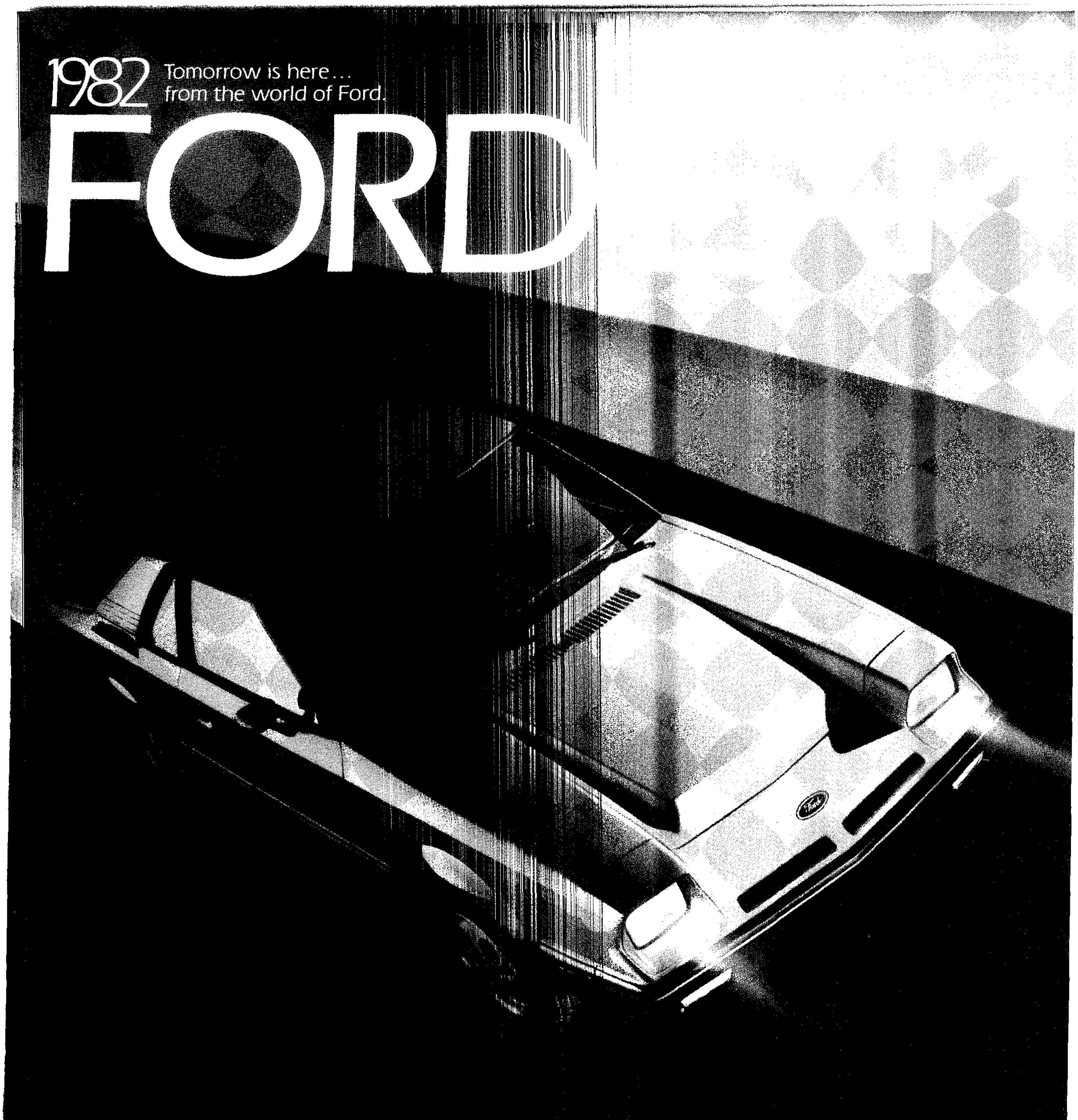

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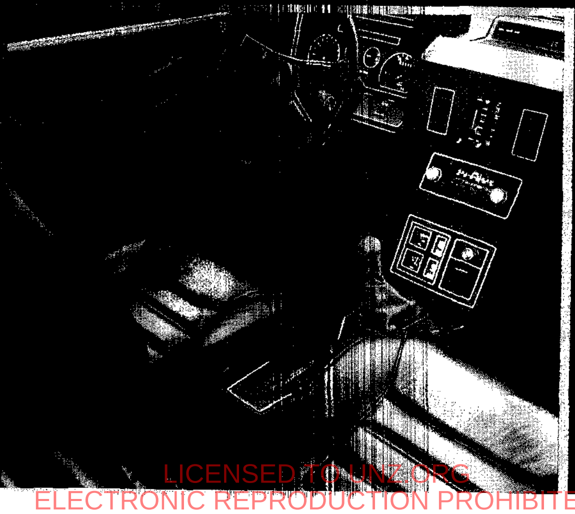

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tan. The regional office sent these seventy-nine incident reports—not quite half of the hundred and sixty reported to Mrs. Plotnick, and fewer than a tenth of the nine hundred she estimates to have occurred—on to the central office, in Albany.

Sylvia Frumkin's L.W.O.C. on July 7, 1978, was not one of the seventy-nine incidents reported to Albany. And just as the senior hospital administrators and higher-level bureaucrats willed themselves into taking a restricted view of the reality in Creedmoor's wards by encouraging Mrs. Plotnick to restrict the number of incident reports, so those responsible for Miss Frumkin's departure on July 7th availed themselves of the paperwork process to turn it into a non-event, for which they had no responsibility.

At three-forty-five on the afternoon of July 7th, Mrs. Plotnick went to the chart room to find Dr. Batra. She had him fill out a Form 147 on Miss Frumkin's disappearance, for the purpose of making sure that the record showed he had given her permission to go to Jewish services. With the same purpose in mind, she also instructed him to make a similar notation in Miss Frumkin's chart. Dr. Batra wrote on the Form 147:

> 4 P.M.—The pt. was allowed to attend the Jewish Service and later was at the Transitional Services, very upset. I called the Safety to bring pt. to the ward. She was accompanied to Bldg. N on the hall. She was not brought in the ward that she escaped.

He then wrote in the chart:

> I allowed her to go to the Jewish Services at 9:30 A.M. Later Transitional Services called me up that pt. was there very upset. I called the security officer Mr. Ragland that pt. be brought to the ward. According to him two safety officers accompanied her to Clearview Unit at the hallway. She was not brought in the ward so pt. escaped. Safety officer & father notified.

While Mrs. Plotnick accomplished her purpose by getting Dr. Batra to acknowledge that he had given Miss Frumkin permission to leave the ward, so that no one else on the team could be held responsible for having let her go without the Doctor's permission, anyone from outside the unit who was ignorant of the circumstances would have no way of knowing from his notations that he bore any blame. There was no mention of Miss Frumkin's behavior, which might have indicated her mental state at the time he had let her out, and no mention of what he had allowed her to wear to Jewish services. Reading what Dr. Batra had written, a stranger might well get the impression that whatever had happened to Miss Frumkin was entirely the fault of the Safety Department.

The Creedmoor safety officers were no less adept at paperwork, or the deliberate lack of it, than Dr. Batra was. There was nothing in the safety log to show that Dr. Batra had called at midmorning with a request that the officers pick up Miss Frumkin at Transitional Services and bring her back to Clearview. Nor did the safety log say that the officers had left her in the Clearview corridor instead of taking her into the locked ward. Safety's sole log entry on Miss Frumkin for July 7th read:

> 15:30 Dr. Batra called stating that Patient Sylvia Frumkin from Building #4, Ward 043, had left on L.W.O.C.

Miss Frumkin's July 7th departure was not the first instance, or the last, in which there were disparities between Safety's version of an event and the version recorded by the staff of one of the units.

Other entries in Miss Frumkin's chart for July 7th told even more about the way Creedmoor functioned. The chart said that she had taken her oral medication in the morning. She had in fact refused it and had then been given an injection on the porch by the nurse. The chart did not record the administering of any injection to Miss Frumkin. The chart did record that she had taken her regular oral medication at one o'clock in the afternoon. She had left the ward around nine-thirty in the morning for Jewish services, and the police had brought her back at eight o'clock that night.

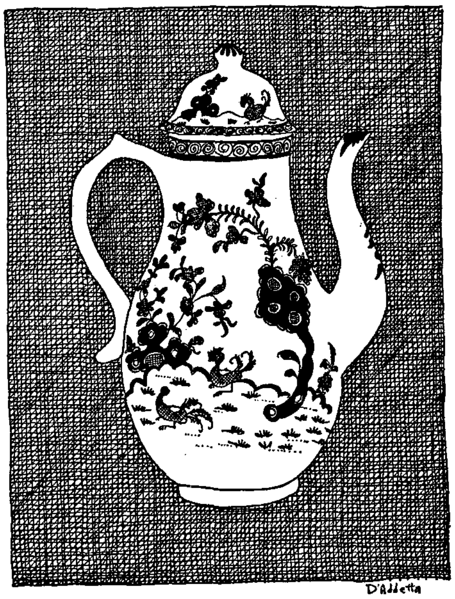
Mrs. Plotnick was not surprised that on July 7th Miss Frumkin had twice been credited with taking oral medication she either had not accepted or had not been present to refuse, or that the shot she had received had not been charted: charting errors were often brought to her attention by Clearview's medical-records technician, and no amount of lecturing the staff on the importance of accurate charting seemed to change matters for very long. A few months after Miss Frumkin's L.W.O.C., Mrs. Plotnick was shown a note written by a night-shift therapy aide. It said, "Patient slept soundly." The sound sleeper had been discharged several days earlier. In March of 1979, the medical-records technician brought her a sampling of charts. According to these charts, numerous patients had taken their medication on February 29 and February 30, 1979.

THOUGH Miss Frumkin's L.W.O.C. did not have serious consequences for her on July 7th—she wasn't run over, she wasn't molested—she did suffer a setback after her return. On July 9th, she lost a gold wedding band belonging to Barbara Herbert. Mrs. Herbert spent most of July 9th and 10th trying to bite Miss Frumkin; she succeeded on July 11th. Miss Frumkin seemed more troubled about having been bitten than about having lost Mrs. Herbert's ring, although she did ask a few other patients and staff members if she could borrow two hundred dollars from them so that she could replace the ring. She told them that Mrs. Herbert's husband had bought the gold wedding band at Tiffany's. Miss Frumkin took her five hundred milligrams of Thorazine three times a day on July 9th and 10th, but she refused to take it on the mornings of the eleventh and twelfth. When she again refused her oral medication on the morning of the thirteenth, Dr. Batra wrote on the doctor's order sheet that she be given a fifty-milligram injection of Thorazine three times that day—at 11:45 A.M., at 3 P.M., and at 6 P.M.

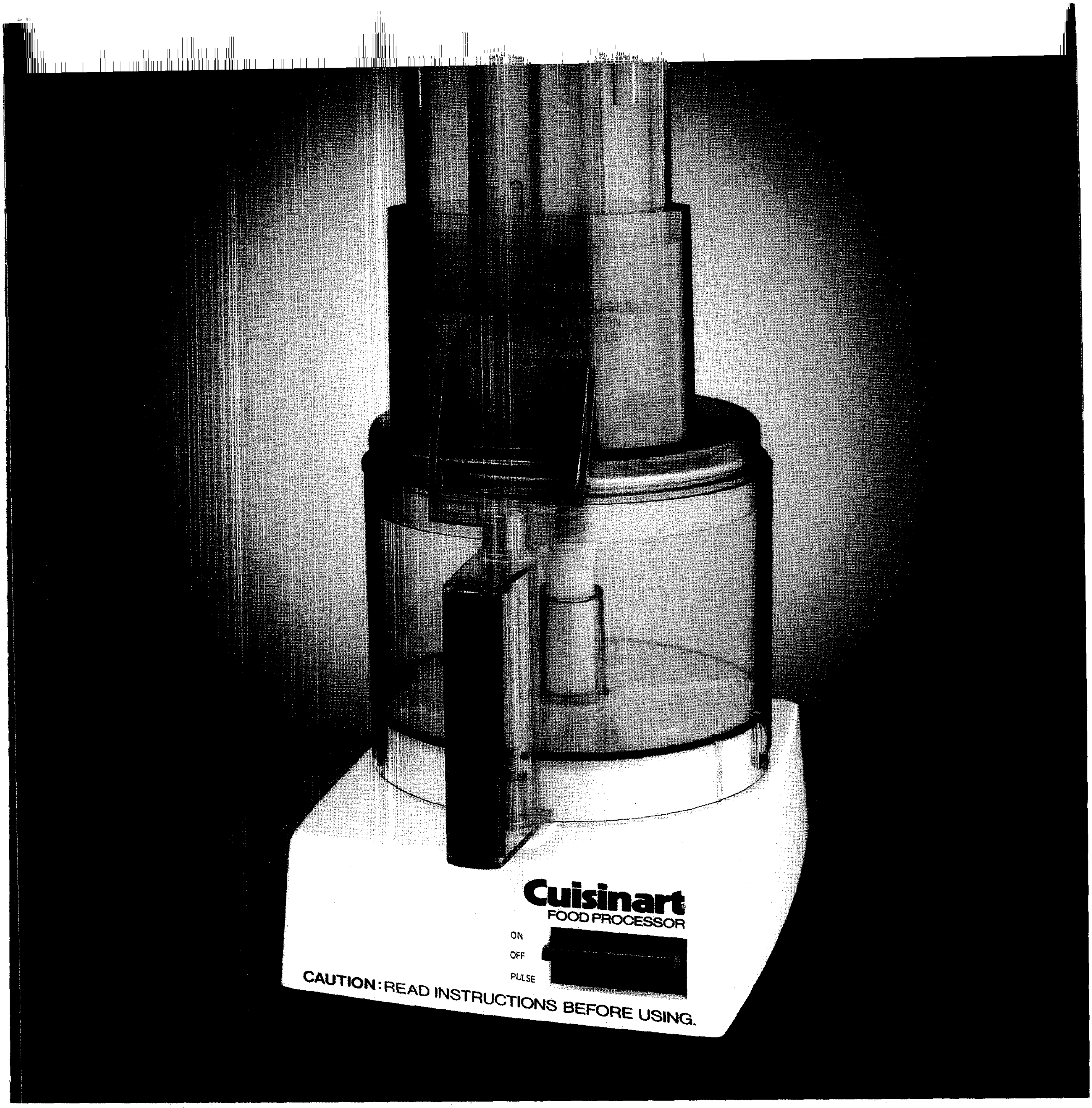
On the morning of Friday, July 14th, Miss Frumkin ran to the chart room. This time, she found Stephanie Fulton there. She told Miss Fulton she wanted to go to Jewish services. Miss Fulton felt that Miss Frumkin was still too agitated and hostile to go out alone, and said no. Miss Frumkin became even more agitated and hostile. Miss Fulton asked Miss Frumkin's social worker to call Creedmoor's rabbi and ask him to visit Miss Frumkin in the ward, in the hope that the prospect of such a visit would make her feel less deprived. It didn't. That evening, Miss Frumkin got into a fistfight with two other women in the ward. On July 15th, she refused to take her medication, fought with a number of other patients, became more incoherent than she had been at any other time since her admission, and was taken to an unlocked seclusion room by a therapy aide on the night shift. She spent the night there, engaging in behavior of a particularly primitive kind, and had to be showered the next morning.

Dr. Batra had reviewed Miss Frumkin's medication again on July 14th. He had ordered that from Monday to Friday she be given three one-hundred-milligram injections of Thorazine between the hours of eight o'clock in the morning and five o'clock in the afternoon. In addition, she was to continue to receive the five hundred milligrams of Thorazine orally three times a day. She took all the medicine prescribed for her—eighteen hundred milligrams of Thorazine—on Monday, July 17th. That night, she and another patient stayed up pestering the other women in the dormitory and keeping them awake until morning. On July 18th, she refused the oral Thorazine. On July 19th, she insisted on completely disrobing to have her blood pressure taken before accepting a Thorazine injection from a nurse on the daytime shift. A few hours later, she wrestled with the licensed practical nurse on the evening shift, because she wanted to get into a seclusion room where one of her enemies was locked up. She refused her evening medication, and she tried—unsuccessfully—to get the nurse to hit her. Her behavior remained the same on July 20th.

July 21st was Miss Frumkin's thirty-sixth day at Creedmoor. Not only was she not in any condition to be discharged, as half the people admitted to Creedmoor in 1978 were by their thirty-sixth day, but Miss Fulton didn't believe she was in any condition to go anywhere outside the ward alone. When Miss Frumkin came into the chart room that morning and once more demanded to go to Jewish services, Miss Fulton again said no. Miss Frumkin slapped Miss Fulton's face and sprinted off to the dayhall. The day was hot and humid. Neither of the two fans in the dayhall was working. Miss Frumkin seemed unaware of the weather. That morning, she was wearing a blouse, a vest, a pair of bluejeans, and a quilted jacket. She had tied another pair of bluejeans around her neck. She also wore around her neck a chain with a pop top from a soda can on it. On her feet were a pair of socks and the high-heeled gold sandals. On her head was a bandanna. Knotted into the bandanna was a spoon. "The spoon looks a little stupid, but it keeps my posture good," Miss Frumkin explained to a patient who had told her that spoons were eating utensils. She was sexually active, and pursued a number of male patients ardently—especially a profoundly retarded patient named Kevin Kiernan, who she insisted was Jesus Christ. She was sporadically nasty. She grabbed other patients' chairs and possessions, insisting that they were hers. She was also hyperactive: she danced on top of the ward's coffee tables, frequently burst into song, ran around the ward begging other patients and their visitors for money, and outtalked everyone else on the premises.



"I'm going to marry Geraldo Rivera," she told a young patient named Eileen O'Reilly that day. "I think we're going to get married in Madison Square Garden, just like Sly Stone did. Mick Jagger wants to marry me. If I have Mick Jagger, I don't have to covet Geraldo Rivera. Mick Jagger is St. Nicholas and the Maharishi is Santa Claus. I want to form a gospel rock group called the Thorn Oil, but Geraldo wants me to be the music critic on 'Eyewitness News,' so what can I do? Got to listen to my boyfriend. Teddy Kennedy cured me of my ugliness. I'm pregnant with the son of God. I'm going to marry David Berkowitz and get it over with. Creedmoor is the headquarters of the American Nazi Party. They're eating the patients here. Archie Bunker wants me to play his niece on his TV show. I work for Epic Records. I'm Joan of Arc. I'm Florence Nightingale. The door between the ward and the porch is the dividing line between New York and California. Divorce isn't a piece of paper, it's a feeling. Forget about Zip Codes. I need shock treatments. The body is run by electricity. My wiring is all faulty. A fly is a teen-age wasp. I'm marrying an accountant. I'm in the Pentecostal Church, but I'm consider-



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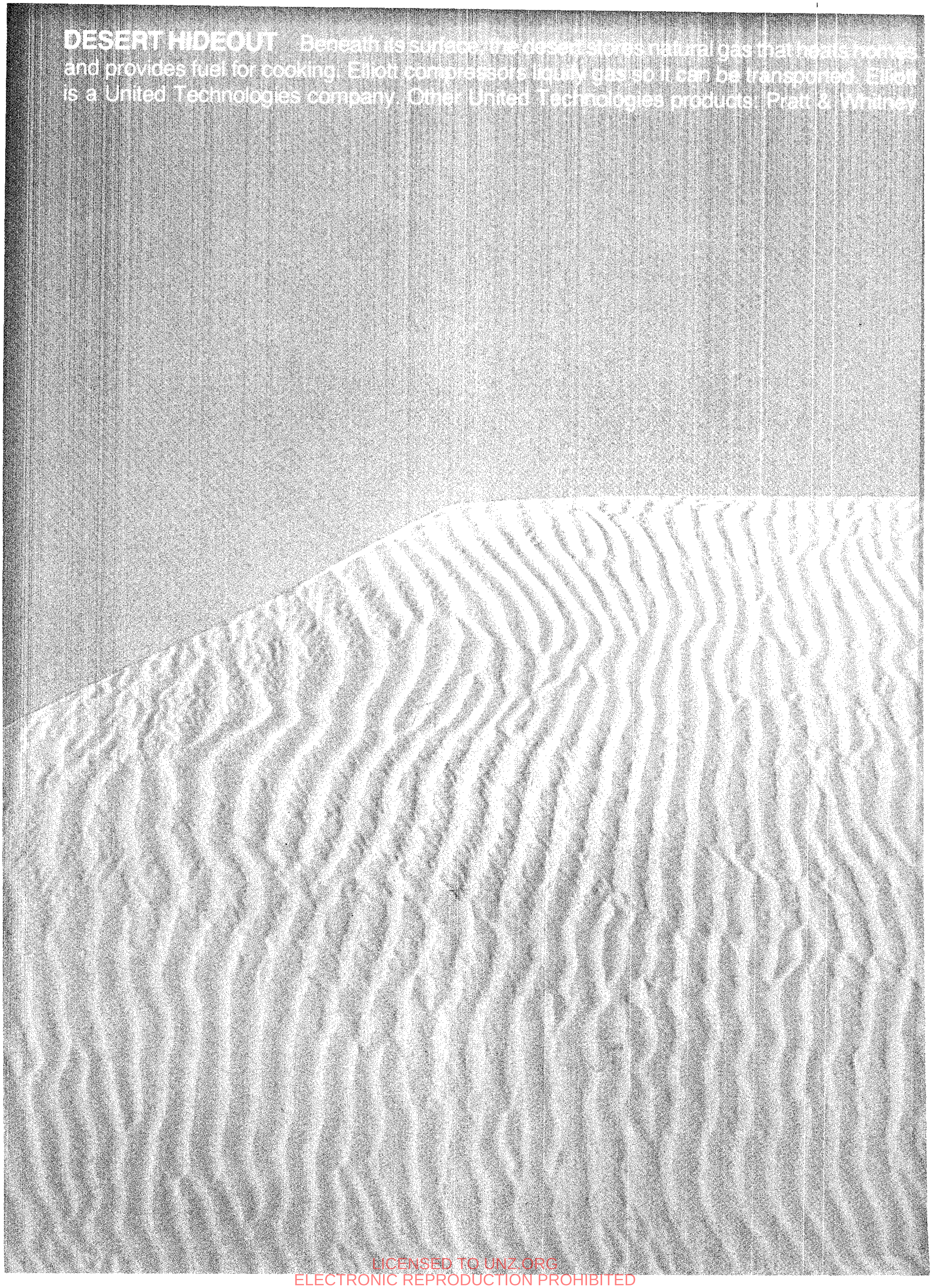

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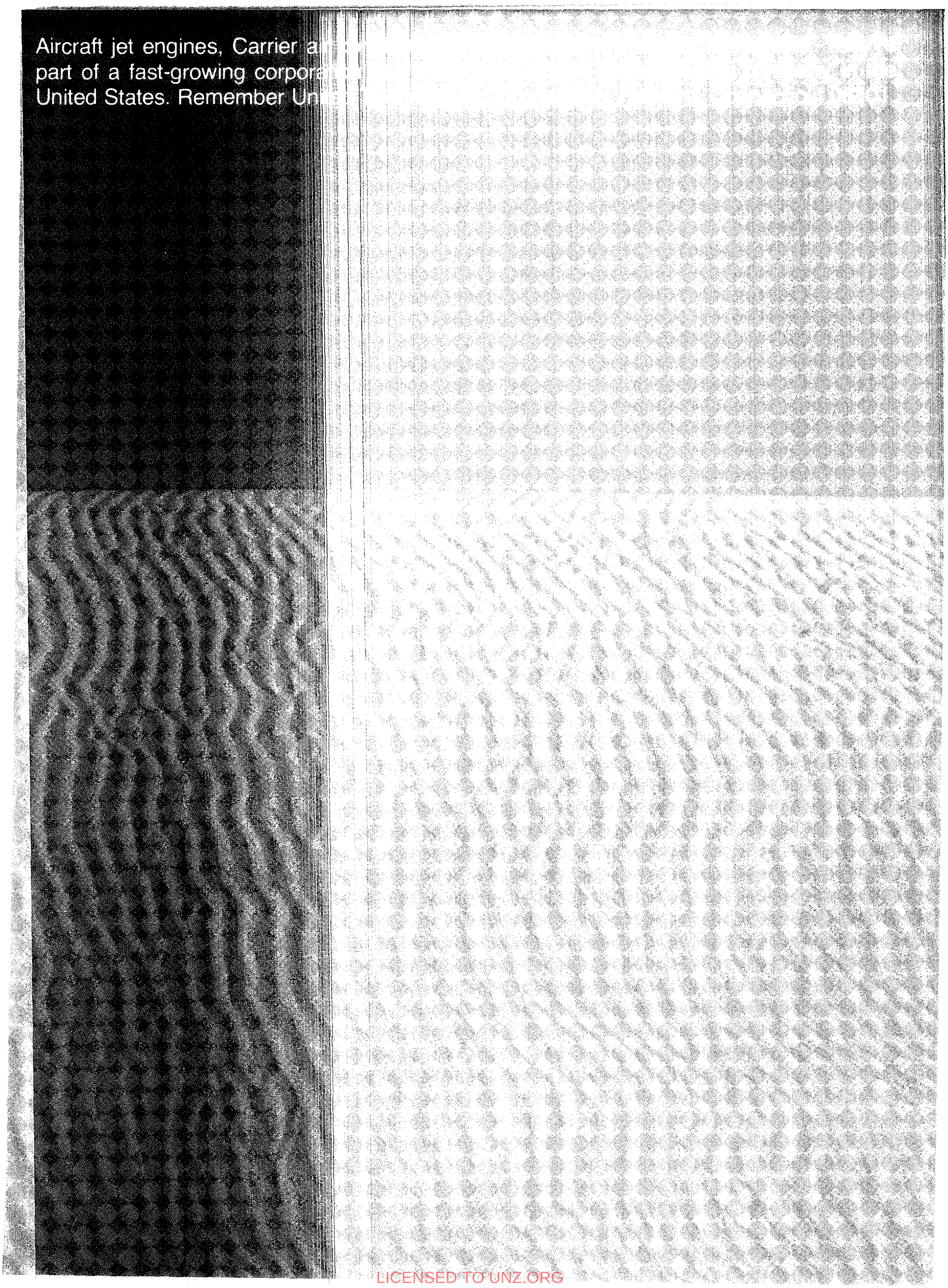
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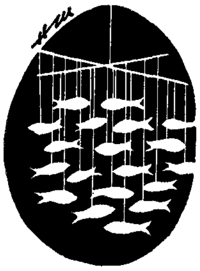
ing switching my loyalty to the Charismatic Church."

A therapy aide approached Miss Frumkin. "Seclusion for two hours—Dr. Sun's order," she said. "It ain't smart to go around hitting treatment-team leaders, now, is it?" She walked Miss Frumkin to the seclusion room and locked her in.

Dr. Sun had returned from his vacation on July 17th. By July 21st, he had read Miss Frumkin's chart. He was troubled by her lack of improvement on Thorazine. After observing her behavior for several days, he decided that the time had come to change her medication. Dr. Sun had had good luck with many agitated patients by prescribing an antipsychotic drug called Haldol. He figured that it would be wise to try it on Miss Frumkin, because she was obese. She was five feet four inches tall, and her weight was over a hundred and seventy pounds. There are a score of antipsychotic drugs on the American market, and most of them cause patients to gain weight, but Haldol generally causes less of a weight gain. Starting on July 22nd, he wrote in Miss Frumkin's chart, she was to receive thirty milligrams of Haldol liquid at eight o'clock in the morning and at eight o'clock at night. She was to be given three ten-milligram injections of Haldol three times a day—at nine and eleven in the morning and at one o'clock in the afternoon—for seven straight days.

Within three days of Miss Frumkin's going on the Haldol regimen, her condition improved. She became somewhat calmer. She ran around less. She talked a little less, and what she said made a little more sense. Her clothing was less outlandish: she wore blouses and skirts, or blouses and slacks, or dresses, and plain shoes. She no longer said that she was Mary Poppins, Joan of Arc, and Florence Nightingale. She was simply Sylvia Frumkin.



On Friday, July 28th, the last day of the Haldol series, Miss Frumkin went to the chart room and quietly asked Dr. Sun if she could go to Jewish services. She spoke in a pleasant tone. She was wearing a sleeveless cotton dress and a pair of brown loafers. She had taken her medicine all week uncomplainingly. She had not tangled with any of the other patients or with any members of the staff. Dr. Sun gave Miss Frumkin permission to go to Jewish services. She thanked him, walked to the Assembly Hall, and took part in the prayers. After the services, she made a halfhearted attempt to convert the rabbi to Christianity. When the rabbi told her he was comfortable with the Jewish faith, she changed the subject and said she had enjoyed the services. After eating three cheese sandwiches and two Drake's coffee cakes and drinking four cups of fruit punch, she walked back to the ward. That afternoon, the rabbi called Harriet and Irving Frumkin to say that he thought Sylvia was out of the deep sickness.

Eileen O'Reilly noticed the sudden change in Miss Frumkin and asked her how she accounted for it. "What made your mind suddenly snap back?" she asked.

"The medicine does it and prayer does it," Miss Frumkin said. "It just happens."

A psychiatrist whose specialty is psychopharmacology later reviewed Miss Frumkin's treatment and medication record. He had no trouble explaining her sudden improvement. "She was finally getting an adequate dose of medication," he said, with irritation. "Ninety milligrams of Haldol is the equivalent of forty-five hundred milligrams of Thorazine. The greatest amount of Thorazine she ever received was eighteen hundred milligrams, and that wasn't enough. There are two main ways to medicate a psychotic patient. You can start with what is called a loading dose—a high dose—and gradually decrease it. That's useful for the disturbed patient, but there are certain risks involved. For example, there is a higher incidence of side effects, including seizures, so I usually avoid loading doses except where the risk that the illness is creating for the patient is greater than the risk of the side effects. Starting low and gradually increasing the dosage is generally the preferable method. If you watch the patient carefully and find that he or she continues to act very disturbed, you should realize that you're going too slowly, and you should increase the medication faster. If this patient had been given a sufficient amount of Thorazine, Haldol, or one of the other antipsychotics much earlier, I think she would have improved much more rapidly. It's extremely unfair to patients

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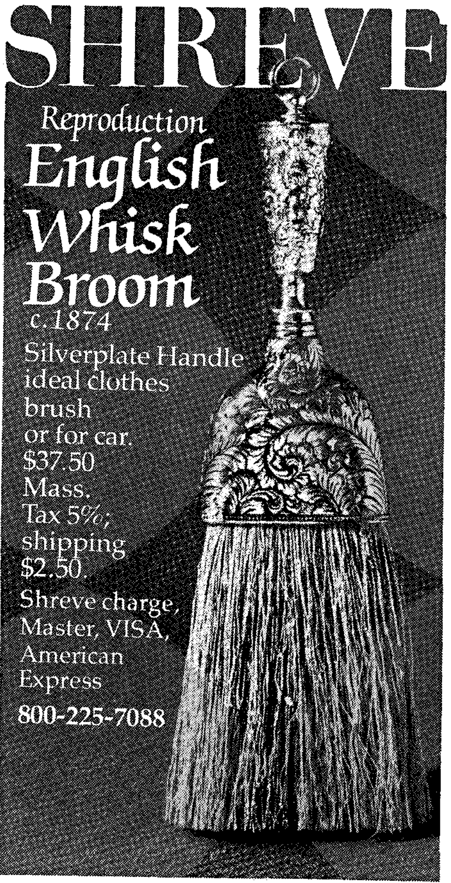

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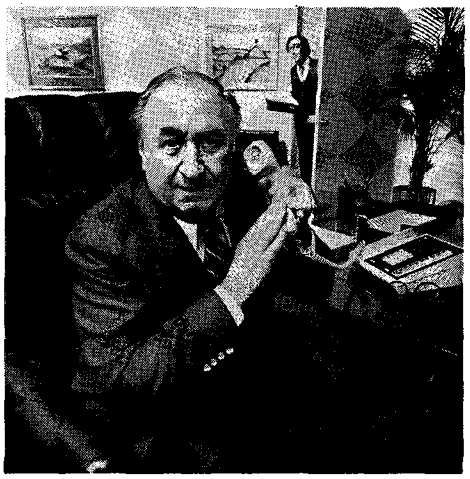

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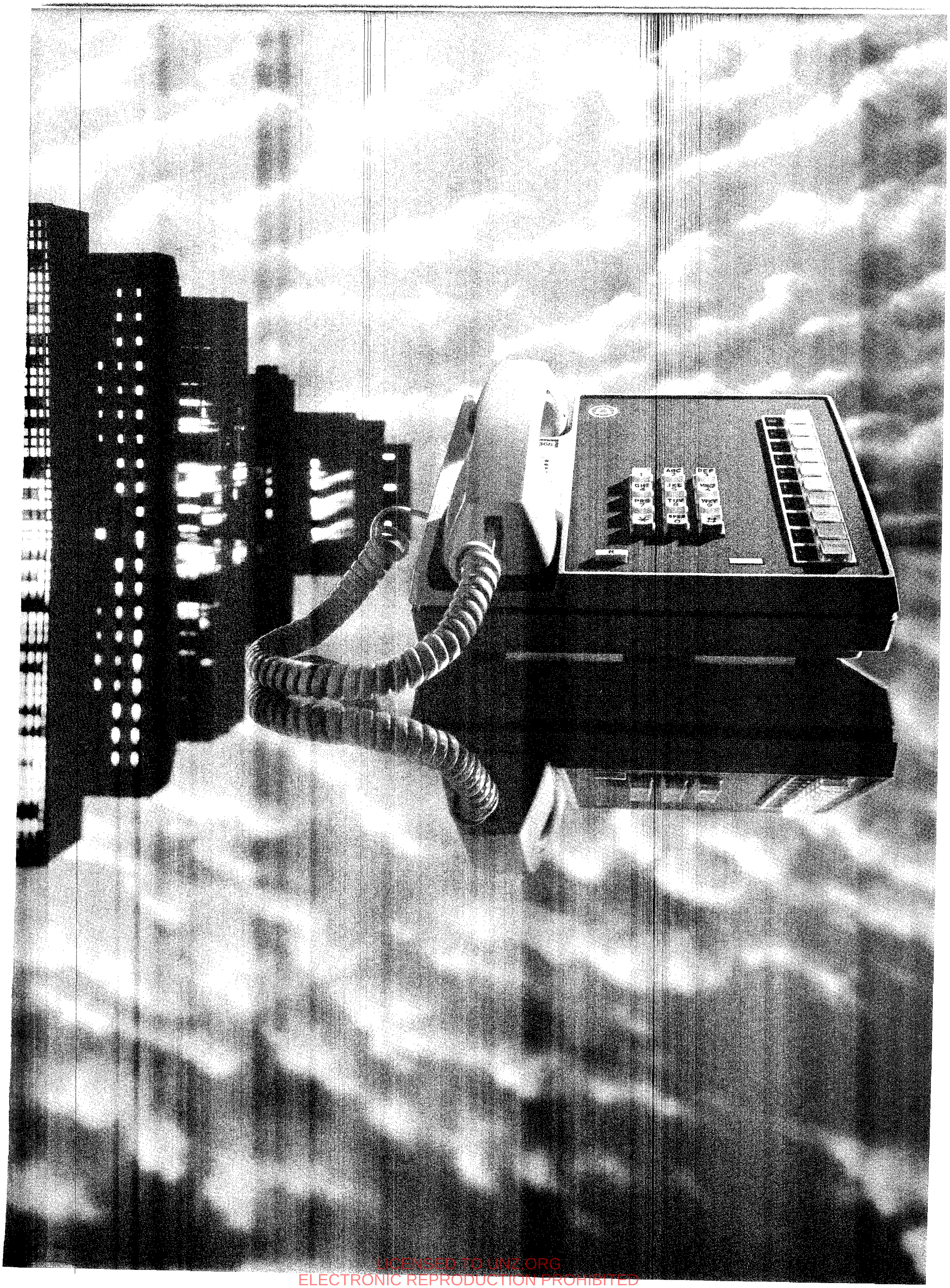

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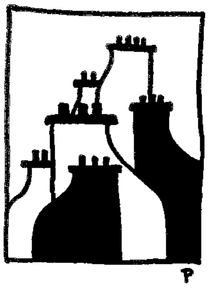
not to medicate them aggressively, and it's extremely unfair to everyone else in the ward, who has to live with undermedicated patients, including the hospital staff that has to take care of them. One trouble is that most psychiatrists simply don't know enough about psychopharmacology. With the exception of the field of allergy, there is no field in medicine with such a range of possible doses. Each patient metabolizes these medicines differently. You have to constantly make adjustments. When I teach courses in psychopharmacology, I often find myself saying that it's like learning to drive a car. As you first learn to drive, you think you can just hold the steering wheel and the car will go straight. But you have to constantly make adjustments to keep the car on your side of the road. There's another trouble with medicating patients at hospitals like Creedmoor. The bureaucrats in Albany send down regulations that tell the doctors how much of a particular medication they're allowed to prescribe. At Creedmoor, you can't go above sixteen hundred milligrams of Thorazine without getting special permission, although at other hospitals you can raise a patient to forty-five hundred milligrams—and it's safe if you do it gradually. New York State's ceilings are arbitrary and sometimes pernicious, because they tend to restrain doctors. At Creedmoor, doctors can give up to one hundred milligrams of Haldol without getting special permission. Switching to Haldol from Thorazine is one way of getting around a perfectly arbitrary ceiling. In this case, it should have been done much sooner."



ONCE Miss Frumkin was over the six weeks of what the rabbi had called her deep sickness, she was sometimes willing to look back on certain things that had happened during that period. Her memory was selective. On July 31st, she was sitting quietly in a chair, leafing through a magazine, when she was hit in the face by a patient whose condition was taking a turn for the worse as hers was taking a turn for the better. She was outraged and went over to one of the black therapy aides she had hit in June to complain about the woman who had just hit her. When the therapy aide didn't express sufficient sympathy to suit her, Miss Frumkin said, "You should go back to Africa, where you came from."

"Sylvia, you shouldn't talk like that to any of us," the therapy aide told her. "I took care of you when you were really sick. When you cursed me out and hit me, I accepted it, because you couldn't help yourself. When you soiled yourself, we showered you and washed down the seclusion room. Now you know better than to talk like you just did."

Miss Frumkin denied to the therapy aide that she had ever hit her. Later, she said to another patient, "If I did hit her, she probably deserved it."

There were other things that had happened during those six weeks which Miss Frumkin didn't mind talking about when she was in the mood to reminisce. Just as she vividly remembered her adventures on Hillside Avenue the day Dr. Batra had let her go to Jewish services, she remembered falling in the bathroom at Transitional Services on June 16th, and the subsequent trip to the emergency room of Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center and from there to Clearview. She remembered the visit to the emergency room in precise detail. She remembered that when the nurse examined her she hadn't heard her say, "Stick out your tongue and say 'ah,' " she'd heard her say, "Stick out your tongue and say 'hah,' " and she remembered telling her, "That's a great idea, and it will probably win you the next Nobel Prize." One day in the fall of 1978 when Miss Frumkin was in a particularly mellow mood, she recalled how in the early-morning hours of June 16th she had believed that she was Mary Magdalene, that Paul McCartney was singing specially to her, that she was making a movie, and that Creedmoor was a police academy. She laughed, and said, "I can't to this day figure out how I could have thought all those things at once."

There were also things that Miss Frumkin said she didn't remember. She said that her first two weeks back at Creedmoor were a blur. She said that she knew she had spent a lot of time in the seclusion room but didn't know why she had been put there, and she clearly didn't want to know why. She had scars from some of the bites she had received from Barbara Herbert in June and July. She showed them off in early August as if she had been an altogether innocent victim. When Ei-

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leen O'Reilly reminded her that Mrs. Herbert had bitten her on one occasion because she had lost Mrs. Herbert's wedding ring, Miss Frumkin told Miss O'Reilly that that wasn't a good enough reason to bite her—"and, anyway, the wedding band was just a two-dollar piece of junk, nothing worth getting upset over."

Miss O'Reilly was curious about all the things that Miss Frumkin had said about herself and her family before her mind snapped back. She knew that Miss Frumkin's marriages to Geraldo Rivera and Paul McCartney and John Travolta were delusions, and that writing J. R. R. Tolkien's books fell into the same category, but she wondered about some of the other statements that Miss Frumkin had been making for weeks. "Tell me what I said," Miss Frumkin proposed. "It will be like playing 'This Is Your Life.' "

Miss O'Reilly, who had listened to Miss Frumkin's monologues so often that she thought she could recite them herself, contradictions and all, asked Miss Frumkin first about her family. It turned out that Miss Frumkin was born in Brooklyn on May 5, 1948, and that she was the tallest person in her short family, just as she had said. She did have a sister named Joyce, who was five years and seven months older than she was, and who was a successful fashion executive. The Frumkins had moved from Brooklyn to Queens when Sylvia was four, not when she was seven or nine, and she sometimes thought that the move was the cause of her mental illness, because she had had a few nice playmates in Brooklyn. After the move to Queens, she hadn't been able to make friends with any children except those she considered losers, like her. Her grandmother had lived with the family and had died four weeks after Miss Frumkin's eighteenth birthday. Aunt Lottie had come to live with the Frumkins after the grandmother's death; in fact, Miss Frumkin's father had recently told her that Aunt Lottie had become so senile that the Frumkins had finally had to put her in a nursing home. Miss Frumkin now said that she was glad, because she hated Aunt Lottie. "I don't like most people," she told Miss O'Reilly. Miss Frumkin also had a Great-Aunt Goldie and a Great-Uncle Simon. She looked puzzled when Miss O'Reilly asked her why her Uncle Simon had thrown her into a swimming pool at the University Settlement Camp. "He didn't," she said. She thought about it for a while. "I never went to the University Settlement Camp," she said. "Joyce did. She had a counsellor there named Simon. Joyce kept saying she couldn't swim. One day, after Simon had spotted her paddling along the edge of the pool when she thought he wasn't looking, he picked her up, tossed her into the pool, and told her, 'Never say can't, always say try.' Joyce was a good swimmer from then on. The story was repeated in the family whenever anyone said they couldn't do something—usually me."

"What about the cat, Sylvia?" Miss O'Reilly asked. "Did you really kill your cat?"

"We did have a cat named Gingersnap," Miss Frumkin said. "I didn't kill it, but my mother always accused me of torturing Gingersnap by playing too hard with her. The cat lived to a ripe old age."

Miss Frumkin seemed pleased when Miss O'Reilly asked about "all those schools you went to." She told Miss O'Reilly that she had gone to the High School of Music and Art and had had to repeat the eleventh grade the following year at a private school. She looked at Miss O'Reilly in amazement when Miss O'Reilly asked her when the High School of Music and Art had become a furniture store. "I said that?" was all she would say on the subject. Miss O'Reilly recalled several names that Miss Frumkin had kept repeating—names that were unfamiliar to her, like Claude Kirchner, Bob Keeshan, and Camilla Costello, who Miss Frumkin had told her was Abbott and Costello's daughter. Miss Frumkin told Miss O'Reilly that Bob Keeshan was the name of the actor who played Captain Kangaroo and that Claude Kirchner was an actor who played the part of a ringmaster on a TV show she had watched years ago. She said that Camilla Costello was the best friend she had ever had—"and since she can't be Abbott and Costello's daughter, she must have been their niece." She told Miss O'Reilly that she couldn't believe she had said all the things that Miss O'Reilly was asking her about, but she acknowledged that she must have, because there was no other way Miss O'Reilly could have learned the name

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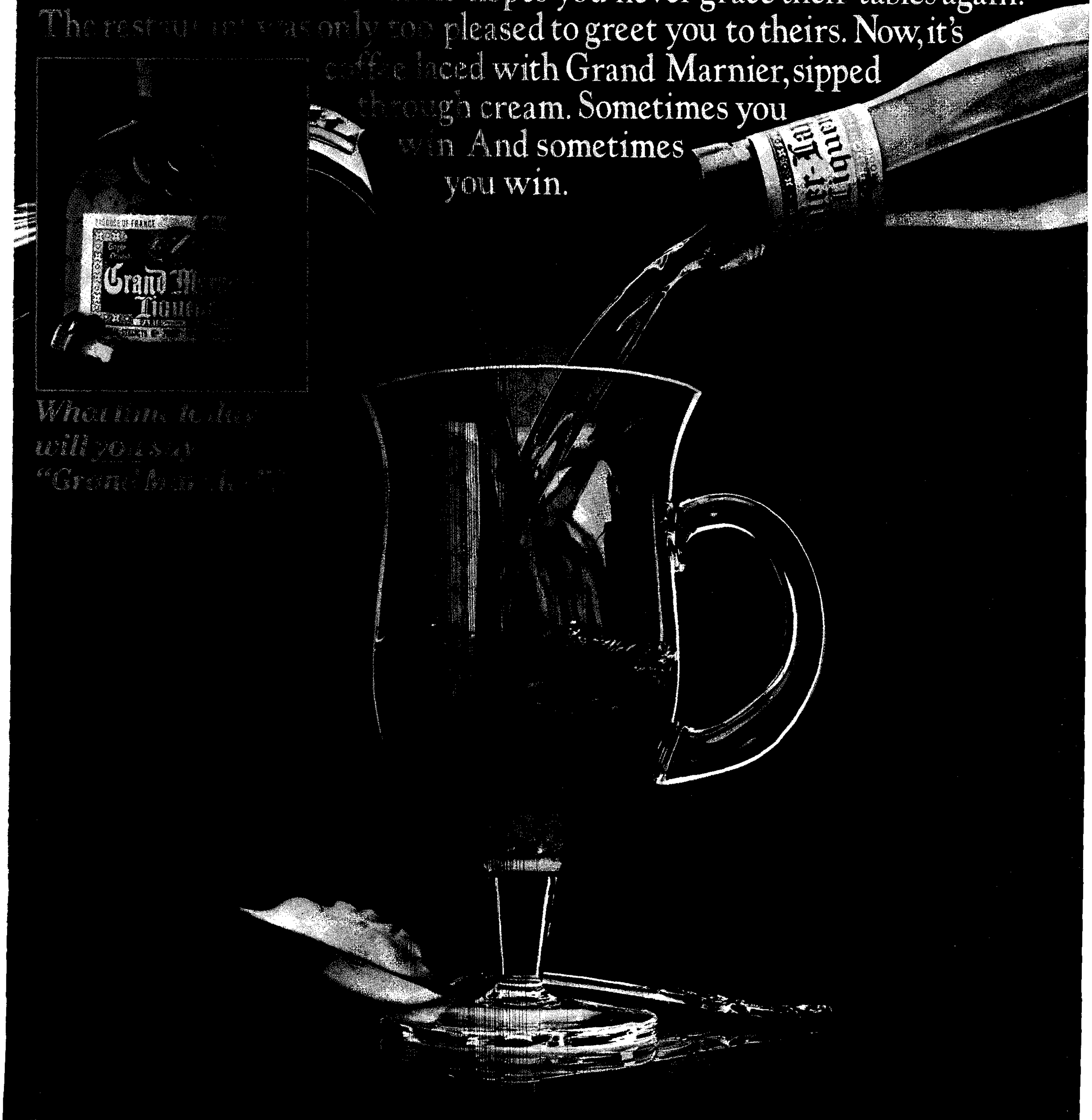

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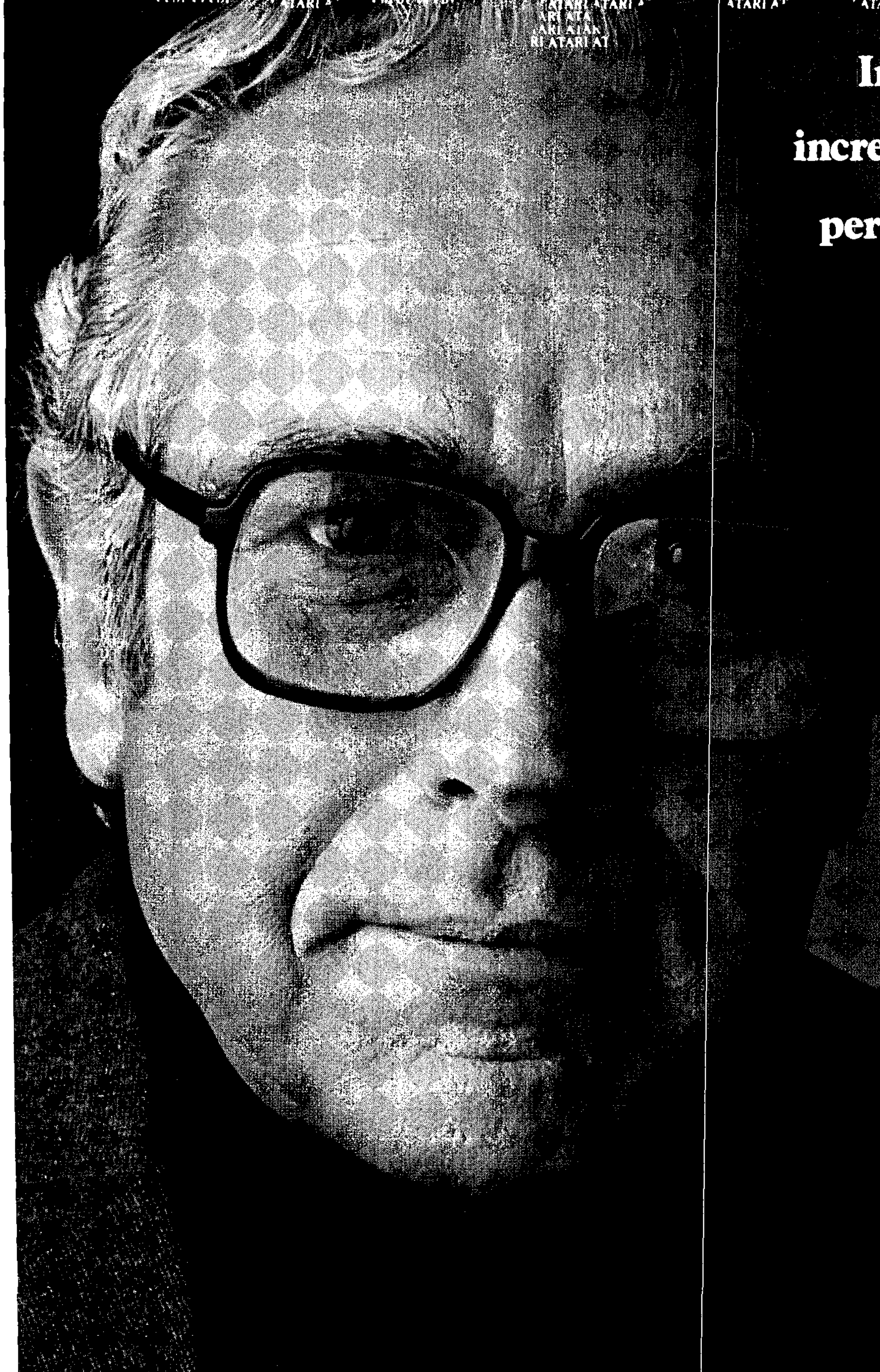

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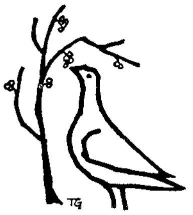
of her best friend, Camilla Costello. One of the few things she did remember saying was that the entrance to the porch was the dividing line between California and New York; she seemed enchanted by that idea. When Miss O'Reilly observed that Miss Frumkin had a marvellous memory, even if she didn't always know the dividing line between fact and fiction, Miss Frumkin said, "Yes, that's true. I've always said that I'm an idiot savant."



One day, Miss O'Reilly asked Miss Frumkin which star she most wanted to marry—Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger, Geraldo Rivera, or John Travolta. Miss Frumkin got angry when John Travolta's name was mentioned. "I'd never even consider marrying John Travolta," she said. "He's much too young for me." Then, after her anger had subsided, she said, "The others, yes. Paul McCartney, sure. I was once a real Beatles fan. And Geraldo did so much good by exposing Willowbrook. And I read somewhere that Mick Jagger and his wife split up, so maybe he's available. You know, it was fun believing some of those things I believed, and in a way I hate to give up those beliefs. I'll miss having those fantasies. There's a charm to being sick. I like to be in the twilight zone of the real world. Absolutely real is getting up every day and going to work. I once thought, when I was about to finish medical-secretarial school, before I had a breakdown on the last day of school, that I'd graduate and get a job. I was looking forward to earning my own money, to having a credit card, to being a grown woman in my own right. If you can work and earn money, you can spend money to buy Barbara Herbert a new ring. You can buy new clothes instead of wearing state clothes. And you can have fun. But if you can't have any of those things . . ." Miss Frumkin's voice trailed off, and when she started to talk again she spoke softly and in an uncharacteristically reflective tone. "When you know all those things exist for other people but not for you, sometimes it's very hard to endure the not having."

AFTER her return from Jewish services on July 28th, Miss Frumkin had gone directly to the chart room to see Dr. Sun, who was seated at a long table talking to a nurse. "You see, patient he came back, just like promised," Miss Frumkin said, smiling as she took advantage of this opportunity to mimic Dr. Sun's grammar and his Chinese accent. She plunked herself down in a chair across the table from Dr. Sun and asked him if she could have grounds privileges. Dr. Sun got up, went over to the chart rack, pulled out her chart, and sat down again. He quickly flipped the pages to the latest doctor's order sheet, told her she could start going out alone on the grounds for two hours a day starting Monday, July 31st, and wrote out an order to that effect. Grounds privileges were almost always first given to a patient for an hour or two a day; if, after several days, the patient didn't misuse the privileges, the hours were gradually increased. Later, passes were given allowing the patient to go home for a few hours, then for a day, then for two or three days or more. After Dr. Sun had finished writing the order, he told Miss Frumkin that her condition had improved, and that he planned to start her on lithium—the medication that psychiatrists almost always use on patients whom they have diagnosed as manic-depressives. As he spoke, Miss Frumkin looked at her chart, which was directly in front of Dr. Sun, facing him. Reading upside down is one of Miss Frumkin's talents. It has enabled her, over the years, to read many things not intended for her eyes. On this occasion, she read that she had been diagnosed as a manic-depressive. Dr. Sun had made that diagnosis when he had admitted her to Clearview, on June 16th. "That's wrong," she told Dr. Sun firmly. "I've never been a manic-depressive. I'm a schizophrenic. I've always been a schizophrenic. Anyway, two or three other doctors have already given me lithium, after Thorazine, Stelazine, Mellaril, Prolixin, and Haldol didn't work. I like the idea of lithium—it's a natural element, found in water—but each time I was given lithium I got worse, so the doctors took me off it pretty quickly. They gave me Moban at Hillside for the first time last April. It made me feel a little high, but I was doing pretty well on it before I fell in the bathroom at Transitional. I'd like to go back on Moban."

Dr. Sun didn't contradict Miss Frumkin when she told him she was a schizophrenic. A few months later, the chief psychiatrist at Clearview and the chief psychiatrist at Creedmoor also

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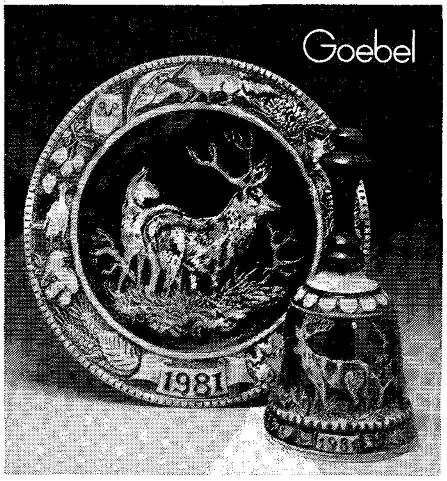

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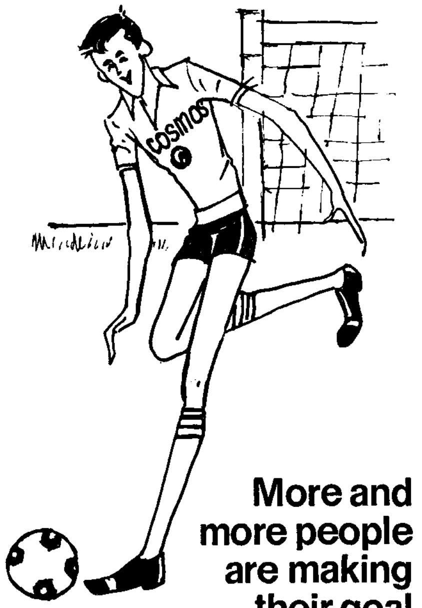

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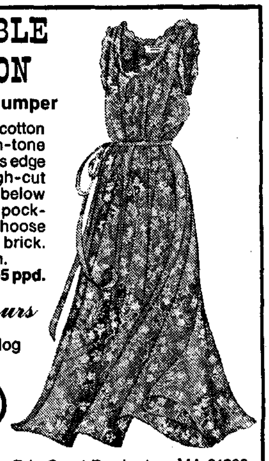

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disagreed with Dr. Sun's diagnosis. Clearview's chief psychiatrist had observed Miss Frumkin on a number of occasions. He believed that she had a thought disorder rather than a mood disorder—that is, her symptoms were more characteristic of schizophrenia than of manic-depressive disorder. She was never as exhilarated as any of the patients he diagnosed as manic-depressives, and he considered her incapable of doing most of the kinds of things that manic-depressive patients were celebrated for doing—standing on the street and handing out dollar bills, going out and buying a Cadillac on an impulse, placing long-distance calls to old friends in the middle of the night. He couldn't imagine Miss Frumkin being able to drive a car, and he doubted whether she had any old friends to call. Creedmoor's chief psychiatrist, who was familiar with Miss Frumkin's case history, said that the gradual deterioration of her condition over the years was characteristic of schizophrenics, and not of manic-depressives. Dr. Sun had never read Miss Frumkin's case history, even after it came to the ward from Clearview's central files. He had a large case load at the hospital and a second job working part time at a private clinic in the Bronx. In 1979, Dr. Sun was given a brief synopsis of Miss Frumkin's case history by a colleague. "I guess my diagnosis was wrong," he said.

Dr. Sun also said that his diagnosis of Miss Frumkin had had no bearing on the medication he prescribed for her. He said that he believed he had treated her acute symptoms correctly with Thorazine and Haldol in June and July of 1978. He pointed out that he hadn't given her lithium at the end of July, when she told him that lithium hadn't been beneficial to her in the past. Dr. Sun knew that lithium was sometimes given to schizophrenics who hadn't responded well to other antipsychotic drugs, and he had read studies purporting to show that some of these patients were helped by lithium. By the same token, the antipsychotic drugs customarily given to schizophrenics were given to manic-depressives who hadn't responded well to lithium, and he had read some studies purporting to show that some of these patients were helped by the antipsychotic drugs. Many psychiatrists have learned that patients are often right about which medication has and has not helped them. It had been Dr. Sun's experience that even

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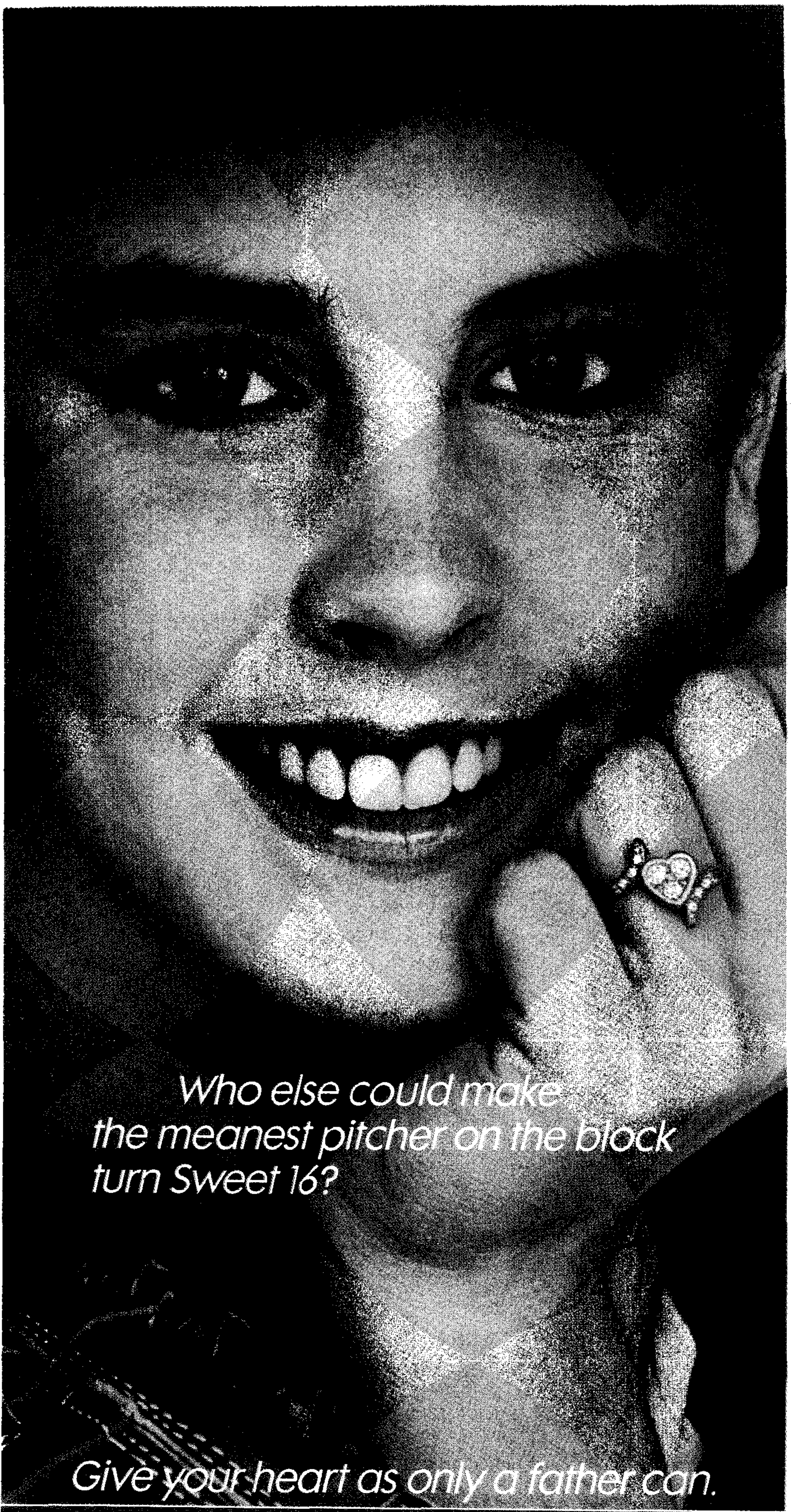
patients who were less articulate and less knowledgeable about drugs than Miss Frumkin were correct when they told him, "Doctor, the red pills help me and the green pills don't." Dr. Sun had never used Moban on a patient before, but he prescribed a moderate dose of it for Miss Frumkin—a hundred milligrams a day, starting on August 1st. Many of the old-time doctors at Creedmoor have become cynical about the seemingly serendipitous course that events at the hospital have often taken. One of Miss Frumkin's former doctors said in 1979, "First, you turn a schizophrenic into a manic-depressive and then you fail to prescribe lithium. It just goes to show that that old proverb 'Two wrongs don't make a right' doesn't apply at Creedmoor, where two wrongs may well be required to make a right."

The specialist in psychopharmacology who had disapproved of Miss Frumkin's undermedication on Thorazine shook his head in disbelief when he learned about this change in medication. "Going from ninety milligrams of Haldol to a hundred milligrams of Moban is irrational," he said. "Ninety milligrams of Haldol is equivalent to roughly four hundred and fifty milligrams of Moban. Bureaucratic regulations at Creedmoor don't permit daily doses of Moban as high as four hundred and fifty milligrams, and the company that manufactures Moban—it's one of the newer drugs, and came on the market in 1974—was careful to say in its advertisements that the long-term safety of four hundred milligrams a day hadn't been established. But Creedmoor does sanction up to two hundred and twenty-five milligrams of Moban a day, and the manufacturer says that that dose may be required in patients with severe symptoms. In any case, a drop to a hundred milligrams of Moban is definitely too sudden. What you want to do is gradually reduce the medication that works to a maintenance dose, which is often approximately one-third of the peak dose. What I would have done was continue the patient on Haldol and gradually reduce the dose. The Haldol hadn't given the patient any unpleasant side effects, and it seemed to be working. I believe I'd have gone on prescribing Haldol, because I believe in sticking with a winning horse."

ON Monday, July 31st, Miss Frumkin spent an hour on the grounds. The first thing she did after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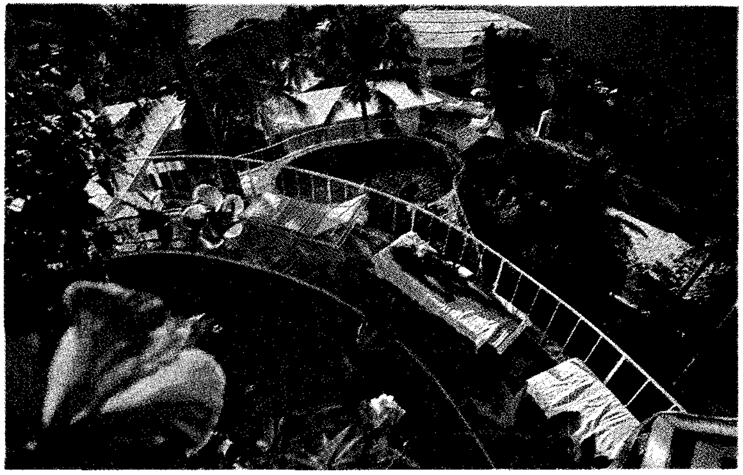

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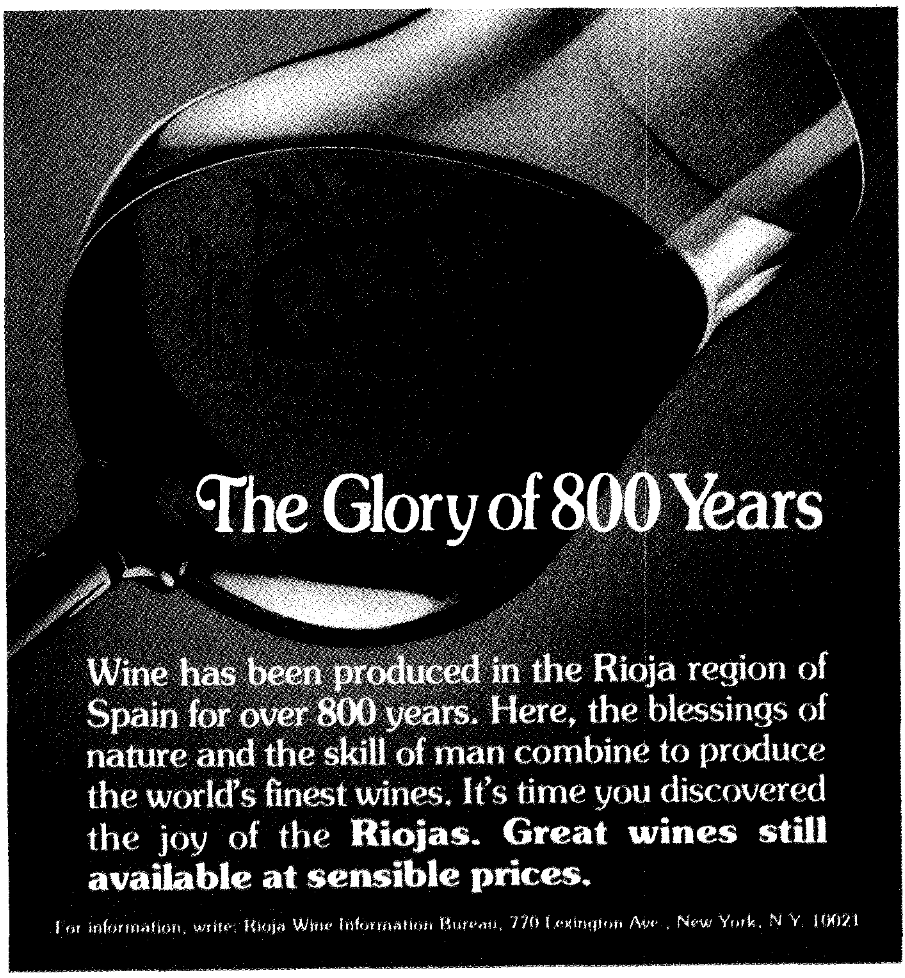

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returning to the ward was to telephone her parents to say that she had enjoyed her grounds privileges and to tell them about the change in her medication. After the Frumkins had spoken to Sylvia, Mr. Frumkin called Dr. Sun and said that he and Mrs. Frumkin wanted to see him. Dr. Sun gave the Frumkins an appointment for two o'clock on August 2nd.

The last time Mrs. Frumkin had seen Sylvia was on Sunday, June 11th—eleven days after she arrived at Transitional Services and five days before her fall in the bathroom. Sylvia had come home that Sunday for a few of her clothes to take to her room at Transitional. (Between February 6th and May 31st, Sylvia had been hospitalized, first at Hillside and then at Creedmoor, and she hadn't needed her own clothes.) In 1978, Father's Day fell on Sunday, June 18th. Joyce Frumkin had had an out-of-town business trip scheduled for that weekend, so the Frumkins had celebrated Father's Day a week early, on the eleventh. Joyce Frumkin had treated her parents and her sister to dinner at one of their favorite seafood restaurants, in Hollis, Queens. In the restaurant, Joyce had noticed that Sylvia reached impulsively for a piece of bread as soon as the waiter set the bread basket on the table, and had been pleased to see that Sylvia quickly put the bread back, saying she was trying to diet. Sylvia had bolted her meal down in her usual fashion, Joyce observed, but, between mouthfuls, had been less antagonistic to her sister than usual. Joyce had driven Sylvia back to Transitional Services after dinner; on the way, the two sisters had had a civil conversation about politics; Sylvia had said she'd been reading about New York State's gubernatorial candidates and wanted to discuss them with Joyce before she voted in November. Mrs. Frumkin had spoken to Sylvia on the telephone a couple of times during the following week. Sylvia had sounded all right. On the morning of Friday, June 16th, Mrs. Frumkin had telephoned Mrs. Plotnick about a matter involving Concerned Citizens for Creedmoor—a group of people, many of them relatives of patients in the hospital, who were interested in the quality of treatment provided there. Concerned Citizens had established an annual award to be given to an outstanding therapy aide at Creedmoor. Mrs. Frumkin, an active member, had been calling Mrs. Plotnick to tell her that a Clearview therapy aide had been selected to receive the Concerned Citizens' Mahata of the Year plaque for 1978. ("Mahata" is Creedmoor jargon for "mental-hygiene therapy aide.") When Mrs. Plotnick's secretary buzzed her to say that Mrs. Frumkin was on the line, Mrs. Plotnick had assumed that she was calling about Sylvia's return to the unit, but then Mrs. Frumkin had greeted her cheerfully and had started to talk about the mahata award, and Mrs. Plotnick had realized that she hadn't yet been called by a member of the staff, in accordance with hospital routine, and didn't know the bad news. Hermine Plotnick had decided that it would be best if she told Mrs. Frumkin about Sylvia's rehospitalization. When there was a pause in Mrs. Frumkin's conversation, Mrs. Plotnick had said, "I'm sorry to have to put a damper on your spirits, Mrs. Frumkin, but Sylvia has been readmitted to the ward." She had told Mrs. Frumkin briefly what had happened. Mrs. Frumkin not only had been upset to learn about the events of the morning of June 16th, and about Sylvia's return to Creedmoor, but had been angry about the way she was given the news. Mrs. Frumkin was partial to people who spent as much time chatting on the telephone as she did—she rarely left her house, and the telephone was her major form of communication—and people who were as outwardly warm as she was. She had no use for brisk and efficient executives. Later, she complained to a friend, "That Plotnick was very remiss not to call me sooner. She's a cold fish."

Shortly after Miss Frumkin was readmitted to Clearview, a member of the staff had called the Frumkins and advised them not to visit their daughter. It was advice that the Frumkins had often been given in the past. The Clearview therapy aides, many of whom had known Sylvia for eight years, didn't think it would do the Frumkins any good to see her when she was in an acute phase of her illness and her behavior was at its most hostile and bizarre. Harriet Frumkin had told the therapy aides of her husband's many ailments and of her own illnesses, and of Sylvia's adverse effect on Mr. Frumkin's ulcers and her arthritis. The aides also knew that the Frumkins—particularly Mrs. Frumkin—had a bad effect on Sylvia. "Those two women are allergic to each other," one mahata had said.

Irving Frumkin, a man who had never liked to take advice, had not

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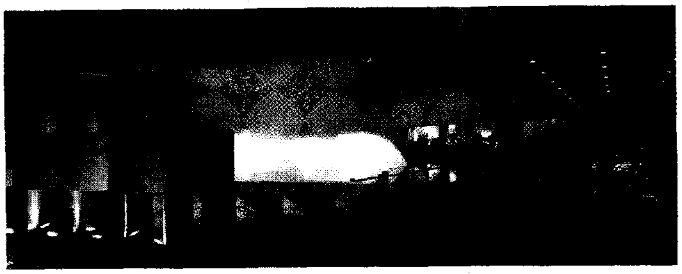

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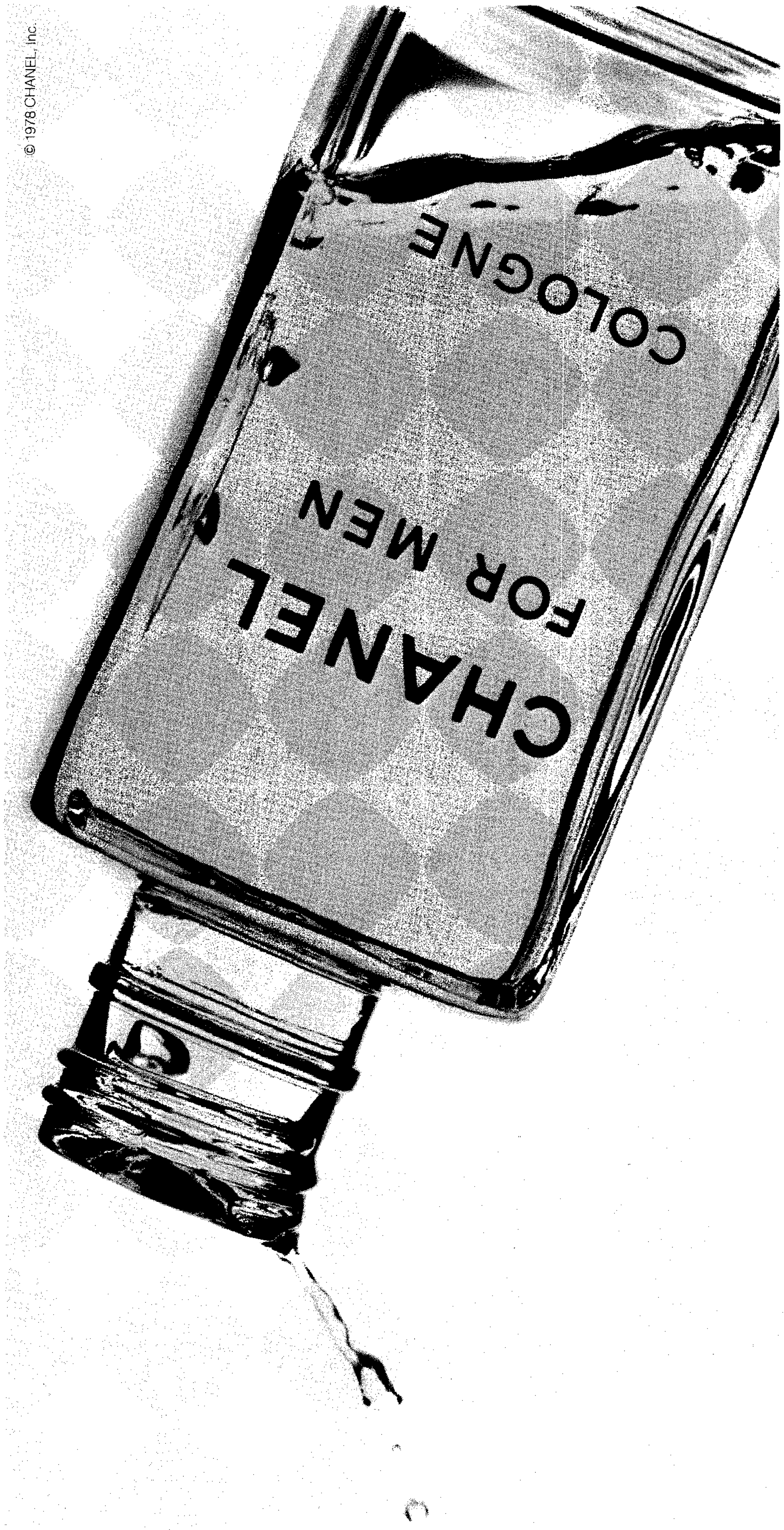
followed the advice of the Clearview staff, despite the fact that he was sickly. He had come to see Sylvia at Creedmoor from time to time—as he had during her previous hospitalizations—even when she was at her worst. He had never complained to anyone that she hit him; indeed, he had admitted that she hit him only to those who had actually seen him being hit. As Sylvia's condition improved, he had driven to the hospital to bring her some of the things she had called home to request. Irving Frumkin, a small, thin man who had looked ten or fifteen years older than his age for the last twenty years, lived uneasily with the memory that he had failed to respond to Sylvia's cries for psychiatric help when she was a teen-ager. He was determined not to repeat his mistakes of fifteen years before. Mr. Frumkin had poor peripheral vision in both eyes and was a bad driver. He drove the family's 1974 Dart at a speed of about ten miles an hour. Joyce Frumkin, in a snappy red Volvo with her initials on the license plate, drove the six miles between Beechhurst and Creedmoor in fifteen minutes; it took Irving Frumkin fifty minutes to make the trip. Other drivers on the road honked their horns when they were stuck behind him and cursed him when they were finally able to pass.

Harriet Frumkin had not visited Sylvia after being told to stay away. She had never learned how to drive a car, she didn't like to use public transportation, and she didn't like to drive with her husband at his snail's pace. And she didn't like to leave her house. She was especially comfortable in her house in the summer of 1978, after Aunt Lottie had gone to a nursing home. She enjoyed having the kitchen to herself for the first time in fifteen years. She taught art to school-age children on weekday afternoons, from September to June, but she took the summers off. She sent her husband to the grocery store to do the shopping—he was retired, she reminded him, and she wasn't, so he had more time to shop and to go see Sylvia.

Mrs. Frumkin had also stayed away from Creedmoor because she didn't like going to the hospital. She was active in Concerned Citizens, but she found the hospital as hellish as her daughter did. She hated to think that a daughter of hers had to spend time in such a place, and she hated even more to see her there. She also realized that the staff was right to tell her to stay away, because of the poor effect she



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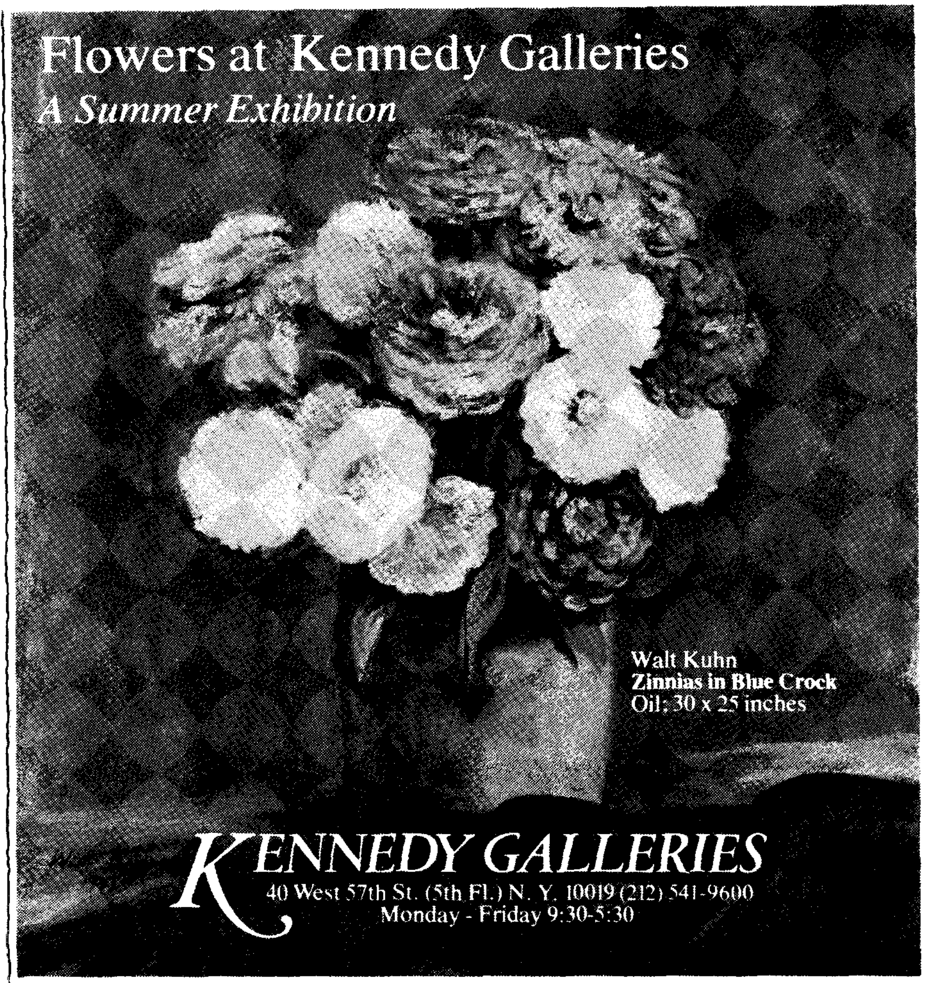
had on Sylvia. Sylvia didn't have a good effect on her, either. On July 31st, when a friend asked Harriet Frumkin if she hadn't missed seeing her daughter for all those weeks, she had answered, "To tell you the truth, it's been like a lovely vacation."

Harriet Frumkin had gone to the hospital only once during her daughter's first six weeks back at Creedmoor. After learning, during a telephone conversation with one of the aides, that when Sylvia was at large on July 7th she had had her bankbook with her, she had called Stephanie Fulton and asked her to take the bankbook away from Sylvia. Miss Fulton had succeeded in convincing Sylvia that her bankbook would be safer at home, and then had called Mrs. Frumkin and told her that she could pick it up at her convenience. On July 20th, Harriet Frumkin had accompanied her husband to the hospital to get the bankbook. By then, Mrs. Frumkin had also learned that the Peruvian poncho and the pink blouse and skirt that Sylvia had been wearing on the day she was readmitted to Clearview were missing. The staff members had searched the ward, but they had not managed to find Sylvia's clothes. When Mrs. Frumkin came to Clearview, Miss Fulton had given her the bankbook and a Timex watch that Sylvia had been wearing on June 16th, which had been locked up in a drawer. That day, Sylvia had been cavorting in the men's ward. Mrs. Frumkin had been so irate over the missing poncho and the missing pink outfit that she made no attempt to see her daughter. That evening, she had said over and over to a friend on the telephone, "It isn't enough that Sylvia has lost her mind. She has to lose all her clothes, too."

The Frumkins wanted to meet with Dr. Sun to ask him what he planned to do for Sylvia now that her condition had improved and to tell him what they thought he ought to do for her now that she was once again at a turning point in her life. The Frumkins didn't see Sylvia as they walked through the women's and men's dayhalls on their way to Dr. Sun's small office. Dr. Sun offered them chairs. Mr. Frumkin began talking before he had taken a seat. He told Dr. Sun that he read all the newspaper articles he could find on mental illness and was familiar with the many drugs and medications. He also informed Dr. Sun that he worked on Saturday mornings as a volunteer at a clinic in Manhattan,



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helping the pharmacist dispense megavitamins. One of the doctors at the clinic was a well-known proponent of megavitamin therapy for schizophrenia, in which as much as a hundred times the recommended daily dose of ascorbic acid and such vitamins as niacinamide is given to patients. Mr. Frumkin told Dr. Sun he had nothing against the Moban that the Doctor was giving Sylvia, but he wanted him to give her megavitamins, too.

Dr. Sun listened politely to Mr. Frumkin and replied that some hospitals did give megavitamins to patients, either alone or in conjunction with other drugs, but that Creedmoor was not one of them. Mr. Frumkin didn't tell Dr. Sun that Sylvia had already been given megavitamins several times in the past—when she was in a private hospital, when she was an out-patient, and at Creedmoor some years earlier—and that the megavitamins hadn't helped her. Mr. Frumkin also didn't tell Dr. Sun that other doctors had told him that the latest studies of megavitamins showed them to be ineffective in the treatment of schizophrenia. Irving Frumkin had heard only what he wanted to hear, and had tuned out the rest. He was a persistent man, and refused to believe that Sylvia's condition was incurable. He had only one wish in life: for Sylvia to get well before he died, so that he could rest in peace. He had convinced himself that a cure for Sylvia was just around the corner. If his morning paper had an article saying that dialysis was being tried on a small group of schizophrenic patients in Florida, he got excited over the idea that dialysis might be the answer for Sylvia. He hadn't read of any promising new treatment for schizophrenia in July of 1978, so he fell back on megavitamins.

Mrs. Frumkin interrupted her husband as he was proposing to Dr. Sun that Sylvia be given megavitamins. "Irving, your throat must hurt, you've been talking so much," she said. "Maybe you should have a drink of water." Harriet Frumkin no longer shared her husband's optimism that Sylvia could be cured. In the last several years, she had given up that hope. She compared her daughter's illness to a roller-coaster ride, and referred to the ride's ups and downs as Sylvia's "weller" and "sicker" phases; "weller" was an adjective she had contrived in the interests of accuracy, because she had stopped believing that her daughter would ever get "better."

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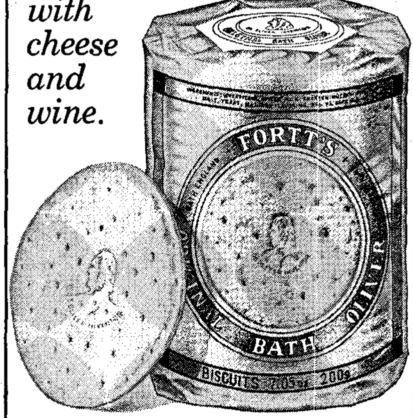

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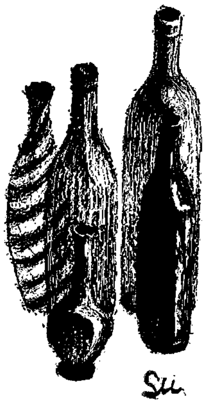
Mrs. Frumkin asked Dr. Sun what his treatment plans for Sylvia were now that she was "weller." Before he could answer, she said that she hoped Sylvia would be able to return to Transitional Services soon but that she wanted him to proceed slowly, so that Sylvia would not be put under any of the pressure Mrs. Frumkin believed had caused so many of her previous setbacks. Dr. Sun said that he considered Transitional Services an excellent program, that the treatment team would meet to discuss Sylvia in a few days, and that he believed it was wise to go slow.

Mr. Frumkin abruptly got up to go. "Harriet, Dr. Sun is a very busy man," he said as his wife was in the midst of telling Dr. Sun how she had had to go to Sylvia's graduation from medical-secretarial school to get her diploma, because Sylvia had cracked up that day from the pressure. The Frumkins thanked Dr. Sun, left his office, and started to walk through the men's dayhall toward the women's dayhall, where they expected to find Sylvia. Mrs. Frumkin spotted Sylvia in the men's dayhall at the same time that Sylvia saw her. Mother and daughter greeted each other casually, as if they had seen each other only a few days earlier. It irritated Mrs. Frumkin to see how much weight Sylvia had put on in the past seven weeks and to see how sloppily she was dressed; her clothes were stained and torn. Mrs. Frumkin was also depressed to see how bad Sylvia's skin was.

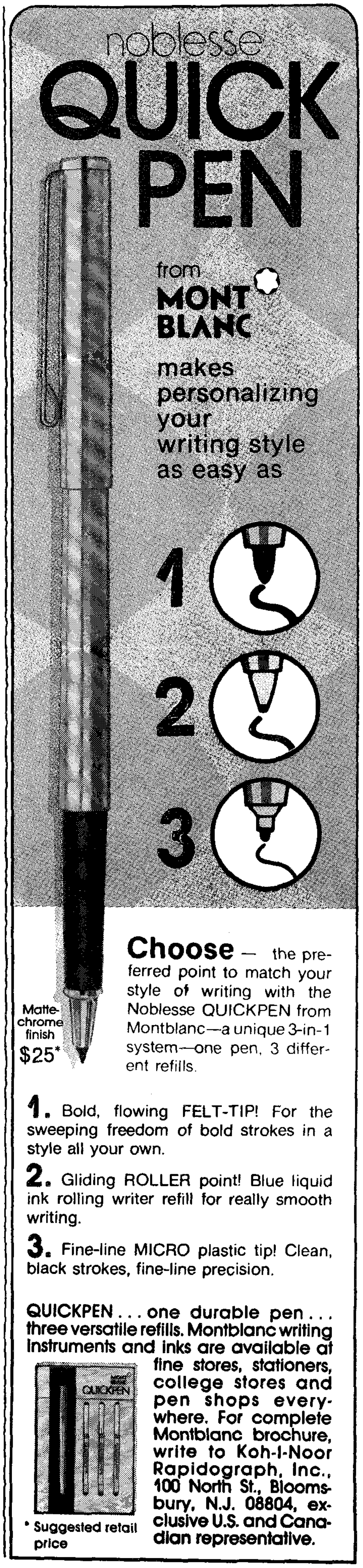


The Frumkins had a specific reason for visiting Sylvia that day: to discuss a financial matter. They suggested to her that they sit down at an empty table in the men's dayhall to conduct their business. In 1973, after Irving Frumkin had started to draw Social Security, Sylvia Frumkin began to receive a monthly Social Security Administration disability check on her father's Social Security account. Miss Frumkin had become eligible for a monthly S.S.A. payment because she was the dependent of a retired worker who was covered by Social Security, because she was unmarried, and because she had been severely disabled before reaching the age of twenty-two. From 1973 on, she was entitled to receive the S.S.A. checks, which increased from time to time with the cost of living, whether she was in or out of a hospital. At the beginning of 1978, her monthly check was a hundred and forty-nine dollars.

When Miss Frumkin was out of the hospital and living in the community, as she had been deemed to be doing whenever she resided at Transitional Services, she was also entitled to receive a monthly Supplemental Security Income check, which was paid for in part by the federal government and in part by New York State, and issued by the federal government. At the beginning of 1978, Miss Frumkin's monthly S.S.I. and S.S.A. checks totalled four hundred and twenty-four dollars and seventy cents. In January, which was to be her last full month in the community that year, Transitional Services deducted three hundred and fifty dollars from her checks to cover its monthly fee for room, board, and services. Transitional Services turned over the balance—seventy-four seventy—to her to spend on her personal needs.

It sometimes takes a while for S.S.I. checks to stop coming once a person is no longer living in the community and is thus no longer entitled to receive them. Miss Frumkin's S.S.I. checks came to Transitional Services for a few months after her return to Creedmoor on June 16th. On August 1st, she had gone to Transitional Services, at her parents' behest, to collect the S.S.I. checks and also the S.S.A. checks that had arrived and had been held there for her during the six weeks she was confined to the ward. Mr. and Mrs. Frumkin came to Creedmoor on August 2nd for the express purpose of having their daughter sign the S.S.I. checks and the S.S.A. checks, which were made out in her name, so that Mr. Frumkin could put them in the bank.

Mental patients and husbands and wives of mental patients are legally liable for paying the costs of hospitalization, or for as much of it as they can afford. Parents and children of patients are not legally liable for the costs of their care. The Office of Mental Health's Bureau of Patient Resources, an agency with the twofold purpose of recovering reimbursement and protecting patients' assets, has offices at many large state hospitals like Creedmoor, where a number of Patient Resources agents investigate the financial situation of patients and their legally liable relatives. In June of



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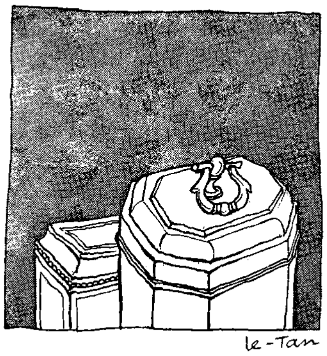
1978, the cost of caring for a patient in a geographical unit at Creedmoor was calculated at $65.20 a day, or $23,798 a year. (By 1981, the cost had increased to $115.70 a day, or $42,230.50 a year.) Few husbands, wives, or patients could pay much of this sum from their own assets, but a certain percentage of them made partial contributions. Miss Frumkin's monthly check for a hundred and forty-nine dollars, less twenty-eight fifty, which she was legally entitled to be given as spending money, was considered by Patient Resources to be the sum she could afford to contribute to the cost of her hospitalization.

When people enter mental hospitals, a question arises concerning their ability to handle their own checks. After their admission, if the Social Security Administration determines that they are incapable of handling their own funds, someone else—usually a relative or a friend but sometimes the director of the hospital—becomes the "representative payee," and the checks are made out to that person. Most of the relatives and friends who were representative payees for patients at Creedmoor in 1978 turned the S.S.A. checks over to the Office of Mental Health, in Albany. Irving Frumkin was one of the few exceptions. He had refused since 1974 to turn his daughter's S.S.A. checks over to the state when she was hospitalized. In early 1974, when Sylvia Frumkin was a patient at Creedmoor, Mr. Frumkin had battled with an inexperienced Patient Resources agent. He had talked the agent into letting him keep all of his daughter's monthly S.S.A. check except twenty dollars, which he agreed to send to the state. Miss Frumkin had been discharged from Creedmoor in the spring of 1974. When she was readmitted to the hospital in February of 1976, the computer had resumed billing Mr. Frumkin at the twenty-dollar-a-month rate. Sometimes he had paid the twenty dollars, sometimes he hadn't. In late 1976, an experienced agent had reviewed the case. She had found the account in arrears and had also decided that the twenty-dollar-a-month rate was insufficient. The agent had wanted the hospital director to become the representative payee. Meetings with the Frumkins, Sylvia, and her social worker had been held in late 1976 and early 1977. At these meetings, Mr. Frumkin had insisted that he was spending much more than twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents a month on Sylvia for things like new clothes—a fact disputed by the ward staff and also by his daughter. Miss Frumkin had requested that the hospital director be made representative payee, so that she would receive the twenty-eight fifty a month instead of the dollar or two her father, whom she had described at one meeting as "miserly," doled out. The staff had agreed that it would be therapeutic for Miss Frumkin to be less financially dependent on her father. In January of 1977, Mrs. Frumkin had said that she and her husband would tentatively let the director become the representative payee; several weeks later, Mr. Frumkin had called to say that he had changed his mind. The Frumkins had reached a compromise with Patient Resources in early 1977. Mr. Frumkin would remain the representative payee, but he would send the state seventy dollars a month from Sylvia's S.S.A. check instead of twenty, and he would give Sylvia the balance of the check—seventy-nine dollars—as spending money. Despite the agreement, the Frumkins had rarely made any payments to the state. Mr. Frumkin had preferred to keep the S.S.A. checks and to give his daughter a small monthly allowance. By the summer of 1978, Mr. Frumkin was no longer the representative payee; the checks were being made out directly to his daughter.



On August 2, 1978, Mr. Frumkin wanted Sylvia to sign the green S.S.A. checks and the gold S.S.I. checks she had fetched from Transitional Services the previous day. Now that she had been given grounds privileges, which Mr. Frumkin knew would soon increase, she would want money to spend. The first thing he did when he sat down at the table in the men's dayhall with his wife and daughter was to negotiate Sylvia's allowance. They settled amicably on nine dollars a week. That was her first incentive to sign the checks and give them to her father. There was a second incentive. Irving Frumkin liked to play a game that both his daughters called "musical banks." Whenever a bank adver-

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tised gifts for people who deposited a certain sum of money and agreed to keep the money there for a minimum period of time, Mr. Frumkin opened a new bank account. Harriet and Irving Frumkin's kitchen and Joyce Frumkin's kitchen contained many small appliances from banks all over New York City. Mr. Frumkin withdrew the money the day the minimum period of time was up, and deposited it in another bank, then offering gifts to new depositors. On August 2nd, Mr. Frumkin wanted to use his daughter's S.S.A. and S.S.I. checks to open a fourteen-month bank account in his name for a thousand dollars at a bank that was proffering gifts that week. Mr. Frumkin had once told Sylvia that she couldn't have more than several hundred dollars in the bank in her own name, because the state or the federal government might one day take her money away from her, so he would open accounts "in trust" for her. (Sylvia had once gone through her parents' house while they were out, and had turned the rooms upside down looking for the bankbooks, but hadn't been able to find them. They were kept in a safe-deposit box.) Mr. Frumkin wanted the money in his name not simply to keep it from the state and the federal government—Miss Frumkin was legally entitled to have fifteen hundred dollars in assets without losing her eligibility for such programs as S.S.I.—but because his daughter was a spendthrift. He knew that if her condition improved soon she would ask for the money and would squander it. If he had the thousand dollars tied up for fourteen months, he could tell her when she asked for it that he couldn't withdraw it. Mr. Frumkin now told Sylvia that she could choose the gift that the bank was offering new depositors—the second incentive to sign.

Mr. Frumkin had brought to the hospital a full-page bank advertisement he had cut out of a newspaper, which showed all the gifts that a bank in Manhattan was offering to those who opened accounts of two hundred and fifty, five hundred, a thousand, and five thousand dollars. While Sylvia was looking over the ad, the Frumkins were pestered by patients. A steady stream of men and women approached their table and begged for cigarettes or for quarters for some vending machines in the central corridor. The three Frumkins decided to go outside. Mrs. Frumkin asked a therapy aide to let them out of the

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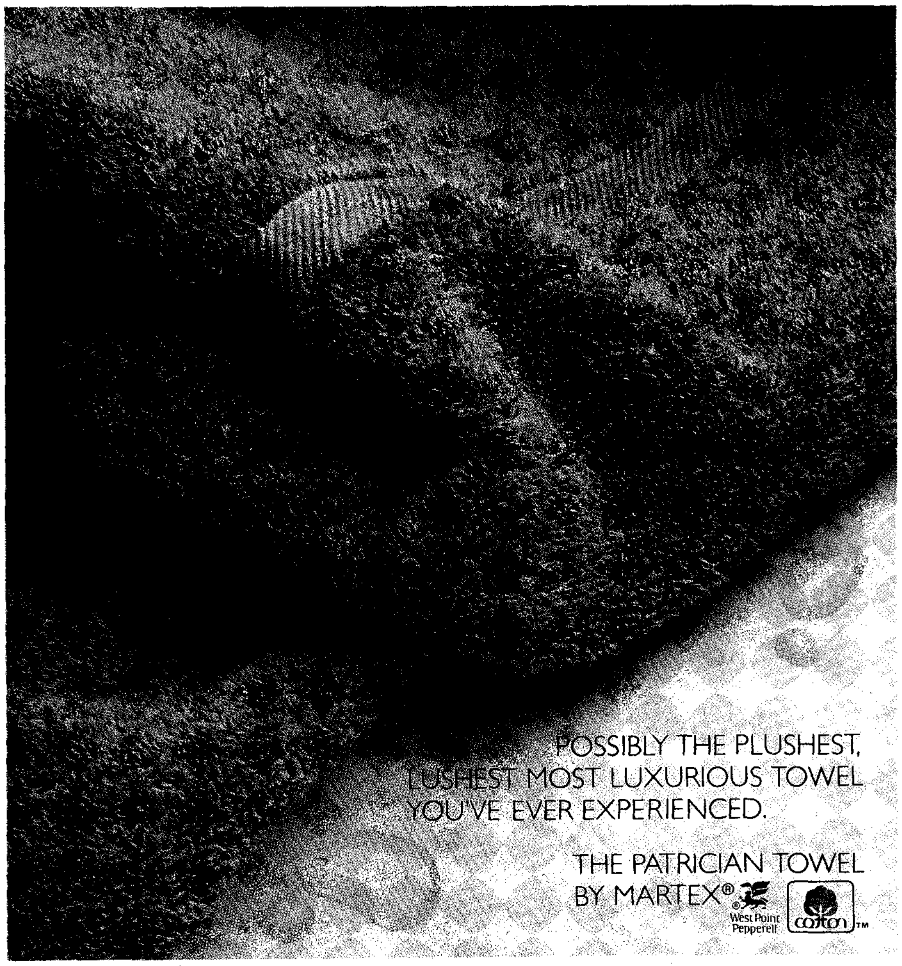

ward. They walked to their car and spread the newspaper ad out on top of the trunk for Sylvia to study.

She quickly eliminated some of the gifts in the thousand-dollar category. She didn't want a smoke-and-fire detector, a tool set, a knife set, or a carpet sweeper; her own safety had never been of concern to her, and she was clumsy with tools and knives, didn't like cleaning, and was bored by utilitarian objects. The first gift that appealed to her was an eight-digit calculator. "I could use that to tally my calories and to do my budget," she told her parents.

"What do you need a calculator for?" Mrs. Frumkin asked. "You have one at home."

"I'm at Creedmoor, I'm not at home," Sylvia said.

"It will get stolen," her mother said.

Miss Frumkin looked momentarily frustrated, but soon she noticed a digital alarm clock among the thousand-dollar-account gifts. "That would be good for waking myself up when I'm back at Transitional," she said.

"You're not at Transitional, you're on the ward," her mother said. "It would get stolen on the ward."

"You could keep it for me until I return to Transitional," Sylvia countered.

"You don't need an alarm clock," Mrs. Frumkin said. "They wake you up at Transitional. The trouble is, you don't get out of bed when they tell you to get out of bed."

Sylvia sighed. Then she spotted a hair dryer and said that that was what she wanted.

"You already have a hair dryer at home," her mother told her.

"But this one looks nicer than the one I have at home," Sylvia said.

"The one at home is good enough," Mrs. Frumkin said.

Similar exchanges followed about a tote bag ("Sylvia, you already have plenty of bags") and a portable radio ("You broke the last ten portable radios you had"). In exasperation, Sylvia turned to her mother and said, "I thought you told me I could choose."

After another quarter hour of bickering, a selection was made. Sylvia's gift would be a high-intensity lamp. She said she would keep it at home for the time being and use it in her room at Transitional Services after her return there. Sylvia later gave the lamp to her mother. In October of 1979, when her father withdrew the thousand dollars (plus six and a half per cent interest) from the bank in Manhattan, Sylvia had apparently forgotten about the account and didn't ask about it. In January of 1980, when Miss Frumkin had occasion to reapply for S.S.I., she was told by an official from her local Social Security office that he had discovered that S.S.I. had overpaid her approximately seven hundred dollars after her return to Creedmoor from Transitional Services in 1978 and that she would be ineligible for S.S.I. until that amount was returned. Miss Frumkin told the official that she had given the checks to her father. Mr. Frumkin told the official that Sylvia had spent the money.

On August 2, 1978, the gift having been selected and the checks having been signed, the Frumkins drove Sylvia from the parking area near Clearview to the Transitional Services building in which she had lived until her fall in the bathroom on June 16th. Miss Frumkin had left some clothes there. When the Frumkins went inside to look for them, no one seemed to know where they were. "It's not bad enough that my daughter has to lose her mind, she has to lose her clothes, too," Mrs. Frumkin said again—in front of Sylvia this time. Later, the clothes were found in a suitcase on the floor of the closet in the room that Sylvia had occupied.

IN 1978, almost two-thirds of the patients who were discharged from the Clearview unit returned to their own homes. Among the many who went home was Barbara Herbert, who "snapped to" one day in August even more precipitately than Sylvia Frumkin had. Mrs. Herbert suddenly stopped biting and hitting, and became quiet and friendly; she went home on several weekend visits with her husband, and returned to live with him in early September.

One thing that Harriet, Irving, and Sylvia Frumkin and a social worker at Clearview who was trying to help Miss Frumkin formulate some realistic plans for the future agreed on was that it would not be in Sylvia's best interests or in her parents' best interests for her to return home. They all hoped that she could go back to Transitional Services to live. One day in early August, the Clearview social worker spoke to a counsellor at Transitional Services about the possibility of Miss Frumkin's returning there in a few weeks. The counsellor called back to say that she and the rest of the Transitional Services team thought

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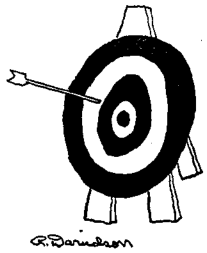
that to go directly from two months of confinement in a locked ward to Transitional would be too drastic a step for Miss Frumkin to take. The counsellor said that the team would be willing to consider screening Miss Frumkin for readmission to Transitional Services from the ward only after she had done well in a "program" for a month. The first thing that the social worker had to do for Miss Frumkin was to help her decide on a program.

Among the programs available on the grounds of Creedmoor in August of 1978 were adult-education courses in a variety of subjects, at a variety of levels, from grade school to high school; several "sheltered workshops;" and several day treatment centers. Miss Frumkin had never taken an adult-education course at Creedmoor; as a graduate of a private high school, with an academic diploma, she considered herself too advanced for any of the classes offered. She had, however, been a client at several of Creedmoor's sheltered workshops. She had spent a short time in early 1974 at the clerical-skills sheltered workshop, commonly referred to as the typing workshop. In 1976 and 1977, she had spent a number of months at a sheltered workshop whose clients were assigned such benchwork-assembly tasks as packaging individual sets of cutlery, napkins, and condiments for the use of airline passengers, fastening buttons to the cards on which they were to be sold, and boxing shower-curtain hooks. And she had attended the Clearview Day Center for several months in 1977.

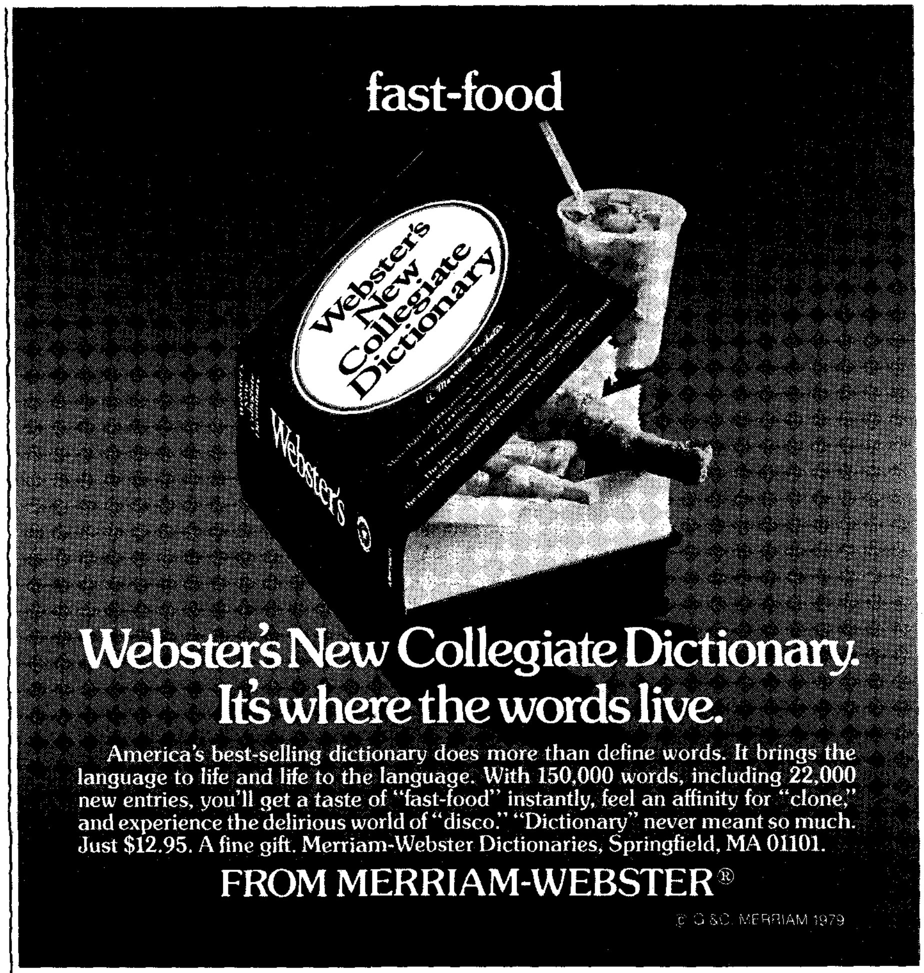


Miss Frumkin hadn't enjoyed putting plastic forks, knives, and spoons, paper napkins, packages of sugar, and tiny salt and pepper shakers into cellophane bags in the benchwork-assembly sheltered workshop. She found such tasks tiresome. Working in a factory was not one of her goals, she told the social worker when they met on August 4, 1978. She had liked her brief exposure to the typing workshop, and wanted to return there. The last job she had ever held in the outside world was working Saturdays as a receptionist in the office of the Frumkins' internist, from October of 1971 to July of 1972, while she was going to medical-secretarial school during the week. She thought she might someday want to work as a receptionist again, and said that the typing workshop was the program of her choice. The social worker told her she wasn't yet ready for the typing workshop; she would first have to try a program that was less pressured. If she did well at it, she could then apply to the typing workshop. Miss Frumkin hadn't cared for the Day Center when she went there in 1977—she had found it rather like a nursery school—but she wanted to return to Transitional Services, and to be given that opportunity she needed to be in a program for a month, and so, as she told the social worker, she would go to the Clearview Day Center. It was the least of the available evils, she said.

The Clearview Day Center was in a pleasant four-bedroom red brick house that had once been the home of one of Creedmoor's assistant directors; it was a five-minute walk from Building N/4. In August of 1978, most of its twenty clients were Clearview out-patients who had been discharged to their homes. The majority were middle-aged or older women who lived either with relatives or on their own with the help of some sort of subsidy. Their relatives often said that the Day Center gave them a reason to get up in the morning. Without it, the relatives said, they were afraid the clients would stay in the house all day—if not actually in bed, as some did on weekends. The Clearview Day Center had a full-time staff of five—the coördinator, two therapy aides, a recreational therapist, and an occupational-therapy assistant. The Day Center program was not rigorous. The days tended to start late and end early.

On Monday, August 14th, Miss Frumkin made out her schedule with a therapy aide at the Day Center. She was to be there full time on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, and to go there on Fridays after Jewish services and on Wednesday mornings. (By mid-August, Dr. Sun was allowing Miss Frumkin to spend two afternoons a week—Wednesdays and Sundays—with her parents.) According to her Day Center schedule, which changed slightly from week to week, she would participate in exercises for fifteen minutes every morning; in a weekly fifteen-minute client-government meeting, at which the clients discussed such matters as how much to charge for coffee each morning; in an hour-long therapeutic-community meeting held every Monday morning and attended by the staff and all the clients, at which the Day Center's current and future activities and any problems that the clients felt like bringing up were discussed; and a weekly hour-long primary group, in which a staff member met with a smaller number of Day Center clients—usually six or seven—to discuss any personal or Day Center problems they might have. The rest of Miss Frumkin's schedule included an hour or so each week of music, drama, poetry, current events, arts and crafts, and grooming; an hour and a half of dusting, vacuuming, and washing dishes; and two hours a week of recreation, which sometimes meant bowling or swimming in the Rehabilitation Building and sometimes, in nice weather, walking in Alley Pond Park, a public park near Creedmoor frequented by drug dealers.

Miss Frumkin wasted no time before displaying her boredom with the Day Center, especially when her schedule required her to participate in an activity that wasn't to her liking. One morning in August, Miss Frumkin and five other women straggled into the master bedroom of the former assistant director's house, where the grooming class was held. The mahata in charge had put out an assortment of nail polishes and cosmetics. An elderly woman said she had filed the nails on her left hand at home but was so right-handed that she couldn't do the nails on her right hand. The woman was appreciative when the mahata filed the nails on her right hand. Another woman seemed content to apply mascara, a third to take a nap, and a fourth to wait her turn to have her nails clipped by the mahata. Miss Frumkin sat in the room looking unhappy. To make sure that her happiness did not go unobserved, she sighed loudly. When the mahata didn't give her the satisfaction of asking what was bothering her, she said without being asked that the grooming class was a complete waste of her time. She told the mahata and the other women in the room that she had very precise ideas about makeup. She said that she loved makeup and that she spent a good part of her allowance on moisturizers, bases, lipsticks, lip glosses, and eye makeup. When Miss Frumkin used her makeup in moderation, it covered up her blemished skin and improved her appearance. She usually came to the Day Center wear-



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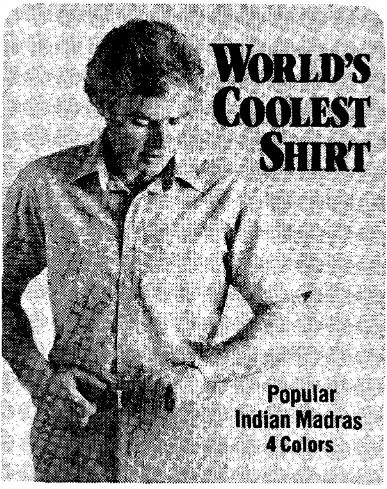

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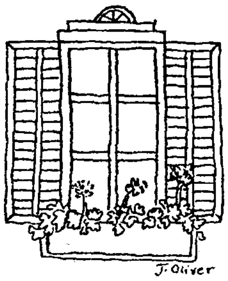
ing too much makeup; her makeup was often smeared, as it was in grooming class that morning. "I use very modest makeup," she said, looking disdainfully at the bottles of pink, orange, and red nail polish that the mahata had set out. "I like colorless nail polish," she went on, holding out her hands. Those who looked at her nails saw ten badly bitten nails and ragged cuticles. Though Miss Frumkin made it obvious that she felt superior to the other clients at the Day Center and took pleasure in putting them down whenever she could, they rarely retaliated. No one criticized her nails. "What's there for me to do?" she asked, yawning without covering her mouth.

The mahata knew how to please her and chose to do so then. "Why don't you tell the others how fast nails and hair grow?" she suggested to Miss Frumkin.

"My nails grow a tenth of an inch a week and hair grows at the rate of half an inch a month," she said happily, in a singsong voice. "I wish the nails on my hands were as hard as the nails on my feet."

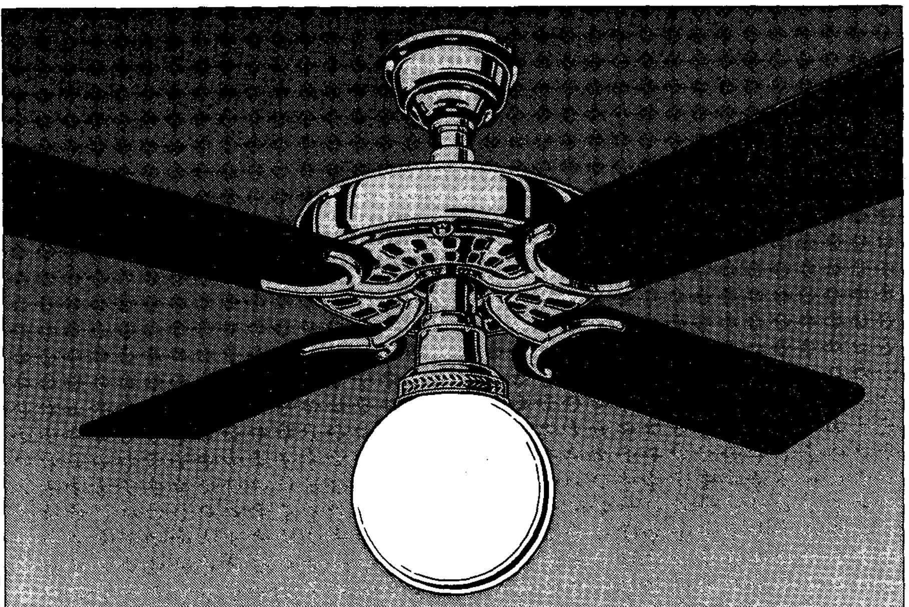
ON Sunday, August 13th—the first day that Dr. Sun allowed Miss Frumkin to go home on a three-hour pass—she returned to Creedmoor saying she had had a very nice time. She had looked through the clothes in her closet; she had taken a shower, washed her hair, and enjoyed blowing it dry with her hair dryer; she had had a good Chinese dinner, her mother's usual combination of canned chow mein, canned bean sprouts, and leftover meat, served with wonton soup from a Chinese takeout in the neighborhood. Before long, when the novelty of the first couple of Wednesday and Sunday outings and visits home had worn off, and when it seemed to Miss Frumkin that her parents were less eager to please her and instead seemed bent on frustrating her, she told the staff of the Day Center that her "afternoons off" from Creedmoor were "not so good."



One Wednesday afternoon in August, her father picked her up at Clearview. He had agreed to take her to see the movie "Heaven Can Wait" and to take her shopping for a pair of sandals. Her mother had refused to join them, even though she was free to, since it would be another week or so before she started giving art lessons again. Harriet Frumkin said that the movie sounded silly. "Heaven Can Wait" was being shown at a number of theatres in Queens, including two in Flushing. Mr. Frumkin drove from Creedmoor to Flushing. There were no parking spaces available near the theatre. Sylvia suggested that they drive a few miles to another theatre where the movie was playing—one in a neighborhood where parking was less of a problem. Her father said he was sorry but it was too late to go to another theatre. He found a parking space near Main Street and took Sylvia to a number of shoe stores. She was tired of wearing state shoes, and her parents had agreed to buy her a pair of sandals on sale. The summer sandal sales had ended in all the shoe stores. The new fall shoes and boots were on display. Sylvia said she would wait until spring to buy sandals, and settled for going to a Woolworth's, where she bought an eyebrow pencil. She had hoped to go to a fast-food steak restaurant, but her father said he had some discount coupons that were valid for twelve pieces of chicken at Kentucky Fried Chicken, so they went to Kentucky Fried Chicken, bought the chicken, and drove to the Frumkins' house to eat it. The following day, there was enough chicken left over for Mr. and Mrs. Frumkin's dinner.

In mid-August, Miss Frumkin needed a haircut. She tried to telephone Jason, her hairdresser, whom she had last seen in early June, and learned from the receptionist at the beauty parlor in Flushing where he had worked then that he had moved on to another beauty parlor, in Huntington, Long Island, about thirty miles away. Miss Frumkin called the beauty shop in Huntington and made an appointment with Jason. She had spent ten dollars and forty cents of her own money for her haircut in June, while she was living at Transitional Services. When Harriet Frumkin learned that it would cost ten dollars and forty cents for Jason to cut Sylvia's hair in Huntington, she told Sylvia to cancel her appointment. Mrs. Frumkin made an appointment for her at a beauty shop in Flushing, where the price of a haircut was four dollars and fifty cents. Her father drove her there on another Wednesday afternoon in late August. Perhaps because Sylvia looked so unhappy, or because she kept telling Sharon, the hairdresser, that Jason was the only person in the world who knew how to cut her hair, Sharon was less friendly to her than Jason had been. Sylvia complained that Sharon was careless, too. Jason had brushed the hair off Sylvia's neck and shoulders and had dusted her off with powder after he finished cutting her hair. Sharon neither brushed nor powdered her, and Sylvia left the shop feeling itchy. She also didn't like the way her haircut looked—it was too short, she thought, and no one complimented her on it. She resolved to return to Jason as soon as the haircut grew out.

In early September, Dr. Sun gave Miss Frumkin permission to spend weekends at home. Her father usually picked her up at Creedmoor on Saturday morning and drove her back to the hospital on Sunday evening or Monday morning. Sunday, September 17th, was another disappointing day for Miss Frumkin. She had made arrangements to meet a young woman named Joan Bettelheim in Flushing at one o'clock. A few years earlier, Miss Bettelheim, who had often been in and out of Creedmoor, had gone to bed with a man she had met on the street. She had become pregnant and had given her child up for adoption. When she was out of the hospital, as she was in September of 1978, she lived with her father and her older sister. There was an all-day street fair in Flushing on the seventeenth. Mr. Frumkin dropped Sylvia off in Flushing promptly at one o'clock; he was to pick her up at four o'clock. Miss Frumkin had three dollars in her purse. She waited for Miss Bettelheim for an hour. At two o'clock, she realized that she had been stood up by Miss Bettelheim—not for the first time. By then, she had spent two dollars and ninety cents on food. She called home with her last dime. Her mother answered the telephone. When Sylvia told her what had happened, Harriet Frumkin told her that her father was out shopping. He would come and get her as soon as he could after he returned. Sylvia had to wait an hour and a half for him. As soon as she got home, she telephoned Miss Bettelheim to ask what had happened. Miss Bettelheim said she had changed her mind about going to the fair with Miss Frumkin. She didn't make any excuses for not having called beforehand to tell Miss Frumkin that she had changed her mind. Miss Frumkin later recounted her side of the tele-



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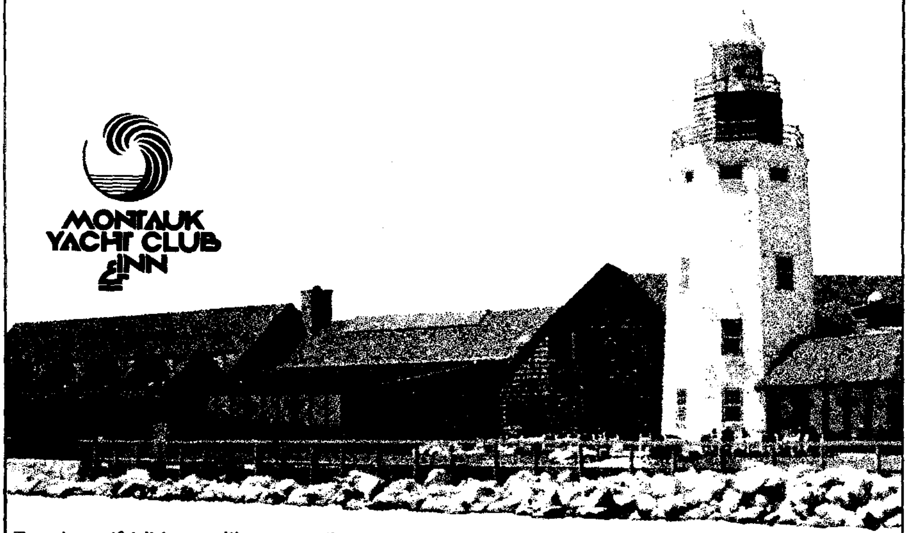

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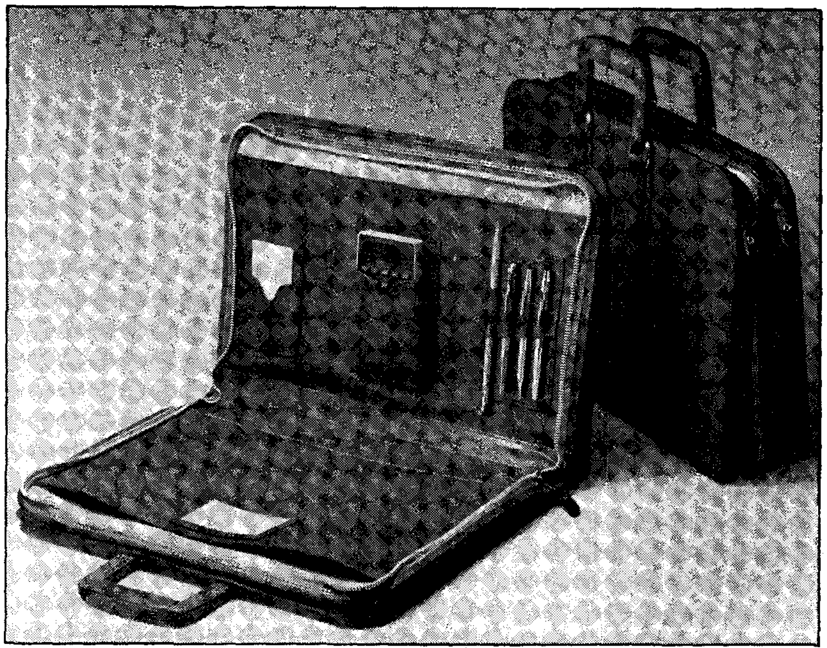

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phone conversation to a woman at the Day Center. "I was very nice to her," she said. "I said I'd go out with her again, but the next time she'd have to come to my house to meet me, or, better yet, I'd go to her house to meet her."

Miss Frumkin often sought to convey the impression that she accepted such disappointments as broken dates, cheap haircuts, movies she couldn't see when she wanted to see them, and sandals she couldn't buy when she wanted to buy them philosophically, but by mid-September a number of people at Creedmoor had noticed that she was displaying increasing signs of tension, even when she didn't express her frustration verbally. She bit her cuticles until they bled. She ate incessantly. In mid-September, Mrs. Plotnick thought she also noticed that Miss Frumkin was smacking her lips, rolling her tongue around in her mouth, and touching her lower lip with her tongue until she made her lip sore—symptoms of tardive dyskinesia, a side effect that some patients develop from prolonged use of antipsychotic drugs. Mrs. Plotnick knew that while some psychiatrists considered tardive dyskinesia irreversible, others believed that it often was reversible and that it was certainly arrestable, especially if it was caught in an early stage and the patient was taken off antipsychotic medication or given a much lower dose. She sought out Dr. Sun and asked him to examine Miss Frumkin. Dr. Sun did. He said he believed that Miss Frumkin's tongue and lip movements were merely mannerisms.

Although Miss Frumkin tended to be indolent at home—she didn't want to clean her room, she didn't want to wash her clothes, she didn't want to get out of bed some days—she kept after her social worker in the ward with great persistence, having learned from her parents that the squeaky wheel gets the grease. She told the social worker so often that she hated the Day Center and wanted to go to the typing workshop that the social worker arranged for her to be screened by Marilyn Gruen, the coördinator of the workshop, on September 12th. In Mrs. Gruen's estimation, Miss Frumkin's typing was adequate—all the people admitted to the typing workshop had to have a basic knowledge of touch-typing—but Mrs. Gruen thought that Miss Frumkin was too restless to spend a whole day at the typing workshop. She agreed to accept Miss Frumkin in the typing workshop part time, starting on Monday, September 18th. In mid-September, Miss Frumkin also reminded the social worker in the ward that she had been promised she would be considered for Transitional Services after a month in a program. She had been at the Day Center for a month. The Clearview social worker called the counsellor at Transitional Services and arranged for Miss Frumkin to be screened on September 28th. After the screening, Miss Frumkin didn't think that it had gone well, and told the staff at the Day Center that she was afraid she had not been accepted. In the meantime, however, she was glad to be back at the typing workshop part time, and frequently told the Day Center staff that the only thing she wanted was to leave their nursery school and go to the typing workshop full time. On Sunday, September 17th, while she was waiting in vain for Miss Bettelheim to show up in Flushing, she had felt glad to be starting in the typing workshop the following morning. She hadn't done well there during a brief trial period in April of 1974, and she was thankful that she was being given another chance. One reason she was eager to go to the workshop was that her mother got upset with her when she spent so much of her time at home lolling around the house. Her mother kept asking her why she was so lazy on Saturday and Sunday when "you haven't done anything all week at Creedmoor." Miss Frumkin had said to herself that on the following weekend when her mother accused her of doing nothing all week at Creedmoor, as she was sure to do, she could tell her, "I don't do nothing all week. I type."

THERE were twenty-seven people on the typing-workshop rolls on Monday, September 18th. About half of them were out-patients. The other half were from the geographical units and from Creedmoor's forensic unit. The typing workshop's hours were from nine to eleven in the morning, with a twenty-minute coffee break at ten o'clock, and from one-thirty to three-thirty in the afternoon, with a twenty-minute coffee break at two-thirty. The typing workshop provided some of its clients with a pleasant place to go each day, just as the Day Center did, and, in addition, it gave them a chance to earn some money. Clients in the typing workshop, like those in the benchwork-assembly sheltered workshops, were paid on the basis of the

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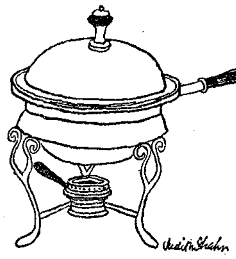
1978 federal minimum wage of two dollars and sixty-five cents an hour. A study had been done to determine how long it took an average worker on the outside to do a thousand envelopes. The study had yielded a unit price of twenty-eight dollars and five cents per thousand envelopes. In 1978, Mrs. Gruen had some typists who could turn out a thousand envelopes a week and some who could turn out a hundred. Thus, in theory, her fastest typists could have earned twenty-eight dollars and five cents a week apiece; in practice, they rarely did, because there was usually a shortage of clerical work. "People in the community don't trust mental patients," Miss Frumkin said during a coffee break one day when the typing workshop was out of envelopes. "Contractors probably don't give us their work, because we're mental patients, so they don't think we can do a decent job." Although Mrs. Gruen and Francesa Wilcox, the assistant coördinator of the typing workshop, checked each envelope before it left their premises to make sure that it was error-free, they agreed with Miss Frumkin's appraisal of the demoralizing shortage of work. In 1978, several out-patients had been coming to the typing workshop for two or three years; one had been there for five years. Some of these out-patients credited the typing workshop with keeping them out of the hospital. Most of them knew they wouldn't be able to stand the hours and the pressures of the marketplace, but they felt comfortable in a sheltered-workshop setting. No specific minimum speed was required for people to be admitted to the typing workshop, and the clients' speeds varied greatly. Mrs. Gruen stressed accuracy rather than speed. In September of 1978, Miss Frumkin typed at a rate of thirty words a minute and made about fifteen errors a minute. Clients who typed erratically, as she did, had to practice their skills before they were permitted to type envelopes.

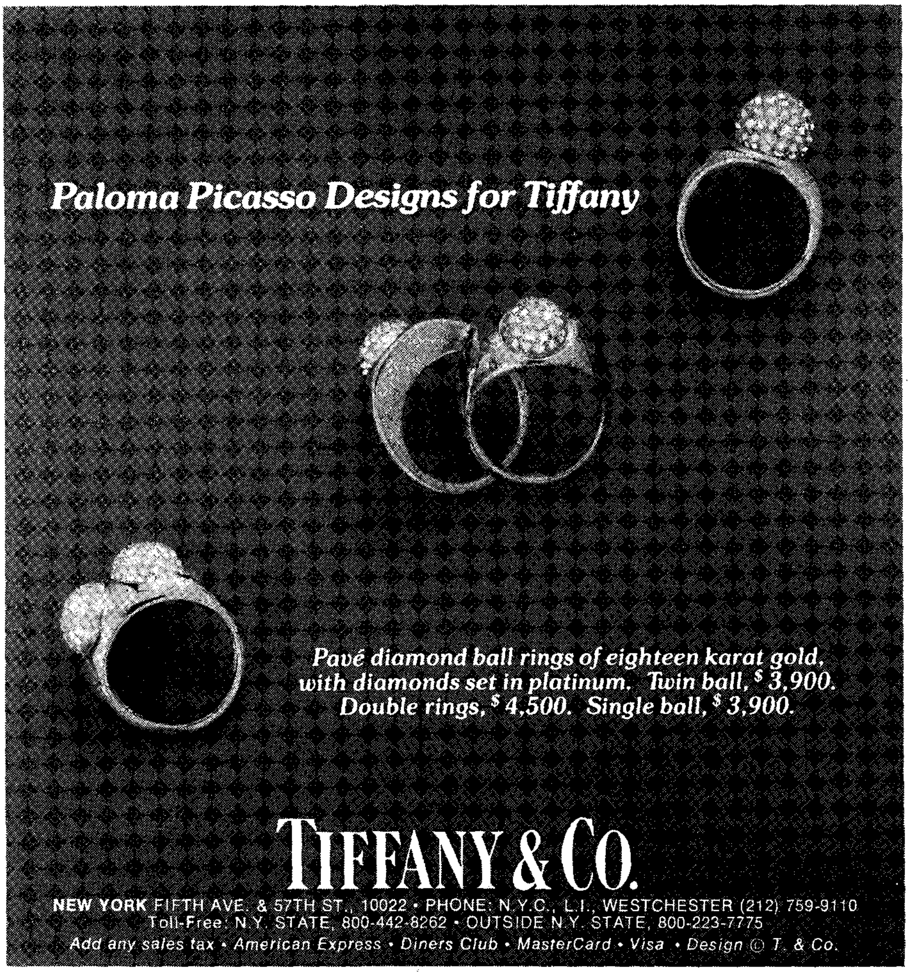


Only fourteen of the workshop's twenty-seven clients arrived on time on September 18th and punched in on the time clock near the door. A fifteenth came in forty-five minutes late. Mrs. Gruen and Mrs. Wilcox usually telephoned the wards of the typing workshop's missing in-patient clients. The calls were rarely fruitful. Ward extensions were often busy. (Creedmoor had too few telephones.) The therapy aides who answered the ward phones sometimes said they didn't know where Mrs. Gruen's clients were and sometimes said they didn't know who they were. The patients who were reached often said that they didn't feel like coming to the typing workshop that day, or that they were scheduled to go for X-rays or to the dermatology clinic. Occasionally, Mrs. Gruen, a forceful woman, prevailed upon a recalcitrant patient to come to the typing workshop. One morning, she called a ward and reached a patient who said she had a bad cold. "You sound fine," Mrs. Gruen told her. "You've just overslept. Get yourself over here right away and bring your friend Doris with you." Both women showed up at the typing workshop in fifteen minutes. Out-patients were not called unless Mrs. Gruen had reason to be worried about them.

Miss Frumkin would have liked to start typing envelopes for money on September 18th, but she accepted graciously the news that she wasn't yet ready to do envelopes. Mrs. Gruen gave her a typing book and assigned her a particular exercise to type. Miss Frumkin sat down at a free electric typewriter and raced through the exercise, making many mistakes as she typed. She ran from her desk in the middle of the room up to Mrs. Gruen's desk at the front of the room to show her the exercise. The first time she presented Mrs. Gruen with the mistake-riddled exercise, Mrs. Gruen told her to slow down and retype it with fewer errors. She was told the same thing when she ran up the second time, and the third, fourth, and fifth times. Having to retype didn't seem to bother Miss Frumkin. She was completely absorbed by typing. Nothing else, in or out of the hospital, had so engaged her concentration since June.

If a person who had never been in a psychiatric hospital were blindfolded, escorted into the typing workshop at Creedmoor, and relieved of the blindfold, he would never mistake Creedmoor's workshop for a brushup typing class at a community college or a local Y. Most days, about a third of the clients who showed up worked quietly and diligently; they could pass for Y students. Something about the others would indicate that they had known trouble. The aftereffects of mental illness were often as visible as scars or limps left by physical injuries. One morning in October of 1978, while Miss Frumkin walked back and forth from her desk to show Mrs. Gruen or Mrs. Wilcox each exercise she pulled out of her typewriter, always speaking too quickly and in a slightly breathless way, another young woman spent the morning strutting back and forth from her typewriter to the ladies' room down the hall. No matter how often she was told to sit down and type, she rose again to walk to the ladies' room. Another woman suddenly burst into tears. Two women fell asleep at their typewriters. A woman read a paperback book on her lap. Another woman slumped in her chair and stared into space. When Mrs. Gruen told her clients, in her best no-nonsense manner, to stop crying, to wake up, or to stop reading, the clients failed to respond to her edicts. The woman who was crying couldn't stop crying. The reader and the two awakened sleepers said, "I don't feel like typing," "I don't feel well today," and "Leave me alone." Even some of those who were typing on that October morning wouldn't have struck a visiting stranger as students at a community college. Some wore perpetually dour expressions. Some appeared withdrawn, their eyes glazed. Some showed the Parkinsonian-like effects of antipsychotic medication, and some showed symptoms of tardive dyskinesia.

Miss Frumkin's eagerness to type envelopes exceeded her typing skill. In October, she continued to make too many mistakes on the exercises to advance to envelopes, but her enthusiasm for typing and her ability to accept criticism, so limited everywhere else, persisted. She typed and retyped, with uncustomary patience, the lines that were intended to help her master certain sequences of letters: "fell ill, real life, a dark red dress, like a real lake, if all jars are full, ill kill, a faded leaf, field lilies, a skillful lad, leads a dull life, a fair deal." Mrs. Gruen and Mrs. Wilcox kept telling her to slow down and relax. Every week, a short speed test was given in the workshop. In October, Miss Frumkin was allowed to take only one test. She typed at a rate of thirty words a minute and made fifteen errors a minute, just as she had in September. The workshop was Miss Frumkin's refuge. She always came to typing early or on time. She seemed particularly ea-



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ger to get to typing after her weekends at home.

If two days at home were too much of a strain for Miss Frumkin and her parents—and they were—three-day and four-day weekends were worse. In 1978, the Jewish New Year fell on Monday, October 2nd, and Tuesday, October 3rd. Miss Frumkin went home on Saturday, September 30th, and was to return to Creedmoor on Tuesday. Saturday went fairly well, because Miss Frumkin made an effort to please her mother—she cleaned her room, she did her laundry, she ate moderately. On Sunday, she stayed in bed until two o'clock, got up and ate everything she could find in the refrigerator, and then lay around. She was in her nightgown watching television when Joyce Frumkin arrived to spend the night. Sylvia kept the family waiting to go to temple on Sunday evening while she put on her makeup and tried on a dozen different outfits before deciding what to wear. Joyce had come home in a good mood. She had just been promoted by the department store for which she worked, but she was careful to say nothing about her new title or her raise in salary, for fear of making Sylvia jealous. There had been many times in her life when she wished she had a sister with whom she could share her joys and sorrows. On Sunday, after temple services, Sylvia refused to help Joyce set the table, bit her lip while waiting to be served, overate, got up from the table in the middle of dinner without excusing herself, and went to her room to watch television. On Monday, while Sylvia went to temple with her father, Joyce and Harriet Frumkin prepared dinner—matzo-ball soup, gefilte fish, brisket of beef, green beans, and boiled potatoes. They had bought challah and pastries from a neighborhood bakery. Sylvia had finished her first and second plates of food and was about to start on her third before her parents and her sister had finished their first helpings. On Sunday, Joyce had restrained herself, and hadn't criticized anything Sylvia said or did; she hadn't seen her sister in more than two and a half months, and she reminded herself that Sylvia was a person to whom life had dealt a bad hand. By Monday, however, she could no longer watch in silence as Sylvia noisily slurped her soup, dipped the challah in the brisket gravy, got spots all over herself and the tablecloth, and talked with her mouth full. When Joyce criticized Sylvia's table manners and said, "Slow down," Sylvia threatened to throw a plate at her. "If you weren't my sister, I'd have nothing to do with you," Joyce said.

As the dinner progressed, Mrs. Frumkin said that no one who didn't have a mentally ill child could possibly imagine what it was like. She observed that she had recently seen a couple named Isadore and Gertie Finkel, the parents of a young woman named Sonya who had often been a patient at Creedmoor. The Frumkins and the Finkels had met when their daughters were in the same ward. Sonya Finkel had tried to commit suicide several times. Her last attempt, a year earlier, had been successful: she had jumped down on the subway tracks and had been run over by a train. Her father, who had a heart condition, was retired. Her parents had wanted to move from Queens to Arizona for many years but felt they couldn't go there as long as Sonya was in and out of Creedmoor. "After Sonya died, the Finkels had an elaborate funeral," Mrs. Frumkin said at dinner. "At the funeral, Gertie Finkel said, 'Well, she finally succeeded,' and soon left for Phoenix with her husband. Since Sonya killed herself, Isadore Finkel hasn't had another heart attack. The Finkels come to New York to visit every few months. I saw them a while ago, and they looked so gorgeous. It's no wonder. The cause of all their trouble was removed."

As Sylvia reached for her fourth serving of meat, potatoes, bread, and gravy, she said, "Ma, are you trying to tell me something?"

Yom Kippur, on Wednesday, October 11th, was another bad day at the Frumkins'. Joyce was home again. That afternoon, Mrs. Frumkin had noticed that Sylvia was persistently biting her lower lip, and asked her whether she was getting any side effects from her medication. Sylvia, who hadn't heard her mother clearly, thought she had accused her of not taking her medication—something she had often failed to do in the past, with disastrous results. Sylvia got angry, grabbed her mother's arm, and twisted it. "Don't you dare talk to me about my medication!" she yelled. "I know what it is and when to take it!"

Joyce had been watching and had seen the look of pain on her mother's face. "You twisted your mother's arthritic arm, you blimp!" she shouted at Sylvia, stepping between her mother and her sister and comforting her mother.

"You think you're such a big shot!" Sylvia shouted at Joyce. "But who in this family went to medical-secretarial school? Who went to Music and Art? Me."

Sylvia had slept late on Yom Kippur, had gone to temple, and had fasted for several hours. At sundown, she began to make up for the few hours during which she hadn't eaten. She slurped her food down even more noisily than usual.

"Can't you leave Creedmoor there when you come home?" Mrs. Frumkin said.

"You're eating like a pig," Joyce said.

Sylvia picked up a bowl of potato salad that was on the dining-room table, raised it as if to throw it at Joyce, put it down, made a fist, walked over to her with a menacing look, and then went to her room. "I don't bring Creedmoor home, I come home to it!" she shouted, and she slammed the door. She took all the clothes out of her closet, searching for a blouse she wanted. When it was time to go back to Creedmoor, she refused to put any of the clothes back. Mrs. Frumkin told her that if she didn't pick her clothes up she would be punished. Her punishment would be that she would not be allowed to come home the following weekend. "Coming home means more to you than it does to me," Mrs. Frumkin said. Sylvia left all her clothes on the floor of her room.

Sylvia Frumkin and her mother spoke on the telephone several times during the next two days. On October 12th, Sylvia pleaded to come home for the weekend. Usually, her mother gave in to her pleading. This time, she didn't. "Daddy says that you've got to learn that once in a while when we say something we mean it," Mrs. Frumkin said.

When Sylvia telephoned home on the thirteenth, her mother began the conversation by asking, "Honey, how are you?"

"Look, you don't want me home, so don't honey me," Sylvia said. "I'm not your honey." She hung up.

Sylvia called home on Saturday morning to see if her father was coming to pick her up. The Frumkins had been about to relent and take Sylvia home for the weekend, but their car needed new brake linings and some other work, and Mr. Frumkin

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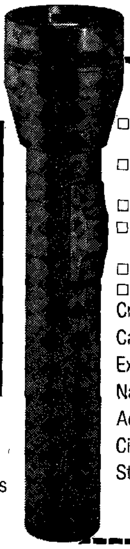

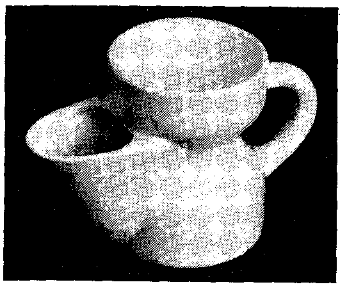

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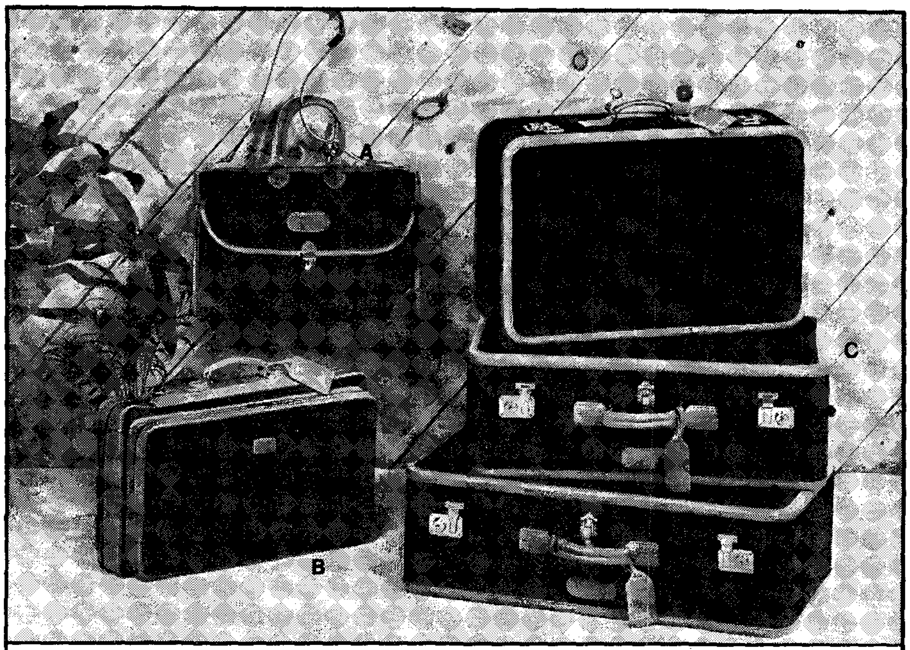

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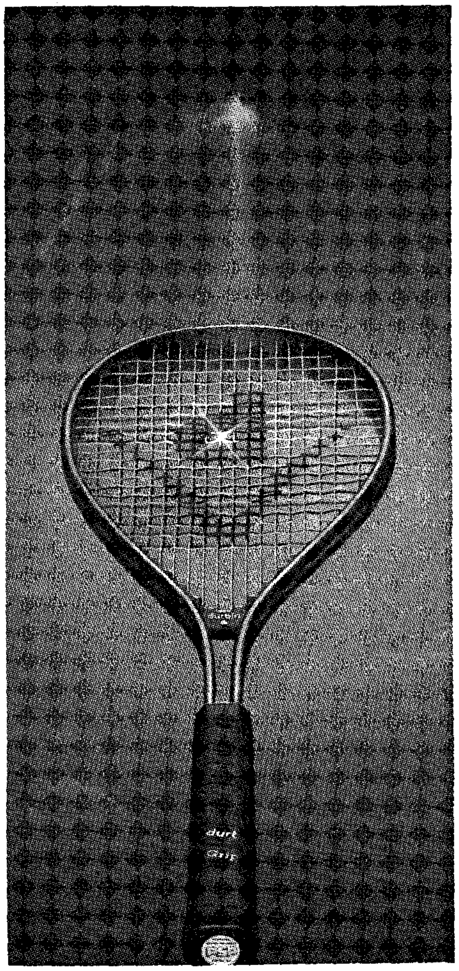

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had taken it to a mechanic to be fixed.

On Sunday, the Frumkins drove to Creedmoor and took Sylvia out for dinner at the Happy Robin. They made up. "It's not good to stay angry," Mrs. Frumkin said.

Sylvia Frumkin wasn't sorry she hadn't gone home for the weekend of the fourteenth and fifteenth. "I never have a relaxing time at home," she told one of the therapy aides on Saturday after she returned from a trip to a shopping center near Creedmoor. "I'm just glad I have grounds privileges, so that I can get off this awful ward."

WARD 043 had been a more tolerable place for Miss Frumkin when she was acutely psychotic and only partly aware of what she was saying and doing—half in the real world and half in an imagined world of television and movie stars and rock-and-roll singers. It was better to be the one who was begging others for food and cigarettes and coins than the one being begged. It was easier to be on the giving end of the punches than on the receiving end. In August and September, after Miss Frumkin had been stabilized on medication, she was eager to move on. The arrival of autumn made her realize how long she had been at Creedmoor. "I'd hoped to get out of here while it was still light in the morning," she said one day when she was awakened to October's 6 A.M. darkness. So many of the patients who had come to Clearview about the same time she did, or later, like Eileen O'Reilly, had left the ward. Miss Frumkin made no friends. Once, when she was just past the delusional phase of her illness, she had spoken to Miss O'Reilly of the charm of being sick and her reluctance to give up her fantasies. A number of people who knew Miss Frumkin found that once she was no longer delusional, some of the engaging qualities that had beguiled Miss O'Reilly—her whimsy, her capriciousness, her way with words—left her. Although she usually stopped hitting people when she got "weller," she lashed out at them verbally. People who first met Miss Frumkin in October of 1978 met an aggressive, hypercritical, overtalkative know-it-all, who made many remarks about others that seemed gratuitously unkind, and who was terribly abrupt. One minute, she would be talking to an acquaintance in the ward. The next minute, she would have lost interest in her, turned away, and said she would rather read a book or watch television.

Clearview's shabby conditions bothered her more that fall. One day, a group of women from Clearview went to the beauty shop in the Rehab Building to have their hair washed and set. A beautician said she had discovered that the first woman seated in the chair had lice. She and the other Clearview women were sent back to the ward. All the patients in the Clearview unit had to have their hair shampooed with Kwell. The idea of lice made Miss Frumkin shudder. That fall, she found more fault with the staff—especially with the four-to-twelve-thirty evening shift. They had always struck her as having a particularly uppity attitude to patients. They often sat around reading their newspapers on chairs covered by white sheets. When a memo expressly forbidding this practice was sent around Creedmoor, they ignored it, and would warn some visitors not to sit down without first inspecting a chair, because "the patients are dirty." Some of the mahatas on the evening shift performed their duties unwillingly. They seemed to resent having to escort patients to the soda and snack machines in the central corridor during the prescribed hour after dinner allotted to the patients to use the machines, and seemed no less resentful of having to let patients make telephone calls. They were slow to leave their sheet-covered chairs to go to the television set, unlock the plastic screen, and turn the dial when patients asked to see a program on a different channel. They were in a hurry to get the patients to bed early—even the few patients, like Miss Frumkin, who wanted to stay up late. These mahatas had other interests, among them buying meat from a man who came around on their shift, parked his truck in back of N/4, and sold them pot roasts and steaks of unknown origin at prices well below those at the supermarket.

In the fall, Miss Frumkin easily became irritated by new patients who were as disturbed as she had been in the summer and who behaved accordingly. She fought with Isabelle Holzman, a young woman who had returned to Creedmoor after a couple of months away, because Miss Holzman took her clothes. She fought with a woman who took her chair. On the morning of October 25th, before leaving for the Day Center, Miss Frumkin started to fight with a patient who had refused to move so that she could watch television. Therapy aides separated the two women, but not before

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Miss Frumkin had received a few small scratches on her face. That evening, a therapy aide wrote in her chart:

> At 8:10 P.M. after giving meds out I went to change channel on T.V. saying excuse first, & Sylvia started to scream & cursing & threatening. About 15 patients were sitting no one says anything but her, took my time and look for what I was asked to check about & then returned channel to original. By the time I was sitting in lunchroom there was one screaming in dormitory & there was Sylvia again at a patient, pulled off blanket & saying it was hers. Pt. is becoming very bizarre again & acting out. Nerves is at edge screaming & on top of her lungs. I told her plain she was not going to get her way, because she screams & yells.

Four days later, a therapy aide on the day shift also noted that Miss Frumkin was becoming more assaultive toward her peers. "It appears that pt. is waiting for an answer of whether or not she will be accepted at Transitional Services, and during this waiting period she is becoming agitated," the therapy aide wrote in her chart.

The therapy aide was right. October had been a difficult month for Miss Frumkin—a month of suspense, as she waited to hear from Transitional Services. On Thursday, November 2nd, she couldn't stand the suspense any longer. She walked over to Transitional Services and learned that she had not been accepted. The staff there believed that the pressure of Transitional's program would be too great. Later that day, after Miss Frumkin had returned to the ward, Dr. Sun happened to see her in the chart room. He noticed the lip-smacking, tongue-rolling, and lip-biting that Hermine Plotnick had seen and called to his attention a month and a half earlier. Dr. Sun now decided that these were, after all, symptomatic of tardive dyskinesia, and not just mannerisms, as he had first thought, and that he could arrest them if he reduced Miss Frumkin's medication. He lowered her medication immediately, from the hundred milligrams of Moban a day which she had been taking in recent weeks to twenty milligrams of Moban a day—ten milligrams in the morning and ten in the evening. He later said he would have preferred to lower the dose gradually—from a hundred milligrams to eighty milligrams to sixty milligrams to forty milligrams and only then to twenty milligrams—to lessen Miss Frumkin's chances of "decompensating" to her previous psychotic condition. He believed, however, that he had to lower it drastically because of the tardive dyskinesia.

ON November 8th—the day after the New York State gubernatorial election, in which Miss Frumkin hadn't voted, and in which she hadn't expressed any interest since early June (she usually showed no interest in major events either at the hospital or in the outside world unless they directly affected her)—Miss Frumkin met with the ward social worker to discuss the bad news that she had been given by the counsellor at Transitional Services. The only placement that Miss Frumkin and the Clearview treatment team had been working toward since her admission to Creedmoor on June 16th was Transitional Services. Now that this possibility had fallen through, they had to consider alternatives. Miss Frumkin and the social worker still agreed that it would be detrimental both for her and for her parents if she went home. Miss Frumkin wasn't keen on going to a halfway house: she had been asked to leave the first halfway house in which she had been placed, many years earlier, for having a messy room. She was terrified of winding up in an adult home. She told the social worker that what she wanted most was an apartment of her own. She also admitted that she didn't think she would be able to handle an apartment. "It would probably be too much for me," she said. "If I don't even make my bed at home, I doubt I could take care of an apartment." Looking back on November of 1978 from the perspective of February of 1979, the staff at Clearview believed that November was the month in which Miss Frumkin seemed to have the greatest intellectual insight into her predicament.

In November of 1978, after Miss Frumkin was turned down by Transitional Services, a social worker asked her how she felt about applying to the Clearview Motivation Center. Miss Frumkin said she had doubts about "the hotel," as the Motivation Center was invariably called, but that it would be better than the ward. The hotel's treatment team met on November 16th to consider Miss Frumkin. They decided that they would have to see how she did on the twenty milligrams of Moban for a whole month; only two weeks had gone by since the dose had been lowered. They agreed to consider her again at the end of the month. After being turned down at Transitional Services in early November, Miss Frumkin had extracted a consolation prize from the social worker: she was to be allowed to attend the typing workshop all day and could stop going to the Day Center.

Miss Frumkin's quarrels with her family intensified in November. Some years earlier, her parents had bought her a pretty fifty-dollar bedspread, which was not washable, and had to be dry-cleaned. Mrs. Frumkin had put it in a storage closet and had put a less expensive, less attractive, washable bedspread on Sylvia's bed. When Sylvia said she wanted to use her good spread ("What was the point in buying it?"), her mother said she couldn't use it, because she never bathed and always threw the bedspread on the floor—and "dry-cleaning costs money." Mrs. Frumkin was upset by her younger daughter's sloth, by her nail-picking, and by her overeating. At the end of November, Sylvia weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. "For thirty years, I've been nice to you," Harriet Frumkin told Sylvia one weekend in November. "Now I'm not going to be nice anymore." The tension at home increased when a four-day Thanksgiving weekend stretched into six days at home: Sylvia came home on Thursday, November 23rd, caught a bad cold, and was unable to return to Creedmoor until Wednesday, November 29th. During those six days, she didn't get washed or dressed and didn't brush her teeth. She had also started to skip her medication on weekends.

The month of November at least ended more cheerfully for Miss Frumkin than it had begun. On Thursday, November 30th, she was scheduled to be screened for the hotel. A month had gone by since Dr. Sun lowered her medication. He told the hotel treatment team that he had observed that her symptoms of tardive dyskinesia had been arrested, and that although she was demanding and manipulative, she was also rather calm, communicative, and realistic. He also said she wasn't a difficult management problem. Whether or not a patient was a management problem was a matter of some concern to the hotel treatment team, because the hotel staff was small: there were frequently only two therapy aides at the hotel per shift.

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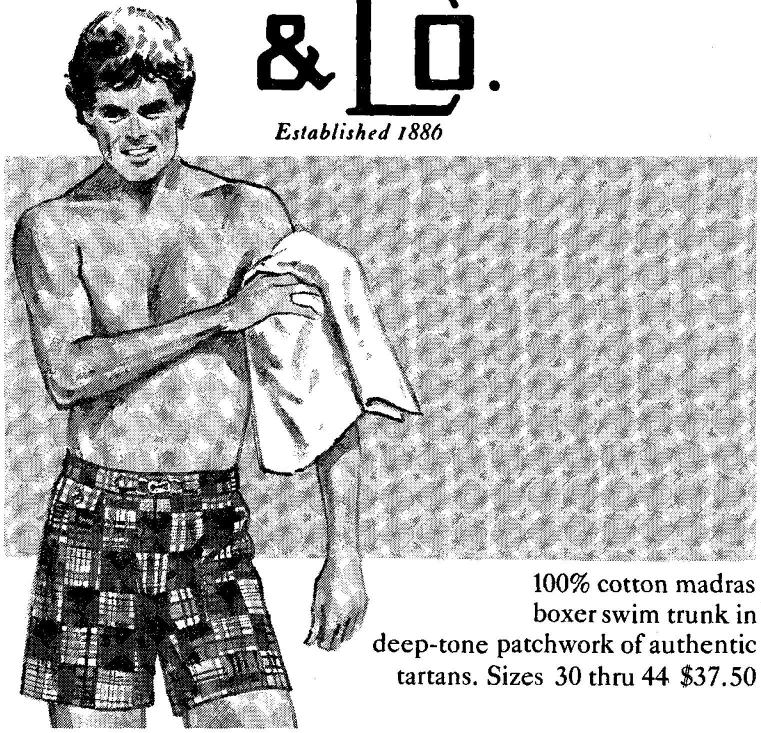

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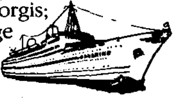

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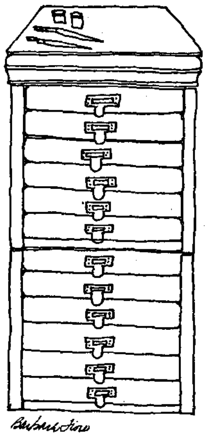
tients who no longer needed to be confined to a locked ward but could not yet be discharged directly to make the transition from the hospital to the community. The hotel not only met a real need by improving the quality of life for those patients it admitted and by helping to release them but also met a legal requirement. In 1975, the Supreme Court had decided in a landmark case that mental patients had to be kept in the least restrictive setting necessary for their well-being. Patients who didn't require confinement to locked wards were legally entitled to be housed in more open settings. The hotel team had met on the morning of November 30th to study Miss Frumkin's chart. That afternoon, the hotel treatment team and the ward treatment team met in the 043-044 chart room. The hotel's coördinator said that the members of the hotel team had seriously considered not accepting Miss Frumkin, since, in view of her history, they weren't optimistic about her chances of being discharged to the community, despite their best efforts. But, he went on to say, they had decided to accept her. "We'll try our hardest with Sylvia," he said. "At least we can provide her with a better environment than the ward."



After the coördinator had spoken, Mrs. Plotnick, who was at the meeting, said she wanted to thank the ward treatment team that had made it possible for Miss Frumkin to move from the ward to the hotel. In five and a half months at Creedmoor, Miss Frumkin had gone from being a helpless person who had to be almost continuously locked up in a seclusion room to being a person who could spend a full day in the typing workshop and be transferred to the hotel. It was perhaps indicative of the transience of Clearview's professional personnel that few of the people Mrs. Plotnick thanked on November 30th, including the treatment-team leader, the social worker, and the psychologist, had been at Clearview when Miss Frumkin was admitted. Most of the departed personnel had transferred to other wards. Although Dr. Sun, who had admitted Miss Frumkin, was still there, he, too, would be leaving soon. In the summer of 1979, he was indicted for selling more than five thousand prescriptions of Valium and Tuinal at the private clinic in the Bronx where he worked part time. In September of 1979, he pleaded guilty to conspiring to distribute controlled substances without a legitimate medical purpose—a felony. In May of 1980, Dr. Sun was placed on probation for two years on the condition that he contribute two hundred and fifty hours of community service in each of those years.

Mrs. Plotnick was as harshly critical of Creedmoor as the visitors to her unit and the patients. (The hospital's director, Dr. William L. Werner, was also a harsh critic of the institution.) Mrs. Plotnick decried Clearview's understaffing, its tawdry (and often dangerous) conditions, such as the lack of a padded seclusion room, and the many mistakes made there. One day in November when she was walking through one of the wards, she heard a mahata shout at an incontinent patient, "You're a dirty old thing!" She had recently been told by one of the treatment-team leaders that another mahata had said to a patient who had asked to watch a cartoon show on television, "You can't. I'm watching my favorite soap opera."

"Creedmoor should be so much better than it is, but it's a relatively safe place to be crazy," Mrs. Plotnick said after the meeting. "Sylvia Frumkin was much less likely to die from infection or malnutrition in Clearview than she would have been on the street. At the very least, we gave her asylum in the good sense of that word—a secure retreat."

When Miss Frumkin was called into the chart room and informed that she would be admitted to the hotel, she appeared joyful. "Thank heavens, knock on wood," she said. "The last time I was in the hotel, I made it. I went from the hotel to Transitional in February of 1977. Maybe I'll make it again."

MISS FRUMKIN was in a good mood when she moved to the Clearview hotel, at ten o'clock on December 4th. The hotel was an attractive, sprawling two-story building of dark-red brick within easy walking distance of N/4. The hotel's residents lived in single or double rooms; there was a bathroom on each floor for men and one for women. The room to which Miss Frumkin was assigned had two beds. Her spirits became even brighter when she learned that for the time being she would not have a roommate. Miss Frumkin often describes herself as a loner, and says forthrightly that she has no use for roommates. Not only can she not stand smoke but she likes to stay up later than most people and doesn't want to have to accommodate herself to other people's living patterns.

Miss Frumkin spent the weekend of December 2nd and 3rd at home. Her parents drove her back to Creedmoor on December 4th and helped her move the few things she had in the ward and a number of belongings from home to the hotel—some books, several changes of clothes, her guitar, a portable radio (a belated birthday gift from one of her mother's friends), and her blow dryer. As Sylvia unpacked, Mrs. Frumkin said, "You've made so much progress you're back at the hotel where you started two years ago." Sylvia Frumkin always hears what her mother says, but sometimes she decides to ignore her mother's thrusts. She preferred to dwell on the positive aspects of being in the hotel and out of the ward. Her room was austere—it was furnished with only the beds, two dressers, a closet, a washbasin, and a scatter rug—but it was preferable to a space in a dormitory. Testing the beds, Miss Frumkin said happily that both were real beds, with real box springs, and the mattresses and pillows had soft ticking, in contrast to the ward's hard beds and hard pillows. She made her choice and put clean sheets and a spread on the bed nearer the window and arranged her set of Tolkien books on her dresser top. She liked the idea of being able to sleep until seven o'clock instead of six o'clock on weekdays and as late as she pleased on the weekends she didn't go home. She looked forward to signing out of the hotel in the morning, to not having to return for a midafternoon count, and to being able to stay out as late as ten-thirty without asking special permission.

One hotel rule that Miss Frumkin recalled from 1977 was that new residents had to stay at the hotel for ten days before they could go home. Miss Frumkin seemed pleased that she would not be able to go home on the weekend of December 9th and 10th. After spending a pleasant week at typing and a pleasant Saturday sleeping late, rereading "The Lord of the Rings," and playing her guitar for the

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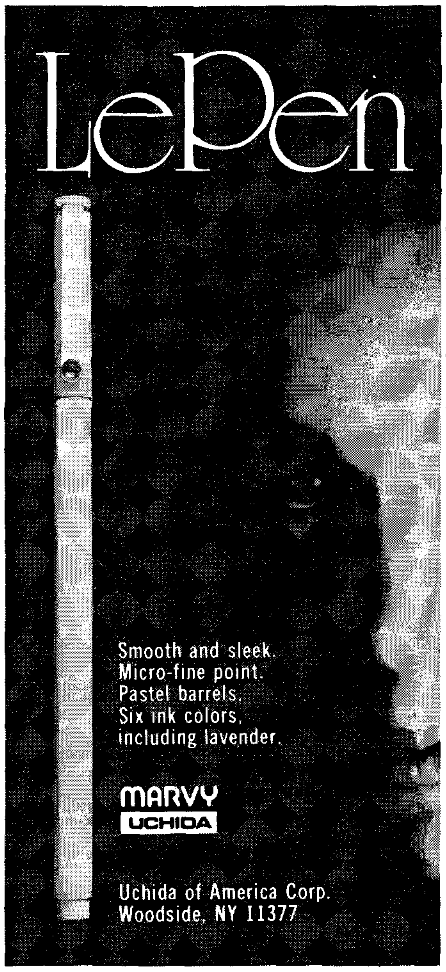
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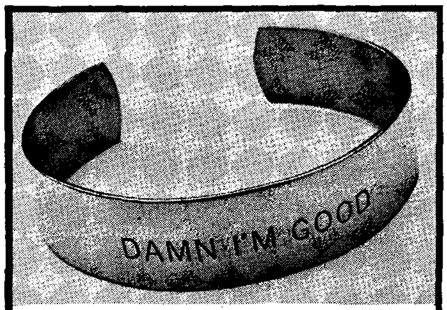

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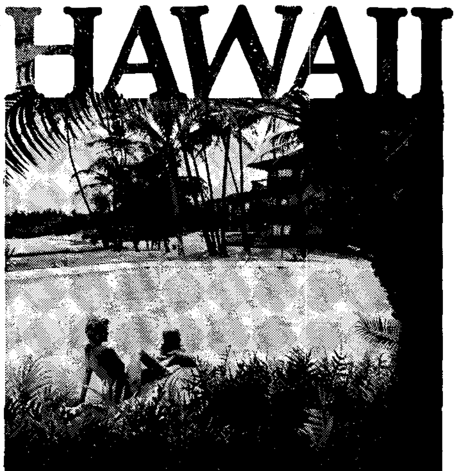
first time in over a year, Miss Frumkin went to church on Sunday morning. She had been going to a church near Creedmoor for the past several weeks without telling her parents, who would not have approved: they associated a number of Miss Frumkin's previous setbacks with religious conversions. She had been having religious dreams, which she also kept to herself. In some of her good dreams, she heard Christian music, with angels singing; in her nightmares, she saw demons. The Frumkins came to the hotel on the afternoon of Sunday, December 10th, and took Sylvia to a small store near the hospital to buy her the first new clothes she had had in a year—except for the missing Peruvian poncho. They selected a four-piece polyester set consisting of black slacks, a black vest, a white blouse, and a tan jacket with black piping. When Sylvia looked around the store and found a black skirt that matched the set almost exactly, her parents bought her that, too. The clothes were size 18, but they were well-cut and flattering, and she was happy to have them. Sicker or weller, she often expressed her resentment at having to wear other people's old clothes.

THE following week was also an agreeable one for Miss Frumkin. On December 11th, she took a typing test and scored thirty-five words a minute with fourteen errors—an improvement. For the past several weeks, she had been earning small sums of money stuffing envelopes, affixing labels to envelopes, and typing a few envelopes. On December 13th, there was a Christmas party at the typing workshop. The class had the whole day off from typing. The party began in the morning, with games like musical chairs, pin the button on Santa's nose, Simon says, and charades. A few clients cried and refused to play any games, but Miss Frumkin participated with enthusiasm, as she had at the typing workshop's Halloween party, when she enjoyed bobbing for apples and playing pin the stem on the pumpkin.

The tables at the back of the typing room had been covered with festive Christmas and Chanukkah paper tablecloths, on which a banquet had been laid out. There were platters of fried chicken and bowls of coleslaw, potato chips, pretzels, pickles, M&M's, Hershey's Kisses, and pitchers of punch. Miss Frumkin ate more than anyone else. "I'll diet after Christmas," she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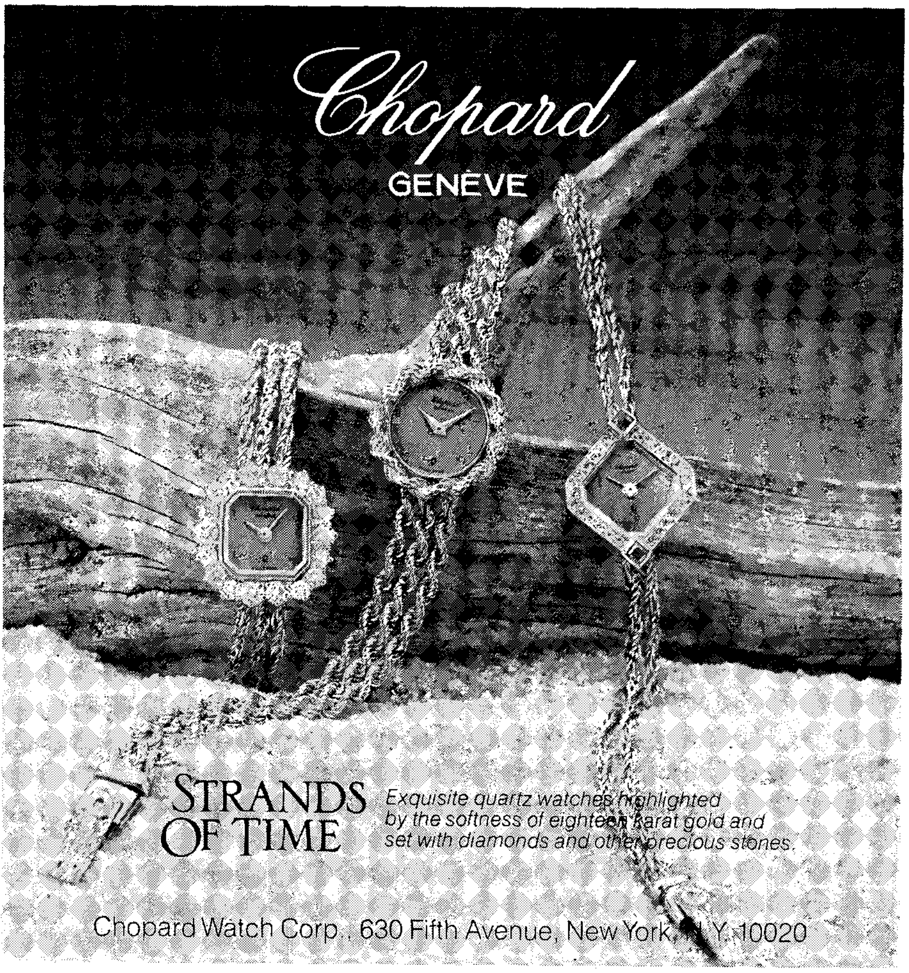
said to a client who had commented, "Six handfuls of M&M's, Sylvia, six handfuls."

Miss Frumkin seemed preoccupied after she had finished eating. A talent show had been planned for the early afternoon. She was to play her guitar. She bit her fingernails, she twiddled her fingers, and she worried that there were fewer people present at the Christmas party than there had been at the Halloween party. She kept repeating that she hadn't played her guitar in a long time and had been up practicing until two o'clock in the morning and would have stayed up all night if a mahata on night duty at the hotel hadn't made her go to bed. She plucked at the guitar strings while the other guests were eating lunch. She was the first to perform. "Wish me luck," she said to the audience before she started to play "White Christmas." She occasionally stopped playing to shush those members of the audience who in her opinion weren't giving her their undivided attention. Her second song was "The Little Drummer Boy," which she seemed to find more difficult than her first selection. She made a mistake, asked, "Can we please start over?," started over, made another mistake, and asked the audience's permission to begin again. Finally, one of the clients said, "Enough is enough, Sylvia." She then got through the song without any serious mistakes. In September, Miss Frumkin had asked Mrs. Gruen if she could be Santa Claus at the Christmas party. She had been given the part. She put on a Santa Claus mask, took a seat at the back of the room next to a box full of wrapped gifts, and was a jovial Santa Claus. She asked each client in the line to tell Santa how she'd been doing in typing and what she wanted for Christmas. Santa Frumkin handed out Christmas cards that had been crayoned and pasted by a local troop of Camp Fire Girls and small bottles of cologne that had been donated by a large cosmetics manufacturer. Her stint as Santa Claus over, she took off the Santa Claus mask and asked Mrs. Gruen, "Are we going to have an Easter party?" Mrs. Gruen told her it was not the time to worry about Easter—it was time for the group to sing Christmas and Chanukkah songs. After the singing, the party was over.

The following day, during the typing workshop's lunch break, Miss Frumkin walked to a beauty parlor near Creedmoor to get her hair cut. She had decided that Huntington was too far to travel, even for Jason. The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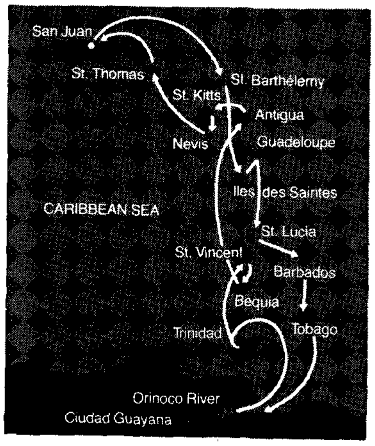
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beauty shop near Creedmoor was convenient. She liked Heidi, the young woman who cut her hair, because Heidi was friendly and also seemed to believe her when she said that she worked at Creedmoor as a secretary. That evening, the residents of Clearview's hotel were going to dinner at the home, in Manhasset, of Creedmoor's supervisor of volunteer services. Creedmoor's large bus had been reserved to transport forty hotel residents and several members of the hotel staff to and from the party. Miss Frumkin put on her new blouse, vest, pants, and jacket. The night was cold, so she also put on a brown winter coat that one of the volunteers at Jewish services had recently given her. The patients rode to Manhasset in silence. The fifteen-minute ride from Creedmoor to Manhasset turned into a forty-five-minute ride, because the bus driver had had a few drinks for the road and lost his way.

The supervisor of volunteer services' elegant Tudor house had been beautifully decorated for the holidays. The hotel residents were greeted, assisted in taking off their coats, and escorted to the recreation room, where they were seated at small tables. A dinner of barbecued chicken and barbecued ribs, salad, rolls, apple cider, and a selection of cakes, cookies, and pies was served to them. The hotel residents ate in silence. After dinner, they went upstairs and sat down in the living room, where a floor-to-ceiling tree trimmed with handmade ornaments and strings of lights sparkled prettily, and where a Juilliard student had just started to play the piano. Next, two Creedmoor volunteers sang and played the guitar. Then the hotel residents were asked if they wanted to sing solos. Miss Frumkin was the first to say she did. She sang "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." Two of the other hotel residents also sang solos. There was some group carolling, in which only a few hotel residents joined, and then it was time to reboard the bus. The hotel residents thanked the host as they filed out the front door. They boarded the bus and rode back to the hotel in silence. Over the following months, they often told their host that they had had a lovely time at his Christmas party. No one would have known it from watching them that evening. No one would have known it from seeing photographs that Mrs. Plotnick had taken of many of the hotel residents during the evening. A friend of Mrs. Plotnick's who saw the snapshots said that they brought to mind a line spoken by a character in a play she had seen many years earlier: "Wherever I go, I take myself with me, and that always spoils it." There wasn't one photograph that showed a person who was talking or smiling.

IN December, Miss Frumkin had appeared reasonably cheerful: the combination of moving to the hotel and the busyness of the holiday season seemed to contribute to her good humor. A week or so before Christmas, Harriet Frumkin had given Sylvia her bankbook. It was the first time that Miss Frumkin had had her bankbook in her possession since she surrendered it to Stephanie Fulton in July. Now that she was earning some money at the typing workshop, she went to the bank several times a week. She deposited the small sums she received every two weeks from the typing workshop, and she deposited her weekly allowance. She withdrew several dollars every few days for her expenses, taking care to keep her balance above two hundred dollars. She spent most of her money on food. In January, she became increasingly nervous and unhappy. She became very critical of the hotel. She complained that the mahatas who walked through the halls of the hotel knocking on the doors of the rooms at seven o'clock to say it was time to get up were grouchy. She found fault with the activities at the hotel. She had formerly enjoyed participating in bingo games that were held there some evenings, but she now told the hostesses from the churches that sponsored the bingo games that the prizes weren't as good as they used to be, and she told them they should bring more potato chips and fewer pretzels. She confided to one acquaintance that she no longer felt comfortable playing bingo; she thought it might be a pagan activity, a form of gambling inappropriate to Christians. Her acquaintance told her not to worry—bingo was played in churches.

In December, whenever Miss Frumkin spoke to the members of the hotel team about her discharge, she had spoken of eventually returning to Transitional Services. On January 10, 1979, during a regularly scheduled meeting of the hotel staff and its residents, Miss Frumkin suddenly informed the hotel team that she was no longer planning to go back to Transitional. She told the hotel team that Transitional Services had some advantages over the hotel. At Transitional, wakeup time was at seven-thirty instead of seven. The food was better, and the people behind the food-service counters treated you like a human being. The personnel at Transitional Services—with a few exceptions—were friendlier and let residents call them by their first names. At Transitional, you could lock the door to your room, and four women, at most, shared a bathroom instead of eight or ten. And the residents of Transitional were people who had been discharged from the hospital and were better off financially, because they could draw S.S.I., whereas the hotel residents were still Creedmoor patients and couldn't. But, she went on to tell the hotel team, Transitional Services was still on the Creedmoor grounds. It was a structured program. You usually had a roommate there. She said she was fed up with living on the hospital grounds and with being regulated. She wanted to live alone in the community—in her own apartment. The members of the team told Miss Frumkin, as tactfully as they could, that her record at Transitional Services and at the hotel indicated that a supervised setting was a more realistic living arrangement for her. They reminded her that her room at the hotel was a mess and that she resisted getting out of bed every morning. They told her politely but firmly that she wasn't ready for an apartment. Miss Frumkin repeated that nothing but her own apartment would suit her. The members of the team said they would talk to her again in a few weeks.

In late January, Miss Frumkin appeared lazier, more tense, and more argumentative. At the typing workshop, she talked too much and was so anxious that when she was given five envelopes to type at one time she made many errors. When Mrs. Gruen and Mrs. Wilcox gave her only one envelope at a time, she felt humiliated, because all the other clients were given five at a time. She picked at her fingers more—in typing, at the hotel, and at home. Some days, she bought special contour bandages and spent ten straight hours taping her fingers so that she couldn't pick at them. The following day, she would undo ten hours of labor in fifteen minutes by unwrapping the bandages. Not only didn't she want to get out of bed or clean her room, she didn't want to

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wash. The hotel staff reminded her to take showers when her body odor became offensive to others. Miss Frumkin was never popular with her peers, because she was always giving advice to others and rejecting it from them, but she became even less popular in late January. She monopolized resident group meetings at the hotel with lengthier and lengthier monologues. At one group meeting, she talked for twenty minutes about dieting. She said she was going to buy a box of Ayds vanilla caramels, because she didn't like the taste of them, instead of buying a box of chocolate-mint Ayds, which she did like and ate as if they were candy, but she then said she probably wouldn't buy Ayds in any flavor. Instead, she would join Overeaters Anonymous, Weigh of Life, or one of the other support groups for compulsive eaters, but she wasn't sure when. In the meantime, when she went to McDonald's and ordered hot-fudge sundaes with extra fudge she was hurt when she heard people in line behind her saying that McDonald's would be doing her a favor if they refused to sell her sundaes. As she was lamenting the fact that she weighed a hundred and eighty-five, an outspoken patient who had had enough of listening to her said, "The more you talk about dieting, the less you do about it, so why don't you shut up?"

The following evening, Miss Frumkin said she hadn't had any eggnog over the holidays, and went to the delicatessen to buy some. A man at the hotel had given her money to get him a sandwich and a soda. When she returned with a quart of eggnog and his order, she went to his room and invited him to eat in her room. As he ate his sandwich slowly, he watched and listened to her gulp down the whole quart in a few minutes, burping between swallows. She explained that she had had to buy a whole quart of eggnog because there were no half pints or pints of eggnog for sale at the delicatessen. The man had a girlfriend in the hotel, who was due to go to visit her sister the following weekend. Miss Frumkin suggested he take her out that Saturday night. The man agreed. Two days later, he reneged. An older woman who had had the job of working in the hotel snack bar every evening was about to be discharged from Creedmoor. Miss Frumkin knew that the job paid a dollar an evening, and applied for it. She was told she was too sloppy to handle it. The job was given to another young woman.

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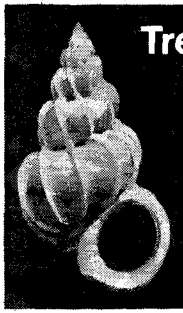

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In late January, Miss Frumkin told her acquaintances at the typing workshop that she was getting more and more obsessive. She had noticed that she was counting the number of steps she took when she walked from the hotel to the dining room, which was in a nearby building, and that she was counting the brushstrokes when she brushed her teeth—on the rare days that she did brush her teeth. She also spent two hours a day on her budget, poring over her figures, because she was always three or four cents off in her calculations.

VOLUNTARY patients at Creedmoor are supposed to be given a form to sign at least every hundred and twenty days to indicate their wish to remain in the hospital. On January 24th, Miss Frumkin was given the form and didn't hesitate to scrawl her name on it. If she had asked for her release then—or, for that matter, if she had asked for her release in September, October, November, or December—she would have been discharged, "against medical advice." Clearview's psychiatrists believed that Miss Frumkin could benefit from a continued stay at the hotel, to prepare for her gradual reëntry into the community, or they would have already discharged her, but they would not have contested her request for a release if she had asked for one. The psychiatrists would not have wanted to go to court to testify that Miss Frumkin was dangerous to herself or others, because she clearly had coping skills in the fall of 1978 and the winter of 1979 which she had lacked when she was admitted to the hospital the previous June 16th.

Five days after signing the voluntary form, Miss Frumkin had a demonic nightmare. Afterward, she told an employee at the hotel that she had got down on her knees and had found Christ again. The next day, she told an acquaintance at the typing workshop that she had had enough of everything and that she wanted to make a clean break with things. The acquaintance wasn't sure what Miss Frumkin meant. She knew how volatile and changeable Miss Frumkin was, and knew that she took a certain pleasure in being mysterious.

On the night of Tuesday, February 6th, it began to snow in New York City. The snow fell softly and steadily all through the night. Miss Frumkin put her nightgown on that evening, but she didn't go to sleep. She stayed

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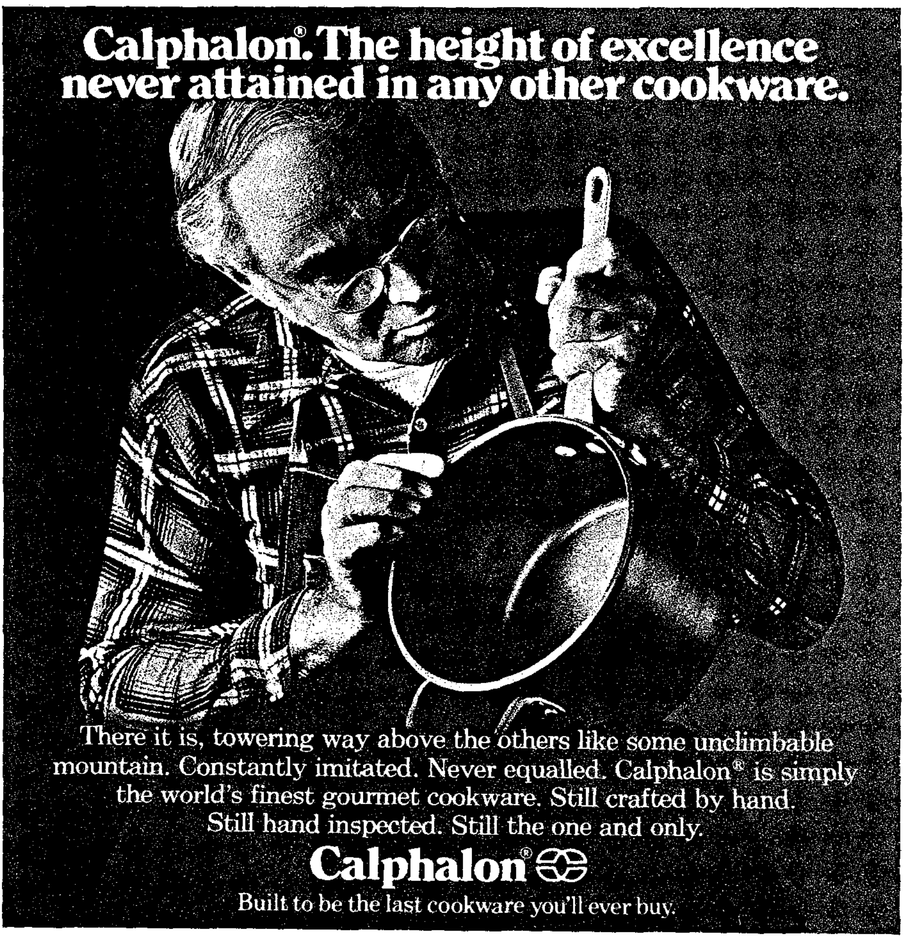

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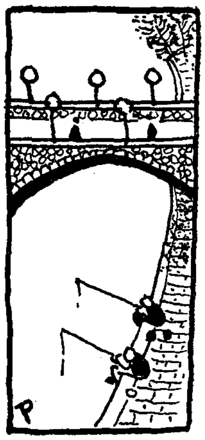
up all night reading the Bible, rustling the pages of the New Testament noisily. For the first time in months, Miss Frumkin heard voices. The voices told her to leave the hospital immediately.

At seven o'clock the next morning, when a hotel mahata knocked on her door to tell her it was "that time again," Miss Frumkin didn't dally. It was still snowing. She put on her new black skirt. "Ladies don't wear slacks," she said to an acquaintance at the hotel, although she had worn nothing but slacks for months. She put on a blouse, a jacket, a coat, and a pair of boots. She took her big pocketbook with her. She went to get her morning medication—the ten milligrams of Moban—and walked out of the hotel. Around ten o'clock that evening, a hotel mahata on the four-to-twelve-thirty shift realized that she hadn't seen Miss Frumkin since she came on duty. Hotel residents often stayed out in the community until ten-thirty, so she wasn't worried. At eleven, when Miss Frumkin still hadn't returned, the hotel mahata called Irving and Harriet Frumkin to ask if Sylvia had by any chance come home. She hadn't. The mahata then called the Safety Department to report her missing. She made out an incident report saying that Miss Frumkin had gone on a leave without consent. Harriet Frumkin called Joyce and several friends to ask if they had heard from Sylvia that day. They hadn't.



On the morning of February 8th, Miss Frumkin had still not returned to the hotel. The hotel's social worker called Mrs. Frumkin; Sylvia still hadn't come home, either. The social worker then called the typing workshop and asked Mrs. Wilcox if Miss Frumkin had been there on February 7th. Mrs. Wilcox said she hadn't. She explained to the social worker that under normal circumstances she would have telephoned the hotel to ask where Miss Frumkin was, but that so many people were absent on the seventh because of the heavy snow that she hadn't called the numerous absentees. The Frumkins were frantic. They telephoned the Missing Persons Squad and spent most of the day on the telephone with their friends. They tried to recall what Sylvia had told them about her life at Creedmoor in recent weeks. They remembered that she had spoken of wanting to have lunch with Edith, one of the out-patients who attended the typing workshop. They called Edith at home. She hadn't heard from Sylvia. The Frumkins remembered that Sylvia had complained that a Creedmoor patient named Larry had been bothering her for dates. The social worker called Larry's ward. He hadn't left the grounds on the seventh or the eighth, and knew nothing about Sylvia's disappearance.

On the morning of the ninth, the Frumkins learned from a detective in the Missing Persons Squad that Sylvia had withdrawn two hundred dollars from her bank on February 7th. The balance in her account was now only thirty-four dollars. The detectives told Mrs. Frumkin that Sylvia hadn't been able to withdraw that sum, because the thirty-four dollars consisted of checks she had recently deposited, which hadn't yet cleared. The knowledge that Sylvia had taken two hundred dollars with her on her flight was anything but reassuring to her parents.

The Frumkins and the Clearview staff spent some time that Friday speculating on the reasons for Sylvia's sudden departure. Some of the staff believed that after her meeting with the hotel team on January 10th, when she told the team that she wanted an apartment and was informed that she wasn't ready for one, she had felt thwarted. After a month, she had assimilated the news, had felt she was at the end of her rope, and had taken off. Some people conjectured that she might have been more hurt than she let on when the man at the hotel declined to take her out and when she was bypassed for the job in the hotel snack bar. Mrs. Plotnick believed that by early February she was beginning to feel the effects of the drastic reduction in her medication which had taken place in early November. Mrs. Plotnick had learned from observing many patients over the years that the majority of patients felt well for the first month after they stopped taking their medication: the medication's unpleasant side effects ceased, and their psychotic symptoms didn't reappear, because there was a considerable amount of medication left in their systems. As a result, many patients thought they hadn't needed the medication in the first place. During the second month off medication, many patients began to decompensate. By the third month, many were psychotic. Because Miss Frumkin was so heavy, she probably had a good deal of medication stored in her fatty tissues, so it was not surprising that it had taken her three months to hear voices.

On the evening of Friday, February 9th, the doctor covering the Clearview hotel formally discharged Miss Frumkin from Creedmoor. She was a voluntary patient who had been missing almost seventy-two hours. He wouldn't be at the hotel on Saturday, when she would have been gone for precisely seventy-two hours—he wouldn't be back at the hospital before Monday—and regulations required that voluntary patients be discharged as soon as they had been gone that long. If Sylvia Frumkin returned before the seventy-two hours were up, his discharge could always be voided by the doctor on call on Saturday. After the doctor covering the hotel discharged Miss Frumkin, he telephoned the Frumkins and the Safety Department.

Not long after the doctor called the Frumkins to tell them that Sylvia had been discharged from Creedmoor, their telephone rang again. Mr. Frumkin answered the telephone. A man was on the line. His name was George Klopfer, and he assured Irving Frumkin that his daughter was safe. Klopfer and his wife, Nellie, had taken Miss Frumkin into their home in 1975, at another critical time in her life, and they had agreed to do so again when she turned up at their house, in upstate New York, on February 7th. The Klopfers were born-again Christians. They believed that Miss Frumkin was possessed by demons. The next morning, Miss Frumkin telephoned her parents. She sounded very happy. She called them several times over the next few days. Each time she called, she said, "With Jesus Christ, everything is going to work out fine." —Susan Sheehan

(This is the second part of a four-part article.)

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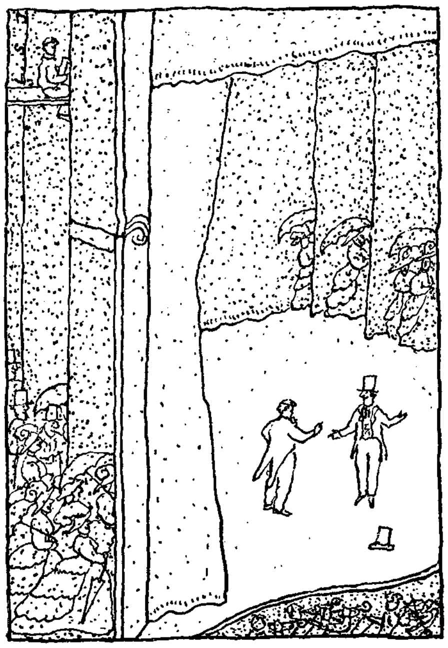
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

NO matter what you may have read about “Cloud 9,” at the De Lys, it is not the kind of tedious exercise in camp that has afflicted Off Broadway over the past few years. The show, a British import written by Caryl Churchill, was described in a press release as “a comedy of sexual confusion,” which is accurate enough, but it is truly humorous and clever for all that. The first of its two acts is set in Africa, at some outpost of Empire, in 1880, and the second in a London park a hundred years later, yet the characters—among them three members of a family, who appear in both acts—are only twenty-five years older. Actors appear in female roles, and actresses in male ones. Some switch sexes during the intermission. A young wife named Betty (the leading role) is played by an actor, Željko Ivanek, in Act I and by an actress, E. Katherine Kerr, in Act II. In the first act, done at the breakneck pace of farce, there is much coupling and uncoupling, as adultery, homosexuality, lesbianism, pederasty, incest, and whatever else comes to mind are lightly touched on, and everybody is miserable and guilty. In present-day, liberated London, the same sexual changes are rung, but the style subtly changes to a more realistic, quiet comedy, with openness of feeling, and at the end everybody is happy and contented—perhaps a little too happy, a little too sweet and sunny.

I was so taken with all the funny lines and monkey business that it never occurred to me until quite near the final curtain that Miss Churchill had anything serious in mind. Yet there is real emotion here, along with some disposable sentimentality. There is also, it must be said, far too much writing—too many jokes carried beyond their natural cutoff point and (once more) too many monologues. I’d settle for no monologues at all, except a lovely soliloquy at the end about a woman’s finding herself, which is beautifully spoken by Miss Kerr. Nevertheless, what makes the play remarkable is the wit of the lines. Miss Churchill has a naturally satirical pen, she is a most original writer, and in this instance she has been fortunate in her company, and most fortunate in her director, the incomparable Tommy Tune, who presides over the proceedings with understanding and with a wit to match her own. All the performances are good. Nicolas Surovy in Act I is a young scion of Empire who, after much too long in the bush, presents himself at the family’s house and, striking the usual Victorian poses, seduces everyone in sight; in Act II, he is the sympathetic husband of the family daughter, who, on the road to liberation, goes off to live with a lesbian. Veronica Castang, the lesbian of Act II, is a stuffy live-in mother-in-law in Act I. Concetta Tomei starts out as an adolescent boy, given to hugging dolls, and ends up as his own sister, who is married to the second Surovy character. (Have I your attention?) Jeffrey Jones is both Victorian paterfamilias and his own homosexual grown son. Miss Kerr has already appeared as a neurotic governess and as a sexy widow before she gets to that soliloquy at the end. And funniest of all is Don Amendolia, who doubles as a burly, insinuating, gunbearing African servant and a burly, raucous, hairy little Cockney girl. The ingenious sets are by Lawrence Miller; the effective, funny costumes are by Michel Stuart and Gene London; and the effective lighting is by Marcia Madeira. “Cloud 9” could well become a kind of cult show, but it needn’t; it is better than that.

NED AND JACK of Sheldon Rosen’s “Ned and Jack,” which closes the season at the Hudson Guild, are meant to be (would that I could say “are”) Edward Sheldon—the dramatist who wrote “Salvation Nell” for Mrs. Fiske and “Romance” for Doris Keane—and John Barrymore, Sheldon’s closest friend and, in a sense, his protégé; it was Sheldon who insisted that Barrymore recognize the power of his talent and use it in serious roles. So much for history. The action of the play takes place in Sheldon’s apartment, late at night, on November 17, 1922, right after the opening of Barrymore’s “Hamlet” on Broadway, and right after Sheldon has been told by his doctor that he has a progressive arthritis that will end in total paralysis. At the beginning, he and Ethel Barrymore are waiting for John and discussing him in an expository manner. After a while, John enters, drunk and in his Hamlet tights. After he has read the *Times* notice to both of them and Ethel has praised his performance (“You were breathtaking”), she leaves for another celebration. During the rest of the evening, the two men reminisce about a trip they once took to Italy, recall the women they’ve loved and lost, and discuss their friendship and their devotion to each other. Much drinking on John’s part, and when Ned finally breaks his bad news John goes momentarily mad with rage and grief and booze. All ends (some time later) in tears and bleak sobriety.



Plays about real people, which I mostly don’t think much of unless they happen to be Henry IV, Part I, have to succeed on two counts: (1) We must believe in the characters. (2) We must also believe that the characters are their illustrious prototypes. Score for “Ned and Jack”: (1) On and off. (2) Not a chance. Mr. Rosen’s play, while never distinguished or stylish, is seldom boring, and only occasionally anachronistic. It is acted as capably as it deserves to be by Peter Michael Goetz as Barrymore, Dwight Schultz as Sheldon, and Barbara Caruso as Ethel Barrymore, but impersonation is out of the question. Colleen Dewhurst directed. Set by James Leonard Joy, costumes by David Murin, lighting by Robby Monk. —EDITH OLIVER

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PITIFUL LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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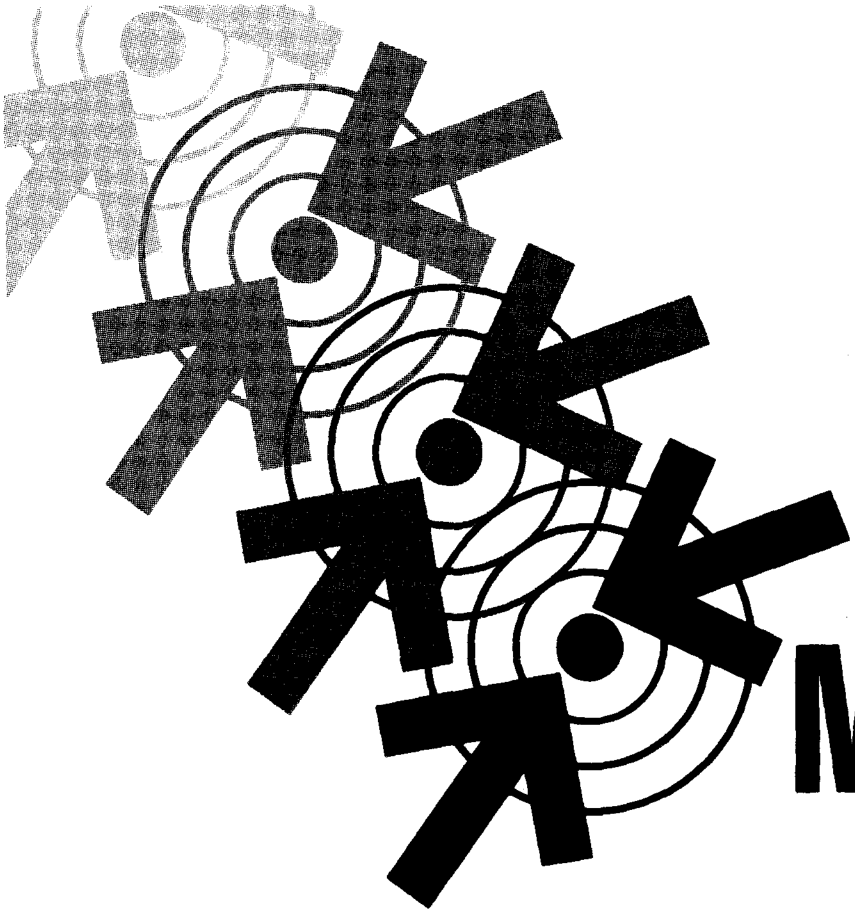

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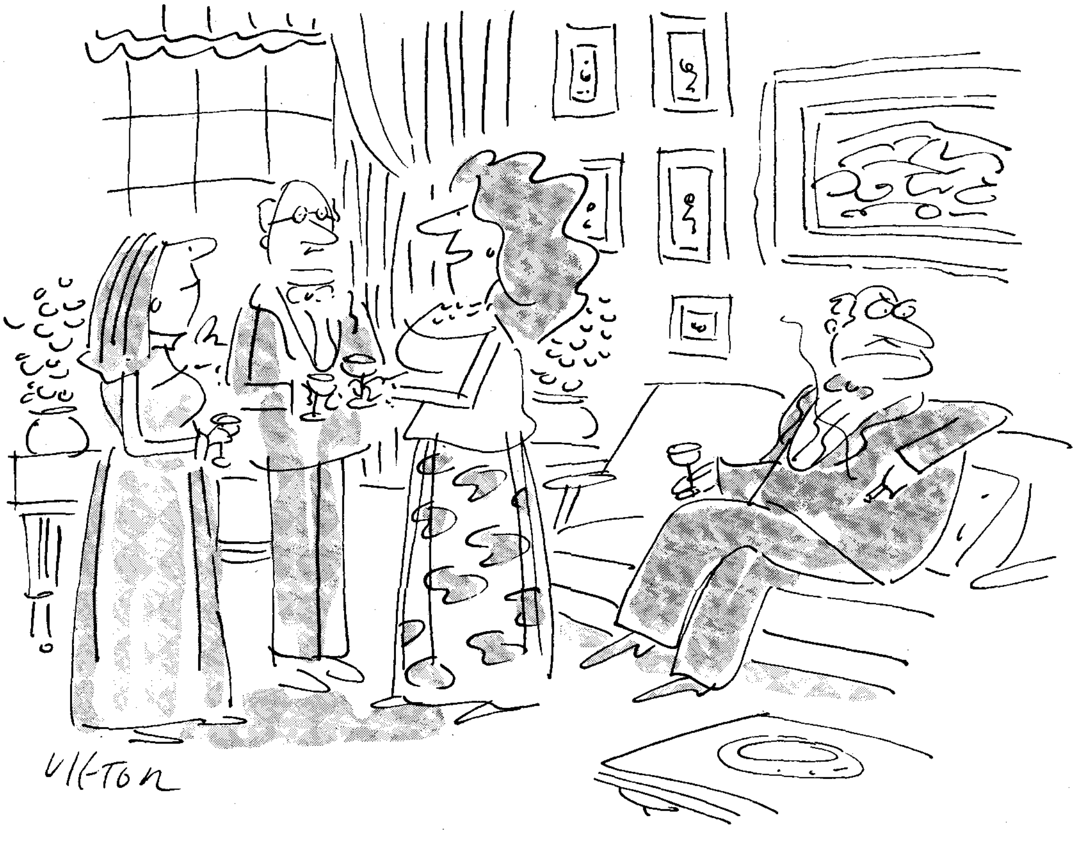
MUSICAL EVENTS

Triangle

THE Scots-born composer Iain Hamilton has made his home in New York since 1961. Some of his instrumental works have been heard here: his "Aurora" was premièred at Carnegie Hall in 1975, and this year, in March, his Third Piano Sonata was given its first performance at the Abraham Goodman House. But his major achievements, his six completed operas, have not been heard in New York. (Washington University, in St. Louis, gave his one-act "dramatic commentary" "Pharsalia" in 1970.) In Britain, his operas have recently been well received. "The Catiline Conspiracy" (1973) was staged by Scottish Opera in 1974. Its success led to the production of "The Royal Hunt of the Sun" (1967) by the English National Opera at the London Coliseum in 1977, and to two major commissions: a radio opera, from the BBC, and a full-length stage work, from the English National Opera. The BBC piece, "Tamburlaine," was broadcast in 1977, and has been adapted by the composer for stage performance. The work for the English National Opera, "Anna Karenina," was given its first performance at the London Coliseum last month.

Mr. Hamilton has written his own librettos for his dramatic works, making use of texts by Ben Jonson (in "The Catiline Conspiracy") and Marlowe (in "Tamburlaine"), and in the case of "Royal Hunt" adapting Peter Shaffer's play with the author's permission. Tolstoy's novel offered a special challenge. It has been considered as a subject by some important twentieth-century operatic composers: Puccini apparently put it on a list of possible operas; Janáček began a version, for which some sketches survive; and Britten received a libretto by Colin Graham based on the novel, but never began work. Lesser composers did finish settings: the New Grove entry on Tolstoy lists operas by Sassano, Granelli, Malherbe, Hubay, Robbiani, and Goldbach, some of which have been performed. In adapting "Anna Karenina" for the stage, Mr. Hamilton decided to concentrate—as various filmed versions have done—on the central love triangle: Karenin, Anna, and her lover, Vronsky. One major character from the book, the Tolstoy-like Levin, never appears; his wife, Kitty, appears briefly as Vronsky's intended bride, but the relationship between her and Levin, which parallels that of Anna and Vronsky, is absent. After a first scene at a Moscow railway station, in which the accidental death of a railwayman is felt as an omen by Anna, Act I establishes the relationship between Anna and Vronsky; she admits it to her husband, and tells Vronsky that she's pregnant. In Act II, Karenin refuses Anna a divorce; Anna considers the anguish of leaving her son; she gives birth, becomes delirious, and, at her bedside, Vronsky and Karenin are temporarily reconciled. In Act III, Anna, now increasingly disturbed, refuses to accept a divorce from Karenin; he, a broken man, refuses to offer it again; Anna quarrels with Vronsky; and in the railway station she recalls the omen and throws herself under the train that is bringing him back to her.

Each act is planned so that it finds a focus in "set-piece" numbers; in Act II, for example, Anna's lullaby for her son and an extended trio for Karenin, Vronsky, and Anna's brother Stiva provide important musical episodes. This outline is skillfully contrived, and on the whole it is effective. But it lacks both the broad background of the original—there are no great historical scenes, such as animate Prokofiev's opera "War and Peace"—and the precise historical, social, and cultural details that might make Anna's dilemma vivid. Only the complications of the Russian attitude toward divorce (spelled out in very large type in the program book) and the local color of the ball at Prince Sherbatsky's provide an acute feeling of time and place. Mr. Hamilton seems to have intended this to be a simple love story. He writes in the May issue of *The Musical Times*, "In 'Anna Karenina' one thing matters above all else—love. It is born, rejoiced in, suffered through, betrayed,



"Yes, we owe everything to the fact that Winston was never a good sport."

and finally lost." He provides a clue to his choice of story when he adds that "it is not easy to find a love story suitable for operatic treatment which has not already been used." In his music, Mr. Hamilton has—perhaps appropriately for his theme—moved away from the astringency of "Royal Hunt" toward an idiom based firmly on diatonic keys and tonal centers. He has used a variety of motifs, chords, and textures to characterize individuals and incidents. He tends to leave these motifs aside when developing a set-piece scene, aria, or ensemble, but elsewhere he uses them to unify the score. The opera begins and ends in D (though, it sounds to me, with a dark tinge of B minor); D is also Anna's key, while the love of Anna and Vronsky is characterized by a bright A major, in which the first act ends. Vronsky's own key, E-flat, distorts the D-major harmony at the end of Act II, in a duet when their love has begun to sour.

One result of Mr. Hamilton's emphasis on tonal structure is music of a consistently ingratiating beauty and shapeliness which it would be hard to find bettered in contemporary opera. The vocal lines are often difficult but always rewarding, and the orchestral writing is outstandingly lyrical and attractive. Interludes link the scenes, shifting the mood subtly from exhilaration to doubt, and, later, from doubt to despair. In these sections, Mr. Hamilton makes use of a rich palette of orchestral color; during the vocal sections the accompaniments are subdued without becoming dull. The undercurrent of tension generated by the orchestral writing is one of the opera's best features. The word-setting is always natural and clear, with rhythms that help accentuation and meaning. But the London Coliseum is a large theatre, and on the first night not everything came across. (That may have increased my feeling that the opera's story is too schematic.) The director was Colin Graham. For the first time in many years, the Coliseum's stage had a revolving section; Mr. Graham and the designer, Ralph Koltai, took the opportunity to turn it constantly, placing many of the scenes in segments around the stage. I found the visual effect, particularly in the generally sombre light, confusing; the function of freestanding doors dotted about the stage was not altogether clear. But the absence of blackouts emphasized the continuity of the score, and the return to full-stage setting for

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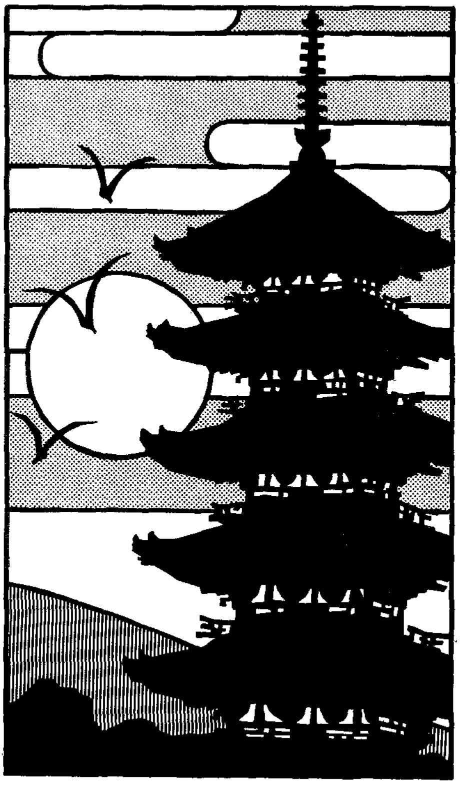

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**From Bill Fine "Travel & Leisure"*

the final, dreamlike scene in the station gave Mr. Graham the opportunity for a fine coup de théâtre as the three dazzling, penetrating lights of the train bore down on Anna—and us—from the back of the stage.

Mr. Graham had a difficult task establishing the credibility of all his characters, for Mr. Hamilton has drawn them with similarly warm, lyrical lines. Lois McDonall, the Canadian soprano for whom the title role was written, initially sounded remote and unvivacious, but she rose to fine heights of passion in her scenes of delirium and anxiety. In the third act, the characterization was again less successful, but her voice remained vibrant and strong, and she shaped Mr. Hamilton's grateful lines with complete conviction. Her words were not as audible as those of Geoffrey Pogson's Vronsky; his singing was a model of clarity throughout the evening. His character, though, like Geoffrey Chard's Karenin, remained ill defined: the beguiling attractiveness of the one and the repressed viciousness of the other were softened into blandness. There was excellent playing of smaller parts by Della Jones, as Stiva's wife, Dolly, and by Jason Hughes, as Anna's son. Many of the rest were ciphers. Howard Williams, who conducted, drew fine playing from the orchestra, and filled the score with warmth, dark colors, and tragic beauty. There is something too smooth, too even, and too simplistic in "Anna Karenina," but the opera makes an effective and pleasurable evening in the theatre.

IN New York, the American Composers Orchestra, for the last concert of its season at Tully Hall, produced an outstandingly lively and substantial program, which was sold out. The main box-office attraction was the pianist Keith Jarrett, who played Alan Hovhaness's "Lousadzak" Concerto, of 1944. This turned out to be the flimsiest—though also the prettiest—piece of the evening. It dates from a period when Mr. Hovhaness was exploring Armenian music, and the keyboard writing imitates three native Armenian instruments, the tar and the saz (varieties of lute) and the kanun (a kind of zither). The result is a great deal of twittering and twanging over a very small range of the piano, with lots of repeated notes and octaves that sound more decorative than purposeful. The strings hum quietly in the background, the piano flutters with constant activity, and that, for seventeen minutes, is that. Mr. Jarrett was a cool yet incisive soloist. The concerto followed Ralph Shapey's "Rituals" (1959), the toughest piece in the concert. I have not heard enough of this composer's output to form an impression of its quality. (Mr. Shapey banned all performances of his music between 1969 and 1976.) On the evidence of "Rituals," his is an individual and important voice. The layout of the orchestra is unusual (wind soloists around the conductor, violas in front of violins, percussion at the sides of the stage, double-basses at the back), and the strength of the music is unmistakable. The striding unisons and insistent rhythms are complemented by gentle lines for solo winds which mesh into an intricate polyphonic design and by odd overlapping fragments for the string sections—all washed away by a wild climax (featuring standing saxophonists and a pounding pianist) at the end of the short second movement. Even though this conclusion is, to my ears, overstated, and though the whole has little of the static, hierarchic quality that I associate with a ritual, the music seemed to me profoundly felt, clearly imagined, and overwhelming.

The evening's new work was "Sequoia," by Joan Tower—an ambitious, energetic, and exhausting portrait of the great tree of California. The bustling activity of this score seemed never to stop: jabbing chords in Stravinskian rhythms, thrusting melodies (an especially memorable one for the violins, leaping upward through a couple of octaves), and washes of color from harp and percussion. Even in its quieter moments, the tiny wisps of music kept in motion, like branches pushed to and fro by the wind. Too much of the harmonic language was derivative; it suggested a bridge that I had never imagined could be constructed between the Stravinsky of "The Rite of Spring" and the Messiaen of "Turangalîla." The score had vigor and imagination, but often I felt lost in it. One technical limitation was suggested by the crystal-clear and finely balanced Sixth Symphony of William Schuman, which followed the intermission: there is too little light and shade in Miss Tower's piece, too little empty space against which the inventiveness of the writing could project. Mr. Schuman's one-movement Symphony, of 1948, is accomplished. It has a mood of uneasiness, of assertion broken by self-doubt. Only in the slow section that lies in the middle of

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the score does it run out of steam (at least, it did in this performance); the music's spirit is beautifully summed up in the final cadence, with quiet E-minor and E-major chords mingling and clashing. Throughout the evening, the American Composers Orchestra played with a strength and commitment that worked wonders for the music, though there were moments of roughness. The orchestra was invigorated by the direction of Dennis Russell Davies, whose conducting appears to have become, during his recent months in Stuttgart, more flexible and more expressive, without losing any of its clarity and insistence.

TWO recent solo recitals provided outstanding pleasures but were heard by small audiences. At the Greenwich House Music School, Joshua Pierce devoted the second half of a recital to the Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Piano by John Cage. In these pieces, of 1946–48, everything is controlled. The piano is modified with bits of rubber and plastic, metal bolts, and erasers, according to meticulous instructions, and the composer uses the gently percussive, jangling sounds that result to create a magical variety of timbres and colors. At times, the piano resonates like a one-man gamelan orchestra; at others, just one "register" of sounds is used, to create a concentrated expressive effect. The sixteen sonatas and four interludes last about an hour; they explore thematic fragments, set up hypnotic patterns, and hint at short-breathed melodies. Nothing could be further from the jokey image of the random sounds produced by a prepared piano than these careful little essays. Mr. Pierce played them with respect and reserve, as if handling porcelain.

At the Abraham Goodman House, the violinist Wanda Wilkomirska gave an enthralling account of Bartók's solo Sonata. Her sound was firm and vibrant, providing a rich edge even to the quick, scuttering notes of the fast movements; in the third movement she bent the pitches, giving a powerful feel of the folk music that underlies the score. The strength of her playing stretched the music to its limits, but her architectural sense made each phrase part of a rise or fall. She sustained this intensity through the rest of the program, which was devoted to unaccompanied works for violin by Bach, Prokofiev, and Hindemith: a commanding achievement.

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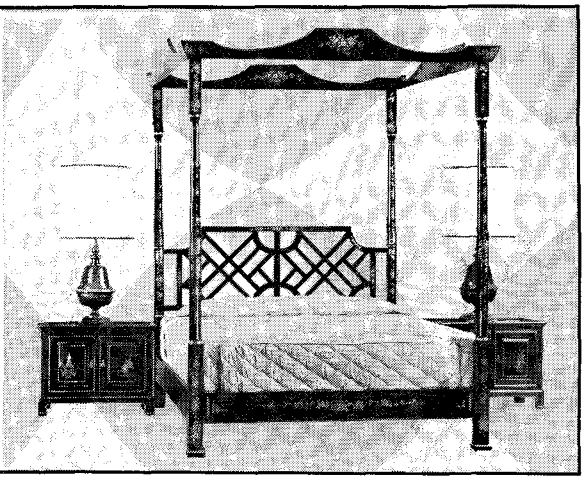

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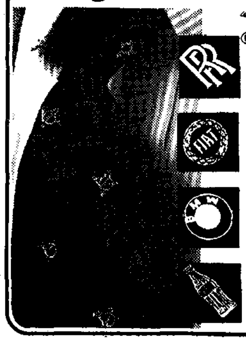

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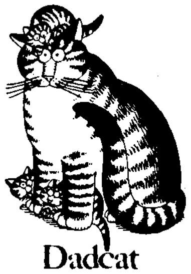

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sad Songs

NEAR the beginning of "This Is Elvis," the nineteen-year-old rockabilly singer Elvis Presley has a ducktail pompadour, long sideburns, and a young, hot redneck swagger; his lids are heavy and his expression is provocative—smoldering, teasing. It's the mid-fifties, and he gives country music and Negro rhythm-and-blues songs a lightning-bright attack and a frenzied fast beat. You can see his eagerness to shock people and deliver the message: good times, pleasure. His lip curls in a half grin as he gyrates; his sexual energy is like laughter busting out because it can't be held in anymore. He enjoys the impudence; it's part of the music—the new part, what's going to get a generation jumping. By the end of the picture, in 1977, the heavyset, forty-two-year-old celebrity-god Elvis Presley is a gulping, slurring crooner, faltering on the lyrics of "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" He wears studded jumpsuits that rival Liberace's splendor, and waves fingers with rings the size of doorknobs. His head has blown up more than his body; he looks like Nero, and he sweats so much that his face seems to be melting away. There's no assault or danger or exuberance in his overmiked wailing; he might be just another Las Vegas entertainer singing "My Way" and coming on sincere and humble, if it weren't for the dissolving face that recalls De Palma's pop-culture horror movie "Phantom of the Paradise."

"This Is Elvis" is a pop-culture horror movie of a different kind. We witness the transformation of a young whirlwind performer into a bloated druggie with dead eyes, yet the middle-aged audiences at Presley's latter-day appearances are even more hysterically excited than the young crowds at his early ones. What, exactly, are they shrieking for? It can't be his bored glissandos; it must be that they're excited simply to be in the presence of this sick, liquefying idol. After almost a decade of making movies and recording, Presley gave up his highly lucrative movie career in 1968, because he knew it was a betrayal of his music. (He starred in thirty-one movies, which ranged from mediocre to putrid, and just about in that order.) He wanted to get into contact with live audiences again—he wanted to feel good again. And he came back with some startling TV specials: his energy was explosive, and his voice seemed richer and more passionate. He'd grown up. But he was so big a name that live performances meant Las Vegas, Madison Square Garden, the Cow Palace, the Houston Astrodome. By the time he started touring, in 1970, the Beatles and the Rolling Stones and Vietnam had changed the music scene. He was still the king, but what he stood for was nostalgia for the fifties. He got, basically, his old audience, grown sentimental. He was caught: after all the years of Colonel Tom Parker's management, he was programmed to sell himself out.

There's another layer of horror in this movie: the people who assembled it—the executive producer, David L. Wolper, and Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt, who are credited with having written, produced, and directed it, and Colonel Parker, who is credited as technical adviser—don't give any indication that they're aware of a difference between the music of the young Elvis and the bland, throbbing tear-jerkers that come out of the bloated Elvis; one of the many narrators assures us that whatever Elvis did to himself, his voice was never affected. The movie packagers' attitude toward him is much like that of three of his bodyguards, who, after being fired, wrote a book exposing him as a bad-tempered pillhead; two of them are interviewed in the movie, and they see him as a man who had it made, who had everything *they* wanted in the palm of his hand, and so they can't understand why he couldn't just be happy. That is basically the "mystery" that Leo and Solt offer up: Why wasn't Elvis Presley happy with his success? What they show us—when they stick to footage of Elvis himself—is the raw material for a movie about a singer with a superabundance of restless American energy who lost his way and couldn't, or at least didn't, find a route back. (Maybe Elvis had become so rich and famous that there was no route back.) But we have to fill in the gaps and piece together this story for ourselves. The movie doesn't deal with Elvis the artist. Leo and Solt don't give any hint of the effort that the young perfectionist craftsman put into a song to make it his, or of the dozens of takes he did before he was satisfied with a record. And they don't show the process by which the music was watered down and Elvis became Colonel Parker's cheesecake movie star who made as much as thirty-five million dollars a year and was contemptuous of everyone, including himself.

The *movie is a monstrosity. When*ever someone announces the creation of a new form—the nonfiction novel or the docudrama or Ralph Bakshi's innovative animation (which means tracing live action) or, as in the case of "This Is Elvis," "the first theatrical movie to tell a story by blending existing footage with historically accurate re-creations"—watch your wallet. The announcement may signify that con artist and artist coexist in the same body and are playing devious games with each other or that, as in the cases of Bakshi and of Leo and Solt, something really scuzzy is going on. "This Is Elvis" is Elvis Presley and four other guys thrown in to impersonate Elvis at periods of his life that weren't recorded on film, and the voice of a fifth guy, to impersonate Elvis as a narrator; and there are actors impersonating members of the Presley family and other people who figured in his life, and actors supplying voices for those actors in the narration.

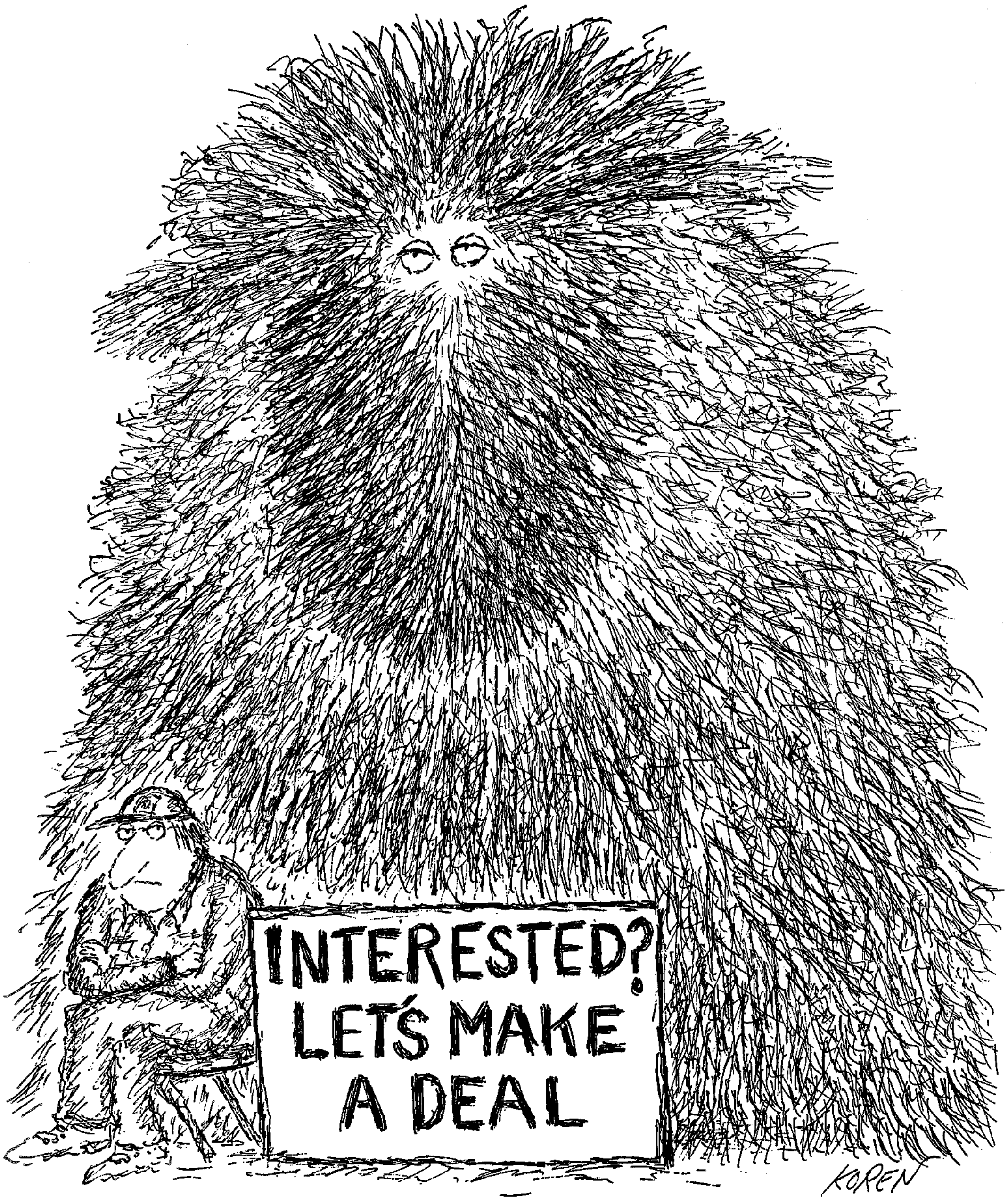
The material that Leo and Solt have written and directed—mostly Presley's childhood and teens—seems insultingly dumb. What the actors and voices dish up is a batch of inanities, generalities, and—arguably—fabrications. It doesn't add to the powerful images of Elvis himself (seen in films, concert footage, TV kinescopes, newsreels, and home movies). It takes away. And maybe that's what it's meant to do. I'm not suggesting that what is clearly lumpy and inept is actually Machiavellian; what I mean is that the purpose of the "re-creations" is to make Elvis Presley seem an ordinary boy. When the film cuts from the two young Elvis impersonators to the real Elvis, at nineteen, singing to a crowd, there's a charge in his face and body, and there's something blanked out from us—sealed off. This isn't the later version of the innocuous kids we've been watching. The re-creations try to turn Presley into much less than he was, so that movie audiences will more readily identify with him. They deny Elvis his singularity, his drive, and his tragedy.

He's too strong for them, though. There's an authentic mystery about him: when we see footage from his early Hollywood movies, he's only a kid of twenty-one or two, yet he has the zonked eyes of his later years and he seems to be alive only from the waist down. He walks through his starring roles with his face somnolent and masked; you don't have a clue to what he's thinking. (He was a terrible actor. He must have understood that he would never amount to diddly in these crum-bum movies, and been resentful and bored.) At twenty-three, he was inducted into the Army, and the newsreel footage of him being given a G.I. haircut and during the two years of his service (1958 to 1960) shows him more open-faced than at any other time. The sneering, Greek-statue look he had in his movies disappears; he's leaner, and his smile is boyish. But as soon as he's out of the Army and resumes his movie career, the surly overripeness is back. The mixture in Elvis—part artist, part exhibitionist, part good ol' boy, part romantic kid, part unknown—could have fused only in pop culture, and it didn't fuse for long. (Presley's romanticism is creepy and gothic: his Priscilla, whom he met—and presumably fell in love with—when she was fourteen and he was twenty-four, looks to be his twin. He arranged for her to be brought to live at his mansion and to be educated, and he married her when she turned twenty-one; his actual twin, a boy, died at birth.)

In his seventies performances, wearing huge stiff collars on his bulging neck, and wide, glass-encrusted belts on the heavy, tight-fitting matador outfits that seem designed to swelter him (were they a penance for his flabbiness or a mad attempt to copy Mick Jagger?), he often seems cynical and slugged. The road—the party that never stops—could destroy anybody. Why did he do it? He was obscenely rich and in bad physical condition, and droning out the same songs over and over must have intensified his weariness. It may be that he felt so empty that the hysteria of the crowds was the only thing he could respond to. Maybe they excited him on about the same nostalgic level that he excited them on: they magnetized each other.

Almost everything that Leo and Solt have done to the raw footage makes you cringe. They've even got the man singing "And now the end is near" when he's melting away. But Presley is the star in his life that he never was in his Hollywood movies. He commands the screen, as powerful an image of the artist who loses faith in the audience as Brando. Some people have it all—greatness is in their reach. And they piss it away. It's overwhelming to see a life spread out on film—especially the life of someone who peaked a couple years after finishing high school, when he still had the look of a white-trash schoolboy sheik. Presley showed the strength to peak again when he quit Hollywood, and then just slid. "This Is Elvis" is hair-raising because of what Elvis turns into: joyless stardom gives him the look of a mutant.

SHOT and directed by James Szalapski, "Heartworn Highways" is an informal documentary about performers such as Guy Clark, David Allan Coe, Townes Van Zandt, and Steve Young—part of the seventies "outlaw" generation of country music (outlaw because it wasn't sanctioned by the recording companies in Nashville). Szalapski is an attentive and scrupulous cinematographer; he loves his subjects, and the imagery is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so warm and finely detailed that I had a hard time believing I was seeing a blowup from 16 mm. But in this first film he isn't yet a director—not fully, anyway. He shot most of the footage in six weeks around Christmas of 1975, and then spent three or four years, off and on, trying to get the movie distributed. It's fairly clear that during the (underfinanced) shooting he caught whatever he could; he couldn't plan a structure, and he probably wasn't looking for anything as vulgar as a hook or an angle. Which is too bad, because although there's very little in the film that isn't friendly or funny or really soul-stirring, it has no unifying energy. Watching it is like being carted off to a good party by people who told you where they were taking you so casually that the names of the people who were going to be there didn't sink in. You don't know how you got there or who the hosts are, and you never quite catch the last names of the assorted celebrities telling tall tales and singing lovely sad songs. (You're not even sure what the occasion is.) Szalapski's group of artists apparently know each other very well, but except for David Allan Coe, who has a star tattooed on his neck, and his name emblazoned on his glitter-cowboy outfit in at least three places, and wears earrings, and a belt buckle the size of a wagon wheel, I couldn't figure out who the people were until the end titles, when everyone is clearly identified. Since this is a group that was more or less spawned by hippiedom and is outside the Nashville orbit, most of the performers dress so inconspicuously they could be taken for college instructors; so I was puzzled by Coe's flash. Was it a put-on, because he was on his way to perform at Tennessee State Penitentiary and, as a former prison inmate, wanted to make it clear to the guards that he didn't mean to be detained? (Afterward, I learned that he had a hit album in 1974 called "The Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy," and a followup album called "The Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy Rides Again as the Longhaired Redneck.")

Among the many kinds of disservice that "March of Time" and the educational documentaries of several decades back did us, one is still taking its toll: the narrators in those days were so officious that later documentarians turned against any form of explanation, by voice or subtitle. It became almost a mark of "class" not to explain anything, and, ever since, audiences have had to puzzle their way through films such as Fred Wiseman's "Essene" trying to figure out simple, basic things. Instead of devising inoffensive—and maybe even entertaining—ways of clarifying material, filmmakers have swung to the position that any clarification by words would be an intrusion on their art, and this solipsistic position has been cutting them off from the viewer's need to know what he's looking at. Many of us must have had the experience of watching a documentary presentation in some bewilderment and then, in the discussion afterward, listening to the documentarian tell the audience all sorts of fascinating stories—just what might have fired our interest in his picture if he'd had the wit to work some of it in.

"Heartworn Highways" is so personal and appealing that I wish Szalapski had gone further into informality. The performers are very relaxed, talking to the camera at home (*somebody's* home) or at a gathering or at some hangout that appears to have a connection with the music. Why not ask them to introduce themselves and tell us where they are and maybe where they perform and for what sorts of audiences? Or if Szalapski didn't recognize that he had a problem until he'd finished shooting, it might not have been so terrible to bring himself into the movie by introducing the episodes with a few words of voice-over or some titles telling us where he encountered each performer and who each was. I was puzzled but amused by the bridges Szalapski tossed in: when a man sings about Jack Daniel's we get a quick montage inside the Jack Daniel's bottling plant; when Steve Young sings about wanting to be free on the Alabama highway, we get a brief montage of vehicles, congestion, and an overturned semi; and when the Charlie Daniels Band is getting ready for a concert, there's a speeded-up short comedy of the seats being filled. (The only real dead spot

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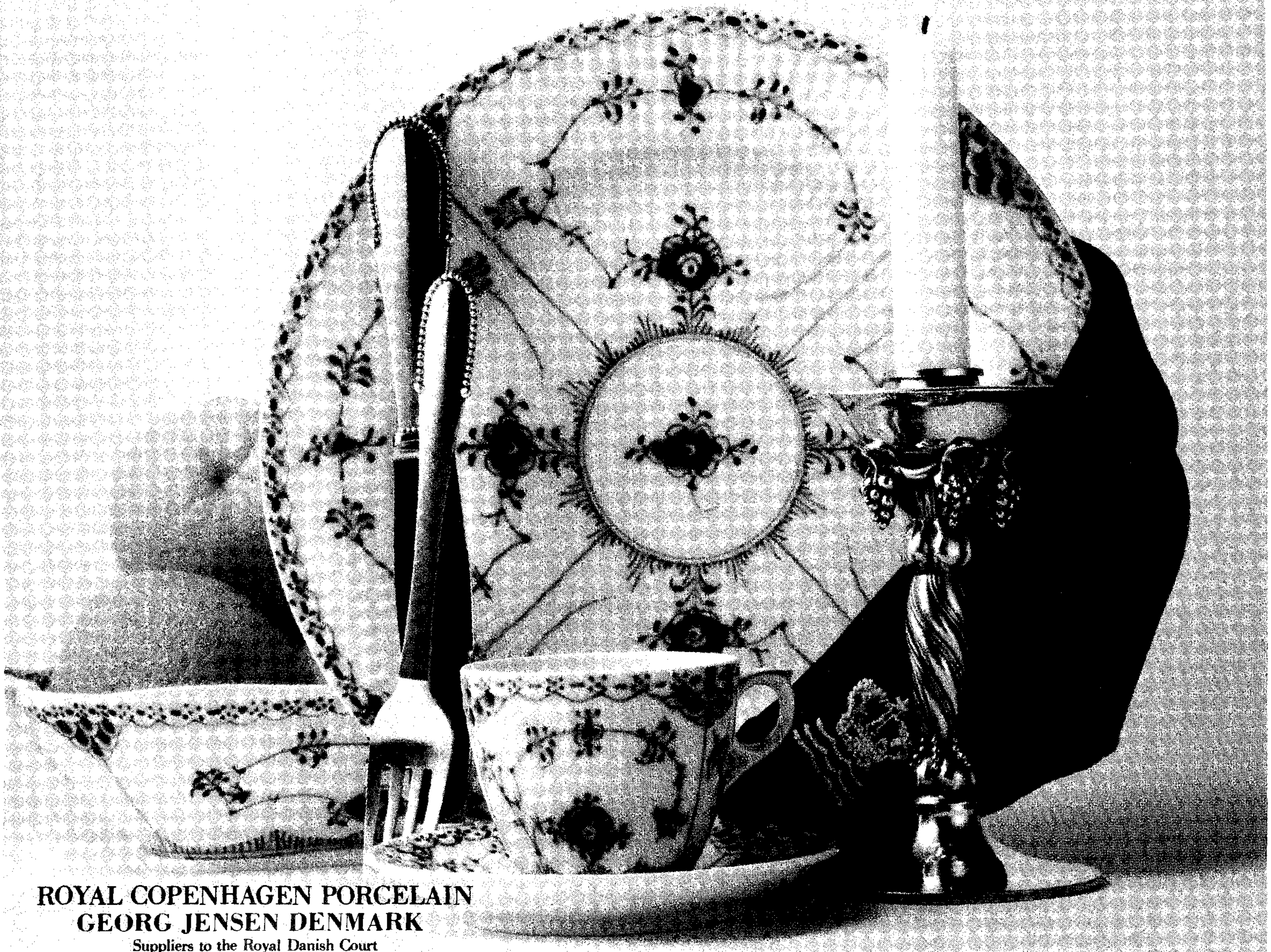

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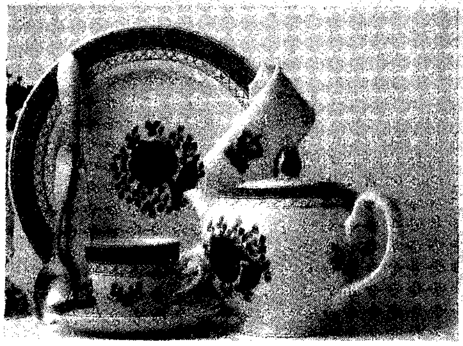

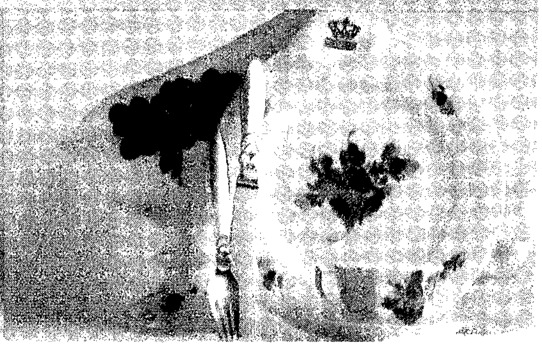

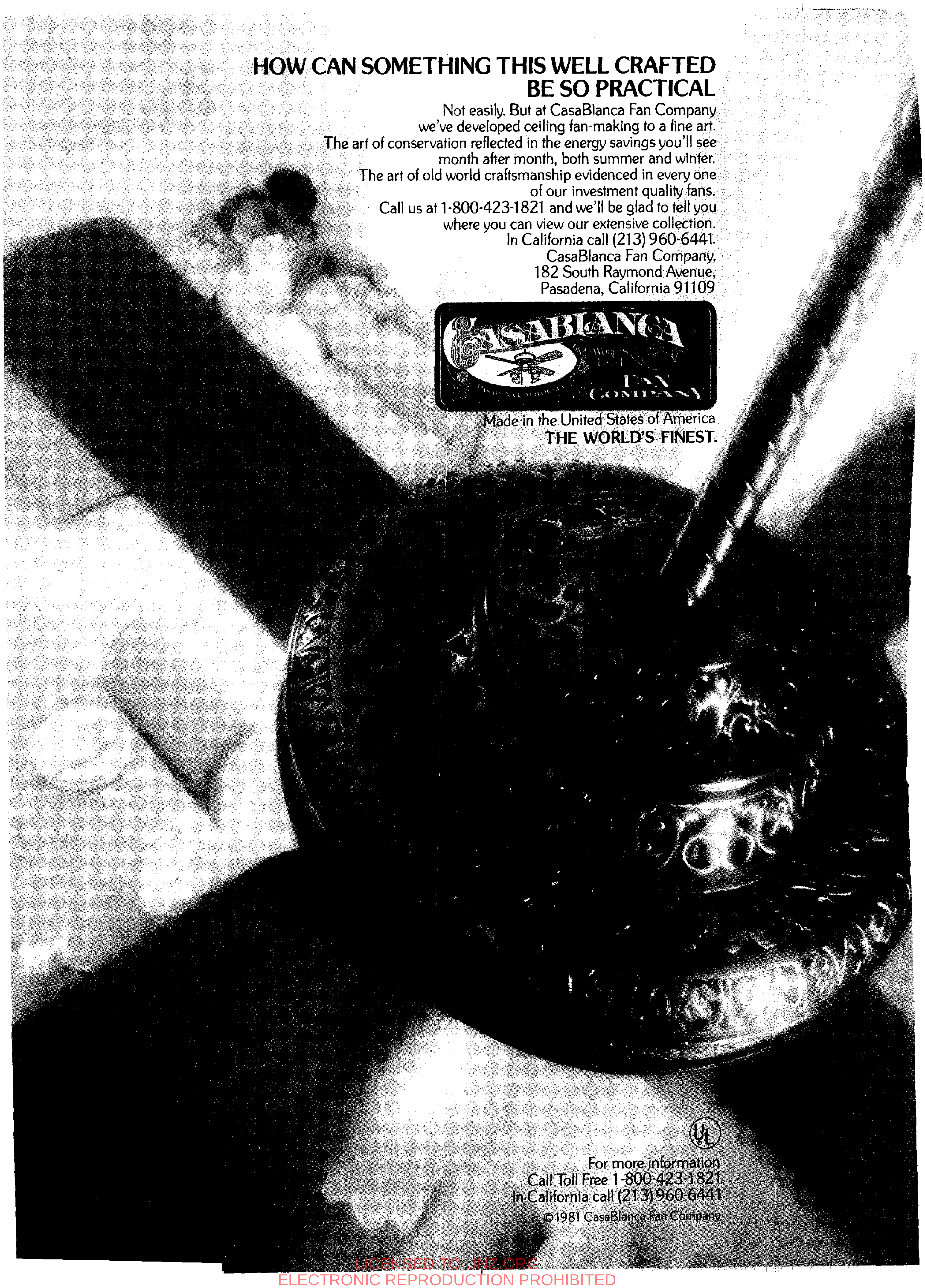

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is a montage of houses and trucks while the Daniels Band performs the dull, jiggling "Texas.") Were these montages included because Szalapski had the footage and didn't want to waste it, or did he really go out specially to shoot these sequences because he thought he should illustrate the songs? There's something so natural and easygoing about the hustling humor of country people in the South—did it rub off on Szalapski, or is he being earnest?

A lot of documentarians have argued that verbal information is extraneous and leaving it out makes you concentrate totally on the images (and, in this case, the songs), which speak for themselves. But after you've seen "Heartworn Highways" it's hard to remember the music, because you were so dislocated when you saw it that you didn't know who and what you were seeing. At one point, inside a tavern, a middle-aged woman with a nondescript voice but real conviction sings "Let's Go All the Way," and you think, Why has this particular woman been photographed? The only answer I could come up with was, Because Szalapski shot the footage and figured it would show that everybody in this part of the country sings. Then I realized I didn't actually know what part of the country it was. The film seems to move around Tennessee and Texas, and I thought I recognized part of North Carolina, too. (Is this music, which attempts to return to the earlier traditions of workingmen's country songs, somehow tied up with—white—masculine values, and is that why there are no major women performers in the picture?)

If I linger over this messy movie, it's because there are so many questions it leaves you with, and because there are wonderful things in it, such as an image of car lights serpentining on a highway under a full moon. Szalapski understands that Southerners have different facial contours from Northerners. Larry Jon Wilson, seen recording "Ohoopee River Bottomland," has a face that looks like a bag of boiled potatoes, and it's wonderful; the pouches on his cheeks make him look like Santa Claus—he's a Toby jug carrying a guitar. (I guess I said *boiled* potatoes because Szalapski has lighted him so tenderly that he's knobby but not rough—you're almost touching him, and the camerawork on his hands is as delicate as his playing.) There's an incredible image of a seventy-nine-year-old black man, "Walkin' Blacksmith" Washington, his red eyes weeping as he listens to Townes Van Zandt sing "Waitin' Around to Die." And there's a marvellous jokey fable told, as a preamble to a song, by a man who I afterward learned was Gamble Rogers, a troubadour who travels the coffee-house circuit and is known as "the poet laureate of St. Augustine, Florida." He keeps his shaggy anecdote going, and we begin to realize how linguistically polished it is and what a baroque structure it has. Just before singing, he explains that he told the story so you'd know where his art comes from. (His song is the salute to Jack Daniel's—"Black Label Blues.")

The best evidence that Szalapski has directing talent is in his rapport with the performers (he makes it look so easy that we take it for granted) and in his feeling for diversity. He understands that we're interested not only in Guy Clark's beautiful, mournful voice but also in his dignified manner and his humility (he's like a Quaker pacifist) and in how they relate to his music, and we're interested in Van Zandt's accomplished prankishness as he gives us a tour of his property and disappears in a rabbit hole, and in Coe's strange, pungent lyricism in a song with the words "I've got nowhere to run," which he sings at the state penitentiary, and in his Beau-Brummell-of-the-underdogs act, and in his reminiscence of a prison shower when he was eighteen, which is like a white variant of a Richard Pryor routine—the kind of story that sounds insanely true. There are a lot of different poses in this movie, but underneath them all there's that po'-boy humor and grungy, rapturous melancholy that makes the South a land of spellbinders.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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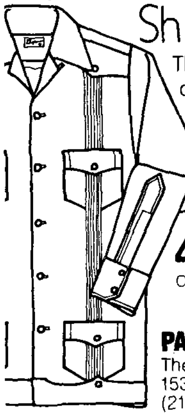

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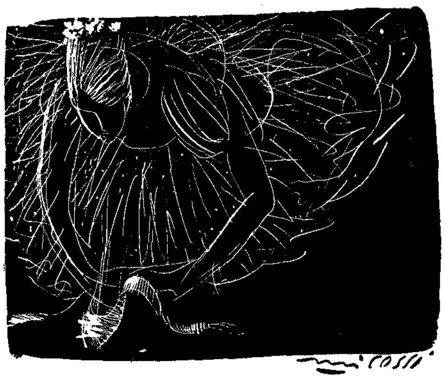
DANCING

Dear Little Girl and Boy Land

THE annual workshop performances of the School of American Ballet were a little different this year. The young dancers, who customarily appear in repertory pieces chosen and reconstructed by their teachers, were seen instead in ballets specially prepared for the occasion by Peter Martins and Jacques d'Amboise and Joseph Duell and Adam Lüders, who are all, of course, members of the New York City Ballet. The one exception to this novel programming was a reduced version of Balanchine's "La Source" staged by Suki Schorer, a former member of the New York City Ballet who has been for some years one of the school's most respected instructors. The Schorer revivals of Balanchine are always a big item on the workshop programs, an important bridge between school practice and company style. The Bournonville revival, in past years the province of Stanley Williams, was undertaken this year by Lüders. It, too, is a big item, celebrating the old French school and its contribution to the Franco-Russian Imperial tradition nurtured by Petipa and inherited by Balanchine. "Pas de Trois and Gallopade," from "The Childhood of Erik Menved," was arranged by Lüders from a Bournonville manuscript in the Royal Library of Copenhagen. Assisted by the scholar Knud A. Jürgensen, Lüders worked, as Williams had when reviving "La Vestale" in 1977, with steps he had never seen in performance, "Pas de Trois and Gallopade" having passed out of the repertory in Bournonville's own day. The result was choreography that mixed the familiar and the farfetched in proportions characteristic of Bournonville but also, and perhaps more so, of Lüders' Bournonville. Although "The Childhood of Erik Menved" dates from 1843, the year after "Napoli," parts of the male solo—a form in which Bournonville excelled—look unlike the solos in "Napoli" or any others in the master's canon. However you took it, the piece was another sign of involvement by the company in the school's affairs and an impressive exhibit in a program that turned out to be as much a choreographers' as a dancers' showcase.

As it happened, the major attraction was a revival of a piece that was first performed in 1893. This was, though, an original, starting-from-scratch work by Peter Martins, who composed the choreography to Riccardo Drigo's "The Magic Flute" with no aid other than a piano reduction of the score. Incomplete orchestral parts arrived late from Russia and were filled out hastily by local hands. The music, whether Drigo meant it to or not, sounds like his "Harlequinade," only weaker. Even without the striking rhythmic correspondences between the two scores (which have at times a tracing-paper symmetry), there are plot resemblances that almost seem to be forcing Martins' hand. The farmer's daughter, Lise, pledged by her parents to a doddering marquis but loving the young peasant Luke, is eventually won by Luke when a passing god hands him power over his enemies. Not only "Harlequinade" is evoked, not only "La Fille Mal Gardée": the magic flute that makes people dance against their will equals the magic violin in Bournonville's "Kermesse in Bruges" (1851), a ballet that Martins has known from youth. (There is no plot relation to Mozart's "The Magic Flute.") Martins doesn't try to avoid these parallels; he underlines them. The benevolent god, here a goddess, is none other than La Bonne Fée of "Harlequinade." When Lise is obliged to dance with the old marquis, her lover intervenes in the pas de deux the way Colas does in "La Fille Mal Gardée." Lise has four friends who do a perky variation, like the gavotte of the four ladies of Harlequin's entourage. And the finale, with the whole cast twitching and galumphing around the stage to the tweedly flute tune, is a reprise of the climax of "Kermesse," just as it must have been in 1893. "The Magic Flute" was originally produced, with choreography by Lev Ivanov, for the students of the Imperial Ballet School of St. Petersburg; Luke was the thirteen-year-old Mikhail Fokine. Later when the ballet entered the Maryinsk repertory, Pavlova danced Lise—one of her first comedy roles. It is a children's piece, with the conventional plot mechanics and dance forms miniaturized in forty minutes. The temptation for sophisticated New York children is to play down to it. But Martins took his dancers through the thickets of a primeval genre without scraping their sensibilities and without exposing too painfully the standing American deficiency in the art of mime. He let his cast be klutzy Americans as long as they were rhythmically punctual and didn't mug too much. Their eighteenth-century French pastoral style seemed to have come by way of Cole Porter and Bert Lahr. Only James Sewell, playing the bandy-legged lecherous marquis, brought a character to life. It's hard to make an original dent in archaic formula farce, and Martins didn't take the occasion as a test of his originality. Yet I laughed outright only once, and it was at a conceit of his, when the goddess approached disguised as a hooded hermit, inching along a parapet and playing the flute theme—on a trumpet.



Martins recognizes the farcical characters and situations for as much sense as is in them and not an ounce more. And he counts on our recognizing them, too, from our knowledge of stock material. This is an important lesson, and one that I want to return to in a moment. It has a special kind of importance in relation to the young cast of "The Magic Flute," because if Martins has been forbearing in his direction of the farce element in the piece, he's been unusually strict and demanding in his choreography of the dances. It's as if he'd said to the students, "Maybe you can't act, but you can dance. Show me something extra." The kids make up for their acting by exceeding themselves as dancers; I don't believe I've ever seen a school piece, apart from one of Balanchine's, that asked as much. Luke's solo variation begins with a huge rond-de-jambe sweep into a triple turn in attitude. Lise has one solo with a fan and another, long and taxing, to pizzicato music; neither dance would do dishonor to a ballerina. The dances for the ensemble as well as those for the principals are inventively accented and rhymed; they capture the period flavor—amorous and slightly sticky—of the music.

"I'll kiss, but I won't make up."

Drigo seems to have been a salon composer conscripted into the theatre. Except for the waltz finale, which can stand with the score of "Harlequinade," he is not at his best in "The Magic Flute." Undaunted, Martins has heard and envisioned a world of old-fashioned "young" emotion. It's impossible to believe that Ivanov's original choreography could have been half as good. We'd be dancing it now.

Martins also contributed a curtain-raiser, to Tchaikovsky's "Capriccio Italien," that odd piece which begins with Alpine bugle calls and then gives way to schizophrenia—half Slavic pomp and half Italian-street-song exuberance. Martins has done a parody in the form of an autobiographical sketch: his choreography is half "Diamonds" and half "Napoli"—equal halves Balanchine and Bournonville. If "The Magic Flute" shows Martins' humor, "Capriccio Italien" shows his wit. It's not the refined, tense wit of "Suite from Histoire du Soldat;" it's the free, jovial, slightly vulgar wit that we see in some of Martins' own comic performances, and it's a great deal of fun. Joseph Duell's "La Création du Monde" also drew on his ballet—heritage, I suppose the word is, in view of the solemnity of Duell's choreography. The 1923 jazz-influenced score by Darius Milhaud has been rendered in hard-edged academic patterns, all very precise, all very fluent, with none of the life and breath of jazz in them. Milhaud's jazz, to be sure, has its ersatz side, but for last year's workshop Duell performed the same kind of meticulous taxidermy on Gottschalk—it was "Cakewalk" without the cake. To Duell, who is twenty-five years old, there may be no other dance tradition to call upon than ballet. Milhaud's jazz and Gottschalk's ragtime have gone the way of the dances that inspired them; only classicism endures. A wiggle of the hips, a snap of the fingers are atavistic reminders of the way we *used* to dance. In ballet—specifically, in the Balanchine repertory ("La Création du Monde" has the look of the Stravinsky Balanchine)—Duell seems to find all the fire and sex and bluesiness he needs without simulating a feeling for jazz. And this is odd; Duell is the keenest of the New York City Ballet sailors in Jerome Robbins' "Fancy Free." As a choreographer, he has come along at a time when the popular dancing that fed Balanchine's inspiration has disappeared into the forms in which Balanchine expressed it. And so Duell's inspiration is fed secondhand. Perhaps, one day, Balanchine's ballets will have the kind of currency that makes generical reference to them as easy to recognize as the references to "Harlequinade" and "Fille" and "Kermesse" in "The Magic Flute." Young Joe Duell seems to think that day has already come. And he is not the only budding choreographer who thinks so. (I was reminded of the remark of a choreographer-teacher who recently visited New York to teach classes in a great modern-dance studio: "Nobody knows anything anymore but ballet.")

There was remarkable dancing to be seen in every one of these pieces. The school pours out its exquisite female creatures at a steady rate and is beginning to match them with good boys. Lisa Jackson and Afshin Mofid in "Capriccio Italien," Mofid again in "La Source," Marisa Cerveris or Deborah Wingert in the same ballet, and the two different trios who danced "Pas de Trois and Gallopade" (in one of which James Sewell proved that he dances as well as he mimes)—all were excellent. So was the cast of "La Création du Monde;" it struck me while watching this that very few professional ballet companies in the land can do this sort of thing better, and many are applauded for a lot worse. Shawn Stevens, a lithe, Brooke Shields type of beauty, had the lead, and she was also one of Martins' Lises. The other, Katrina Killian, had more ability. Just now Stevens is a hot performer who needs to develop technique. The Lukes, Sean Savoye and Jock Soto, were also oppositely tuned. Savoye was a charmer, like Stevens (though too young-looking for her), but Soto could match Killian technically. Joseph Malbrough was equally convincing as the Adam of "La Création" and as a docile retainer of the marquis in "The Magic Flute." That work, incidentally, is said to be bound for the New York City Ballet repertory. "Capriccio Italien" will be seen as part of the company's Tchaikovsky Festival this month.

I haven't mentioned Jacques d'Amboise's "My Father" because nothing much happened in it. The tinies of the school were brought on to stand, bow, and pose while we heard a tape of Judy Collins singing. Her song seemed to matter more to d'Amboise than their dancing.

THE idea that a farce cannot be made to yield meanings that exceed its capacities holds true of any genre. Limitations are imposed in the very notion of farce, of melodrama, or of musical comedy, and, while genres may be mixed, they may not be mixed arbitrarily, just to see the colors

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run. Peter Anastos' new ballet, "Domino," makes that fatal mistake. It starts by invoking the pinkly sweet operetta world of Victor Herbert, some of whose best tunes have been arranged by Peter Nocella in the form of a score, and it works up such a comic head of steam, what with its smoldering gypsies and its dithering abductee who is right where she wants to be, that the *noir* ending is simply unbelievable. I'm not even sure I saw it happen. Anastos, a former director and star of the drag company Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, learned about comedy and genre from having to develop a parody repertory. There's probably no other young ballet choreographer who is as good as Anastos is at getting laughs or who can build up so many sly allusions without being cornered by them. Perhaps because it was steeped in the ambiguity of a drag performance, Anastos' material was unusually clear and definite. His Trockadero masterpiece, "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet," was performed with mixed casts by the Pennsylvania Ballet this season at the Brooklyn Academy. Although it didn't transcend its origins, it still got all its laughs. Naturally, now that he's working for regular ballet companies—"Domino," also seen in Brooklyn, is an original work for the Pennsylvania Ballet—Anastos is eager to extend and deepen his range. But he seems to live and think in genre attitudes, and the main difficulty with the sudden turn that "Domino" takes is that it doesn't twist the material in an unforeseen direction—it abandons one *kind* of material for another. The ending is as gratuitous and unsatisfying as if the projectionist had put the last reel of a horror movie onto a Lubitsch comedy.

Even as a drag comedian, Anastos had a light touch. The opening scene of "Domino," with M'lady in her boudoir, has this tickling, frivolous eroticism. M'lady, who appears to be modelled on Jeanette MacDonald, is in her lingerie, and a sextet of fluffy maids (called Powderpuffs) trips in to get her ready for a big date at a masked ball. The minute she's alone, gypsies come right into the bedroom and get her, and except for the fact that she drops her domino, which her boyfriend finds, we'd think it was a fantasy. In the gypsy camp, there's a big ballet number, surprisingly dense. Ensembles, pas de deux, solos tumble through the forest, wild and free. The gypsy chief (Jeffrey Gribler) bounds like Mikhail Mordkin, with a bow and arrow; M'lady nearly dies from the garlic on his breath. La Gitana—how well we know her!—shows off her rather more classy repertory of pouts and pointwork. (This is a delicious performance by Victoria Lyras, equalled by Sari Braff as M'lady. Anastos also gets headlong coöperation from the women in the "feminine" roles in "Another Piano Ballet.") Now the captive is about to get it, but the Mounties are coming to the rescue, so everyone dons cloaks and dominoes and creeps about in the dark. The Mounties never do come on. Who comes on is the boyfriend (Paul Vitali). Now everything becomes twice as murky, and under the strains of "Sweethearts" and "Toyland" we hear intimations of "La Valse." What happens to the heroine is not quite what happens in "La Valse," though, and I'm not the only one who missed it. Don McDonagh in the *Post:* "Her young man . . . violently snatches her from a fate worse than death." Nancy Goldner in the *Soho Weekly News:* "The heroine is waltzed to death by her boyfriend." In fact, as I later found out, he strangles her. The End. If this can happen in Victor Herbert's world, then Anastos and his co-scenarist, Don Daniels, know something that Herbert didn't know, and it cheapens their use of his music. As for Ravel and Balanchine and their elegant *ballet noir:* waltz fever and dances of death haunted the European lyrical imagination throughout the nineteenth century. When the heroine dies in "La Valse," the shock has been rolling toward us for a hundred and fifty years. "Domino" leapfrogs over "La Valse" to its horrific conclusion as if "La Valse" were itself an authenticating genre reference, like the images of Romanticism it is full of. Anastos, in one way, and Joseph Duell, in another, are using Balanchine ballets as summary material, not recapitulating or re-creating the process by which the ballets work but only pointing out that they exist.

—ARLENE CROCE

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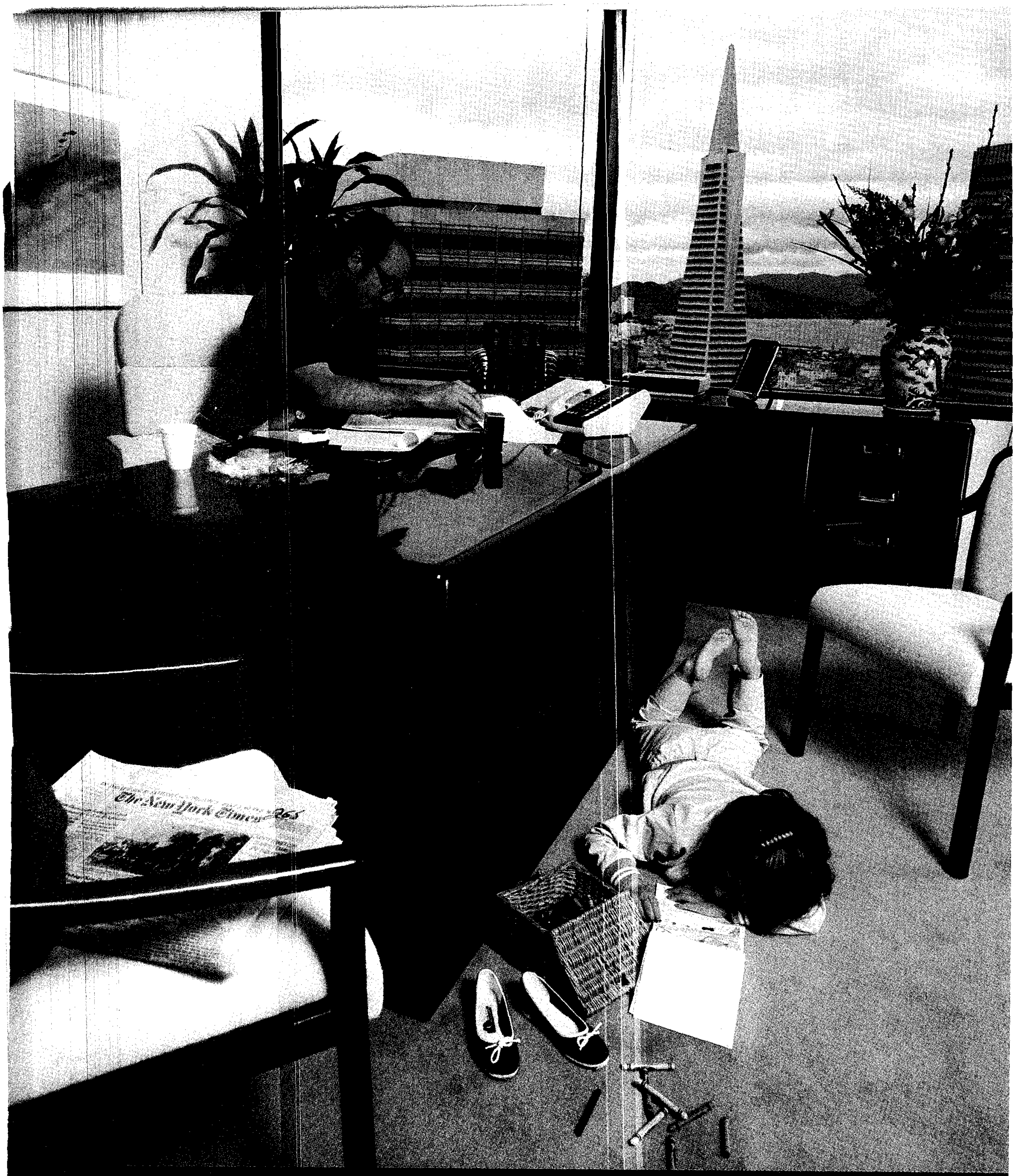

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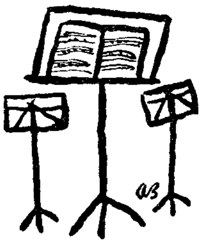
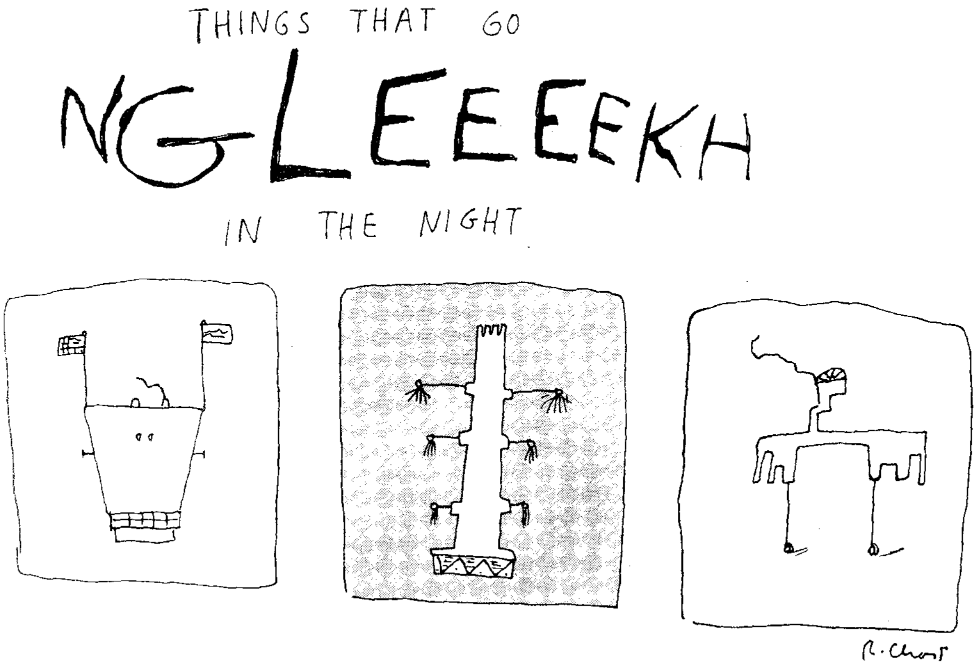


In theatre seasons past, recording executives seemed scarcely able to wait until the ink was dry on scores to schedule Sunday sessions for taking down performances of the songs of new Broadway musicals by their casts and orchestras. How things have changed! The year 1980 seems destined to have the singularity of being responsible for just one such recording—of a wholly new score, that is. I refer to "Barnum" (Columbia JS 36576), the first of its kind since "Sweeney Todd" in early 1979. As so-called cast albums go, "Barnum" is a high-spirited affair. It has a Cy Coleman score admirably tailored to its subject as it proceeds on its now rousing, now sentimental, now thoughtful, and always straightforward way. The numbers are mainly pastiches of the marches, ballads, vaudeville songs, and other forms of music popular around the turn of the century, even though almost all the events detailed in the show, which traces the career of the nineteenth-century showman P. T. Barnum, took place earlier.

Jim Dale, the eponymous entertainment's star, a full-voiced ensemble, and a mettlesome orchestra—playing sparkling arrangements by Hershy Kay which allow for some dandy honky-tonk piano duets—give such rousers as "Come Follow the Band," "Join the Circus," and "There Is a Sucker Born Ev'ry Minute" their energetic due. Oddly, the gentle and thoughtful "Black and White," a song that has little meaning outside the context of the show, has a charm of its own as sung first by Glenn Close, who plays Mrs. Barnum, and later by a "blues singer," by Dale, by a "choir," and, last, by the full company, representing the citizens of Bridgeport, where the practitioner of humbug settled down for a supposedly colorless spell. In contrast to "Black and White" is "The Colors of My Life," which appears to be the show's "plug" song, if any of today's Broadway musicals may be said to possess a piece benefitting from such exploitation. A dopey ballad that functions both as a reflection of Barnum's lurid career and as a love song, it is entrusted first to Dale, then to Miss Close, and, later on in the recording, to both, their separate lyrics intertwined. A more interesting piece is a languorous, peculiarly subdued waltz entitled "Love Makes Such Fools of Us All," which is almost but not quite a parody of those bird-in-a-gilded-cage ballads so prevalent at the beginning of the century. Sweetly sung in both Swedish and English by Marianne Tatum, portraying one of Barnum's classier attractions, the soprano Jenny Lind, it produces a strange, dreamlike effect—and a most agreeable one, I should add—unlike anything else in a collection of songs that are almost always a direct assault on the senses. Michael Stewart's lyrics are playfully serviceable but no more, and, lyrically and musically, "Barnum" is scarcely of a quality to match "Little Me," which I favor slightly as Coleman's richest score, with first-rate lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, or "Sweet Charity," of almost equal merit and with excellent lyrics by the late Dorothy Fields. But, unlike either of those shows, "Barnum" is an unsophisticated offering, and the score is a bright and inventive one within its prescribed limits.

It so happens that Coleman, a gifted pianist with strong jazz leanings, has made his own "Barnum" recording (Gryphon G-918), using two top-notch sidemen, John Miller on both acoustic and electric bass and Ron Zito on drums. Though he hasn't much of a singing voice, Coleman, like so many other songwriters, puts across his own pieces quite effectively. The trio performances themselves are delightful in eleven selections (there are eighteen numbers on the cast album, four of them music that accompanies "chase" episodes), but the most original of them, "At Least I Tried," is one that was dropped from the show during rehearsals. It is a ballad, and while I don't find the lyric especially attractive, the music is in the composer's best vein in this form. There are extra, unexpected bars in the section immediately following the opening title statement which are like tentative, uncertain steps before the tune plunges ahead, restating the opening theme a tone higher and allowing for expansive subsequent measures before the second half of this ABAC effort. The effect is striking, and I wouldn't be surprised to learn that this piece was the composer's own favorite.

Coleman, who must be ranked among our leading and certainly more versatile Broadway-musical composers, has, for better or worse, discovered that his simpler musical statements—he does have a fondness for tricky modulations—have been the most successful for him, as evidenced by the score for "I Love My Wife," a gen-



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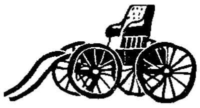
uine hit and a show for which Stewart also supplied the lyrics, and now by "Barnum." He is a master of the catchy, jaunty tune and of the melting ballad, and the various forms they can take are sufficient to produce lively theatre scores.

"A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine" (DRG Records SBL 12580) is a mishmash but a pleasing one. The album was made by the original cast of the current intimate Broadway musical, and, as is the case for the show, the accompaniment is mainly on piano. There are several numbers primarily of a burlesque nature and of a quality that might be considered high in a Hasty Pudding production, by the English team responsible for the original London version, along with interpolated songs of greater polish, by Jerry Herman, and a medley of old standards with music by Richard A. Whiting. As you may know, the first half is given over to a spoof of Hollywood's golden years, while the second (taking up about the last third of the recording) is devoted to an examination of what the Marx Brothers might have accomplished in a screen treatment, with songs, of Chekhov's one-acter "The Bear." All six vocal performers (there are also a pair of dancers in the show, whose tapping can be heard on the record) have their individual opportunities, and they are heard to advantage in such sorties as "Nelson," an outrageous song about the Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald pairing outrageously sung by Peggy Hewett, pretending to be Miss MacDonald; "Just Like That," a likably silly love song that might have sidled out of "The Boy Friend," and that is prettily sung by Kate Draper and Stephen James; "Samovar the Lawyer," extravagantly rendered by David Garrison, the *Groucho of the second part*; and that Whiting medley, cleverly arranged by Wally Harper. Very slight, perhaps, this "A Day/A Night," but winning all the same.



While on the subject of show recordings, I might note that an excellently performed and produced account of the musical numbers from the recent Broadway revival of "Oklahoma!" has been issued by RCA (CBL1-3572), with the claim that it is the only complete recording of the numbers that Rodgers and Hammerstein set down for their first collaborative effort. (The original Decca recording, on ten-inch 78-r.p.m. discs, was virtually complete—though it *was* in two albums, the second and smaller of which was largely ignored—and there have been a couple of nearly complete recordings since then, too.)

"Sinatra/Trilogy" (Reprise 3FS 2300) is a three-record set that is embarrassingly one record too many. It is divided into "Past," "Present," and "Future," and the last-named effusion consists of a Gordon Jenkins flight of fancy (you'll recall his much earlier indulgence, "Manhattan Tower") having to do with the singer himself—his hopes, his dreams, his memories, his craps playing. It is maudlin and musically vapid, though it employs a large mixed chorus, a few female soloists, and an orchestra of symphonic magnitude, if not proportions. To make matters worse, every last awful line Sinatra and his companions are forced to sing on this third disc is there on an inside dust jacket.

The two other recordings are a different matter. Though the voice is very worn, and is again supported by large vocal and instrumental forces, it has thrust, and it evidences the singer's individual way with words as well as music, along with his gift for phrasing. And the songs themselves are in large part numbers Sinatra has sung many times in the past and is therefore comfortable with. Even the section marked "The Present (Some Very Good Years)" can be accounted such only if one is willing to span the last two decades or more—roughly from "Love Me Tender" to that wonderfully bouncy Fred Ebb-John Kander movie-title theme "New York, New York," which is Sinatra's most exultant performance in the entire set and which is already well on its way to taking its place with such numbers as "Chicago" and "California, Here I Come" as a definitive anthem. Don Costa is the conductor and arranger for this record, and, for some reason, the soprano Eileen Farrell turns up, barely noticeably, in duet with Sinatra through sections of "For the Good Times."

"The Past (Collectibles of the Early Years)," arranged and conducted by Billy May, finds the singer in his most familiar and congenial surroundings, as he settles into such classics as "The Song Is You" in a swinging treatment, a simply stated "But Not for Me," a lovely "More Than You Know," a sensitively set forth "My Shining Hour" (his first recording of this Harold Arlen-Johnny Mercer film song), and, closing the record, a spirited and engaging "They All Laughed." Sinatra's confidence and the sense of complete conviction he brings to everything he sings, even that impossible "Future" suite, remain astonishing.

"AND VIENNA DANCES" (Columbia M 35167), which brings together the soprano Carole Farley and a house orchestra under the late Andre Kostelanetz, is a satisfying recital of Lehár, Kálmán, Johann Strauss, and, of course, Sieczynski, who happened to write another indelible city anthem, "Wien, du Stadt meiner Träume." It also has a special interest, at least for me, as an example of the musical tastes that absorbed New York theatregoers early in the century and led to the emergence of Jerome Kern, who succeeded in breaking away from the European operetta tradition to create the Broadway show tune as we know it even today. These *Sacher Torte* selections, which Miss Farley sings so beautifully, are for the most part beguiling, and they are obviously the creations of skilled musicians, but their often cloying sweetness makes it clear why Kern, followed by Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers, and others, turned to more astringent forms of expression.

"NEW YORK STATE OF MIND" (Monmouth/Evergreen 7088) is an easygoing run-through of songs about New York presented by Ronny Whyte, a night-club singer and pianist with a fair voice and a fleet piano style, accompanied by bassist John Six. The inevitable "New York, New York" is here, as are such natural choices as "Manhattan," "Autumn in New York," and Cole Porter's arrestingly insistent "I Happen to Like New York." But there are also such less familiar turns as Porter's larking "Please Don't Monkey with Broadway," the 1917 George Gershwin-Will Donaldson piano number "Rialto Ripples," and Whyte's own "Let Me Show You My New York," in which he amusingly, or sadly—depending on one's individual response—reels off such vanished landmarks as the Roxy, the Astor Bar, the old Lindy's, Birdland, the Blue Angel, Billingsley's Stork Club, and Pennsylvania Station. Happily, the dirgelike musical phrase "I Love New York" escapes Whyte's attention, but that's the general idea, anyhow.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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Guernsey Gossip

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> Once upon a time a beautiful young lady and a very handsome young man fell in love and got married. They were a wonderful, compatible couple, and God blessed their marriage with a fine baby boy (eight pounds, eight ounces). They loved their little boy very much. They raised him, nurtured him, coddled him, and spoiled him. They raised him in the palm of the hand and gave him everything they thought he wanted. Finally, when he was about seven or eight, they let his feet touch the ground.

Of Samuel Selvon's "The Lonely Londoners":

> One grim winter evening, when it had a kind of unrealness about London, with a fog sleeping restlessly over the city and the lights showing in the blur as if it is not London at all but some strange place on another planet, Moses Aloetta hop on a number 46 bus at the corner of Chepstow Road and Westbourne Grove to go to Waterloo to meet a fellar who was coming from Trinidad on the boat-train.

Of Peter De Vries' "The Vale of Laughter":

> "Call me, Ishmael. Feel absolutely free to do so."

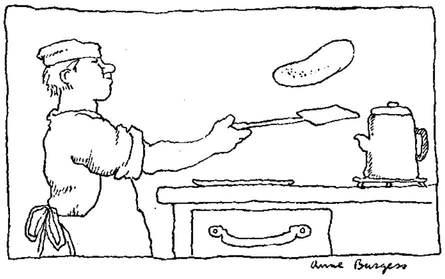
And of A. J. Liebling's "The Earl of Louisiana":

> Southern political personalities, like sweet corn, travel badly. They lose flavor with every hundred yards away from the patch. By the time they reach New York, they are like Golden Bantam that has been trucked up from Texas—stale and unprofitable. The consumer forgets that the corn tastes different where it grows. That, I suppose, is why for twenty-five years I underrated Huey Pierce Long.

Consider the first paragraph of "The Book of Ebenezer Le Page," a nearly flawless dialect novel by G. B. Edwards, which has just been published by Knopf ($13.95):

> Guernsey, Guernesey, Garnsai, Sarnia: so they say. Well, I don't know, I'm sure. The older I get and the more I learn, the more I know I don't know nothing, me. I am the oldest on the island, I think. Liza Quéripel from Pleinmont say she is older; but I reckon she is putting it on. When she was a young woman, she used to have a birthday once every two or three years; but for years now she have been having two or three a year. *To tell you the truth*, I don't know how old I am. My mother put it down on the front page of the big Bible; but she put down the day and the month, and forgot to put down the year. I suppose I could find out if I went to the Greffe; but I am not going to bother about that now.

According to an introduction by John Fowles, Edwards was a curious, wayward gent. He was born Gerald Basil Edwards, on July 8, 1899, on the island of Guernsey. His father, also a Guernseyman, ran away to sea at twelve, returned in his twenties, and worked as a quarryman; his mother, who died in 1924, was a Mauger—a Guernsey family that goes back to Norman times. In a letter to Edward Chaney, who befriended him late in his life, Edwards described his father as a "very tough man . . . with a very tender core." He also told Chaney that he spent his "young manhood [in an] increasingly intense fight to the death" with his mother. He added, "Indeed all my relationships with women have been a fight to the death." In about 1926, Edwards was disinherited by his father, and he then left the island for good. The rest of his life was nomadic and often obscure. He was married for a time, and had four children. He taught English literature to London workingmen, and he existed as a writer in the thirties in Switzerland and Holland. Along the way, he got to know D. H. Lawrence, John Middleton Murry, Rabindranath Tagore, and Annie Besant. During the Second World War, he went into the civil service, and he retired in 1960. It is not clear when he started "The Book of Ebenezer Le Page," but he finished it around 1967. At the behest of Chaney, he rewrote the book and, in 1974, began submitting it to London publishers. The older he got, the more restless he became. After he retired, he lived in Wales, Penzance, Plymouth, the Scillys, the Orkneys, and, finally, Weymouth, which was the closest he could get to his beloved Guernsey without leaving the English mainland. He died in Weymouth, still unpublished, in 1976. He appears to have resembled the late Alec Wilder—charming, crabbed, funny, articulate, rude, unerringly intelligent. And, like Wilder, he was full of paradox. Before he died, he destroyed his papers but left his novel, which tells us eloquently just what kind of man he was.



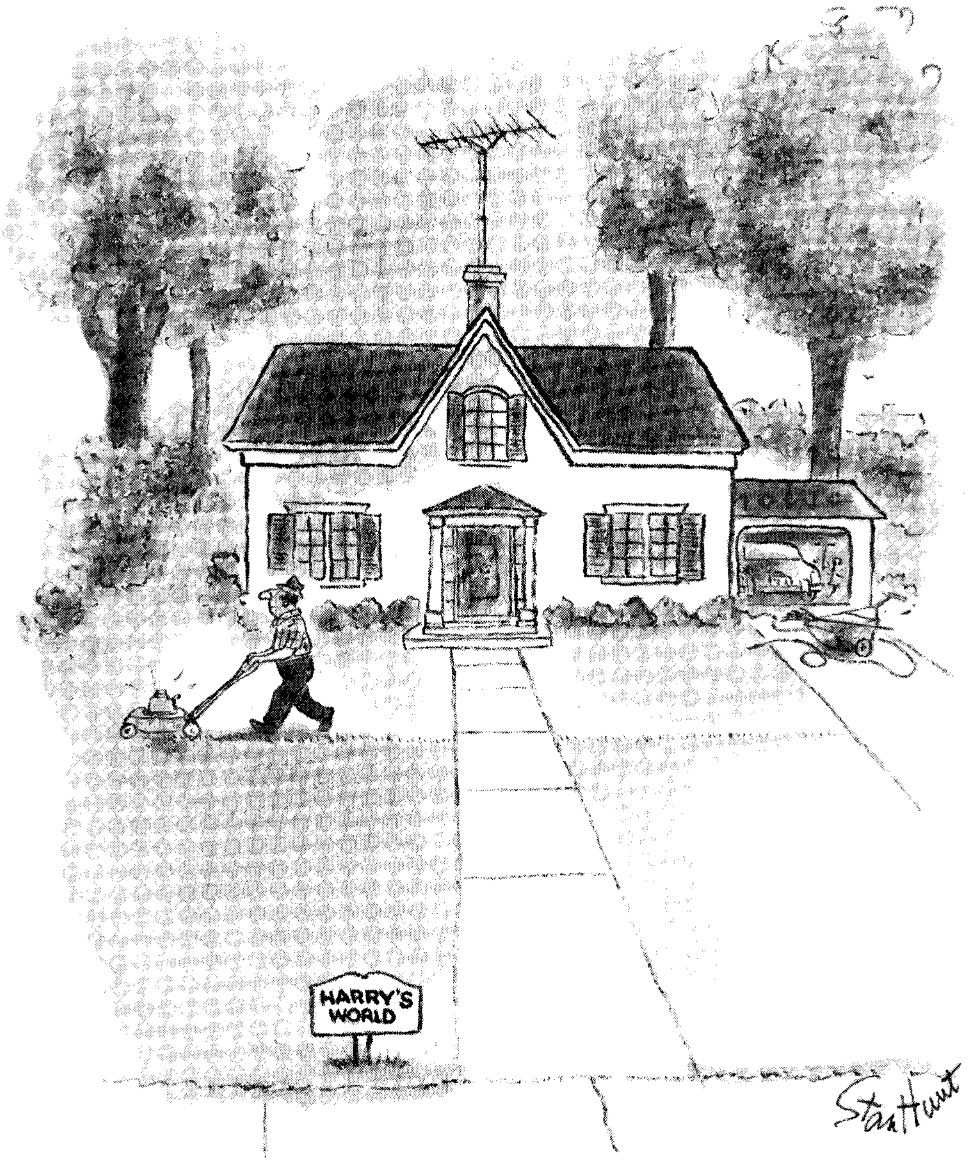
Guernsey is in the southwest English Channel, thirty miles from Normandy. It is somewhat larger than Manhattan, and it ships flowers and vegetables to England. Since the Second World War, it has become a resort. There is a French patois and an English patois. The French patois goes like this: "Mais, es-che comme chonna, donc? Es-che la véritai?," which means "Is that how *it is*? *Is* that the truth?" Pronunciation on the island is chaotic. Bordeaux may be Bordeaux or Birdo. Mr. Tostevin may be Tôde-vin (French) or Toad-vin (English). "*Je t'aime*" is "Je t'oime." "*Prochaine*" is "proshoine." "The Book of Ebenezer Le Page" (pronounced Le Pāge) is written in a variant of the English patois. Edwards explains in an appendix:

> Ebenezer owes his vocabulary and idiom to quarrymen and seamen; and his vagaries of singular and plural are as much English bad grammar as due to the anomalous features of Norman French. He retains his mannerisms: the resigned beginning "Ah well," of a statement from which it is abundantly clear that things are not by any means well; the tendency for a sentence, having made a statement, to turn its tail up at the end and ask the question "Is it?"; the use of the emphatic: I am going to Town, me. Are you going to Town, you? accompanied by the appropriate gestures indicating who the you and the me are.

Ebenezer is literate but unbookish, and rarely puts pen to paper. So the book, like all first-person dialect novels, is an impossibility: it converts a fluid spoken language into a fixed imaginary written one. It *makes sound visible*.

"The Book of Ebenezer Le Page" is Ebenezer's record of his life on Guernsey from the eighteen-nineties to the mid-nineteen-sixties. He writes the book because he can't find anyone to talk to. Everyone is dead or taking in tourists or enthralled by television, which Ebenezer detests: "That is how it is I come to be writing this book. I got to say what I think to somebody: if only to myself. I don't expect anybody will ever read what I have written; but at the back of my mind I always have the hope perhaps some day somebody will." It is an old-fashioned book, a moralistic novel whose characters are born, grow old, and die. On the surface, not much happens. Ebenezer's mother is closemouthed and religious. She raises him and his sister, Tabitha, in a strict, kindly way after their father inexplicably goes off to the Boer War and is killed. (Edwards' father appears in various guises in the book, and Edwards takes a potshot each time. He kills off Ebenezer's father, and he marries off an uncle to a heinous housekeeper.) Ebenezer, who works in a greenhouse, never marries, and he spends much of his life with his mother in the tiny, windy seaside house he was born in. His account of her death shows the cool, sure way this lovely book goes:

> It may be she knew what I was thinking that night, sitting in the armchair by the fire, smoking my pipe, while she was reading her Bible; for she often knew what I was thinking, almost before I did. She was reading half aloud in her sad-sing-song voice from the Book of Revelations, and I could hear the terrible words "and the abominable and murderers and whoremongers and sorcerers and idolators and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" and I was thinking well, I am one of those; when she stopped reading and put down her reading-glass and looked at me in a strange way. "It is a pity," she said, "it is a great pity!" and her old eyes filled with tears and they splashed on to the pages of the Bible.
>
> I went and lit the candle in her room, as I always did; and came back and helped her to get up from her chair. She walked to her room without my help and I followed her in and undid the hooks of her bodice and her waistband, so as she could undress herself. "Good-night, my mother," I said; and she said, "Good-night, my son." In the morning I had cooked the breakfast and made the tea; but she hadn't come in. Usually she came out of her room when she heard the teapot; and I would hook up her dress for her. I think I knew then she was dead.



He and Liza Quéripel fall in love, but they are wickedly perverse with one another, and they end their days alone at opposite ends of Guernsey. Liza's grandmother is reputedly a witch, and Liza herself is a brilliant distillation of a beautiful, high-spirited, intelligent woman. Even more important to Ebenezer are his friendships with Jim Mahy (the sort of intense platonic relationship that no longer seems to exist between men), who dies in the First World War, and his cousin Raymond, who becomes a minister, loses his faith, marries a monster, and goes mad: "He raved on. A man is a woman inside out: a woman is a man inside out. It isn't only a few organs tacked on make the difference. They are absolutely different. She may speak the same words, and seem to think the same thoughts, and have feelings she calls by the same name; but they mean something altogether different from to a man. The verb for a man is to do; the verb for a woman is to have." So life churns beneath the book's calm, circular, gossiping exterior. Raymond is blown up by a German mine during the Second World War (the Germans occupied Guernsey), and one night Ebenezer kills a German soldier. Ebenezer's aunt La Prissy dies an alcoholic. Liza Quéripel has two illegitimate children. Greed, cruelty, selfishness, deceit, and stupidity grow everywhere, like Guernsey tomatoes. Moral bells toll in the book, but it is full of laughter, too:

> When La Prissy and La Hetty [Ebenezer's mother's sisters; they married brothers, one much older and one much younger] was speaking, they went around together like a pair of Siamese twins and wore twin mushroom hats. When they wasn't speaking, they didn't know each other if they met face to face in the Pollet. When they was speaking, we never saw them at Les Moulins; but when they wasn't speaking, they came one at a time to tell everything to my mother.
>
> She was a woman of my own age, or older; and was stout with a square face, and had a wooden leg. I felt sorry for her because she had a wooden leg, and she sat with it stretched out for me to see. I never dared at any time to ask her how she got it, but from the way she got about on it, I think she was born with it.
>
> There was two telephones on the desk. I suppose they was one for each ear; but I wondered how he could speak to and listen to two people at the same time. I know I couldn't. It is as much as I can do to speak to and listen to one person through the telephone; and I don't do that if I can help it. I like to be able to see who I am talking to.

Unfortunately, the book goes soft toward the end. (There are four hundred closely printed pages.) But the

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LOOK FOR THE BLACK ROOSTER

momentum set in the first paragraph carries us through, and we are left with an indelible full-length portrait of a nineteenth-century man who, though finally dismissing both himself and life, is good and godly: a human being built on rock.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WHITE RISING, by Zane Kotker (Knopf; $11.95). The subject of this unusual historical novel is King Philip's War, waged in 1676 between a loose alliance of Indian tribes calling itself the White Rising (or Daybreak People) and the English settlements spreading west and north from Boston and Providence. The story is in three sections. The first and the last are written from the perspective of the White Rising's leader, called King Philip by the colonists; the middle section features a white woman (the author's creation) who lives in one of the more vulnerable settlements. Both characters remember meeting when they were children, and this encounter seems to have endowed them with the troubling awareness not only that neither side is right or wrong but also that negotiations are futile. As the Indians and the English wrangle among themselves, one crucial similarity becomes apparent: almost all the men would rather wage war than farm, hunt, forage, or trade. Zane Kotker's ambitious effort to describe the war from the inside (or, rather, from both insides) is entirely successful; the mutual intolerance of the two peoples is implicit in every word they utter—from place-names to prayers—and its outcome is neatly suggested in the ambiguous title.

THE PASSION OF LOREEN BRIGHT WEASEL, by James Polk (Houghton Mifflin; $9.95). Loreen Bright Weasel, prize student at a southeastern Montana mission school, wants to be a saint. ("You got roasted over coals or whirled on a pinwheel and angels swooped down to drag you up with manna for the greater glory. After that, three miracles, and the lame walked and the blind saw, and then folks crawled on their knees to the temple where a scrap of you glowed in the dark on Holy Days of Obligation.") On the way to canonization, however, she has to work as a live-in maid at the tri-level ranch house of Sheep and Winn Triumph, in nearby Hebb. Loreen scrubs Winn's Teflon pans until they gleam; washes the Fiberglas curtains in the dishwasher; confuses everyone by her worshipful references to "Him" (they think she means Sheep); and watches in wonder as all hell breaks loose at the Triumphs' and spreads to the four corners of Hebb. By the end of the story, nine months later, Sheep has sold his land holdings (rich in natural gas, as it happens) for a song; Winn has become an exploited employee at a chili-dog stand (popular with the new droves of natural-gas-company people) operating out of her kitchen; Hebb's Finnish madam has become a lay sister (she likes the convent's austere décor); and Loreen, back on the reservation, is rocking to sleep the product of her first Corporate Work of Mercy. A ferociously funny first novel, by a native, if lapsed, Montanan.

GENERAL

RUSSIA'S FAILED REVOLUTIONS: FROM THE DECEMBRISTS TO THE DISSIDENTS, by Adam B. Ulam (Basic Books; $18.95). A Harvard Russian specialist searches modern Russian history to determine why all the movements that might have produced a tolerable constitutional system or a moderate democracy in that country have failed. What he finds, in summary, is that Russian politics have been composed of ineptitude and brutality. The young Army officers with whom his story opens in 1825 plotted a coup at the accession of Czar Nicholas I in the hope of creating a parliamentary government; their efforts were signally inept, and their repression by that czar intensified the police-state regime that has existed down to the present. Professor Ulam constructs a lively, absorbing, and enlightening narrative out of one tragedy after another, down through the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He is a skilled writer, and his judgments are sensible: for example, he points out that one reason the democratically inclined Provisional Government of 1917 was overthrown by the Bolsheviks was that Russia's intelligentsia had become so accustomed to opposing the power of the authorities that they had never acquired the skills to wield or keep power when it was theirs. The author's explanation of the reasons for Stalin's terror is both psychologically and politically astute. He believes that Russian dissidents today are more realistic in their aspirations than their nineteenth-century forerunners, but he suggests that the future of freedom in the Soviet Union may not lie in their hands but will depend, instead, upon the success—the moral achievements—of freedom in democratic societies.

I Really Should Be Practicing, by Gary Graffman (Doubleday; $14.95). This volume of memoirs and reflections by the noted American pianist shares the irreverent hilarity and mastery of anecdote that distinguished an early classic in the field—Oscar Levant's "A Smattering of Ignorance." Mr. Graffman starts with the doings of his father, a Russian violinist whose career was interrupted by the revolution and who fiddled his way to safety all across Manchuria and the Pacific to the United States. Graffman *père* settled in New York, where he married and taught—the author later discovered that the violin section of almost every orchestra with which he appeared included a former colleague or a pupil of his father's. As for Graffman *fils*, he failed at the violin when he was three, and was directed to an "easier" instrument, at which he became a prodigy—partly, it appears, because he never thought of any other possibility. In his recollections of growing up in musical New York, his fellow-OYAPs—the managers' acronym for "outstanding young American pianists"—appear as a lively band of friends who exchanged information about the pianos and the meals they encountered on tour, discussed interpretations, and shared hobbies. One serious chapter deals with the scandal that Mr. Graffman created when, in 1964, he decided he would no longer perform before racially segregated audiences.

Solvency: The Price of Survival, by James Chace (Random House; $9.95). A brief, intelligent exposition of the connection between our economy and our foreign policy. The author, the managing editor of *Foreign Affairs*, thinks that the Johnson Administration's decision to finance both a war and expanded social programs without raising taxes accelerated our postwar habit of living beyond our national means. He wants us to rethink a

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sensible foreign policy and to make the sacrifices, including budgetary ones, that will carry it out. Some of his uncontroversial recommendations are higher productivity, thrift (particularly in oil consumption), and programs for longer-term investment than our inflation-ridden economy has lately received. More controversial notions include some form of protectionism and a draft. Mr. Chace regards the Soviet Union as an "unsatiated" power with a will to create turmoil the world around, but he believes that there are cheaper ways to restore our military capabilities than the Reagan Administration has proposed. His cautions about the so-called China card are shrewd.

NOTE: Richard J. Barnet's "Real Security: Restoring American Power in a Dangerous Decade" has been published by Simon & Schuster ($10.95 cloth, $4.95 paper). Most of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, in slightly different form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

EXPERIMENT WITH DEATH, by E. X. Ferrars (Doubleday; $9.95). The director of the King's Weltham Institute of Pomology was a mean, indiscreet creature; just before his throat was slashed, for instance, he had humiliated an ambitious young scientist by denying him an expected promotion. But it soon becomes clear that few people at the institute were without a reason to do in their director. One researcher got along with him better than anyone else, perhaps because she shared with him a scientific skepticism—a suspicion that action is usually part plan and part accident—and this skepticism serves her well in her role as amateur detective. Was it the murderer, for instance, who tampered with the clocks so as to undercut the alibi of an innocent colleague? And was it the clock-stopper who had been filching barbiturates from the institute's stores? As usual, E. X. Ferrars has designed a plot that starts out a clever puzzle and ends up a splendid surprise.

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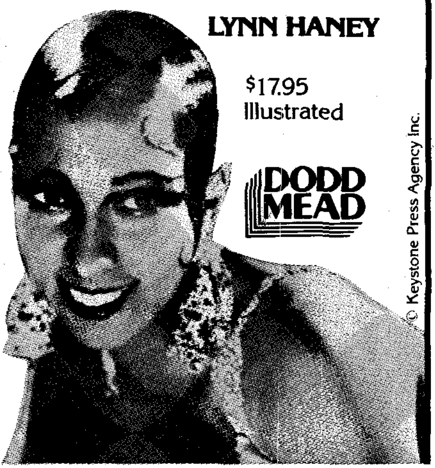

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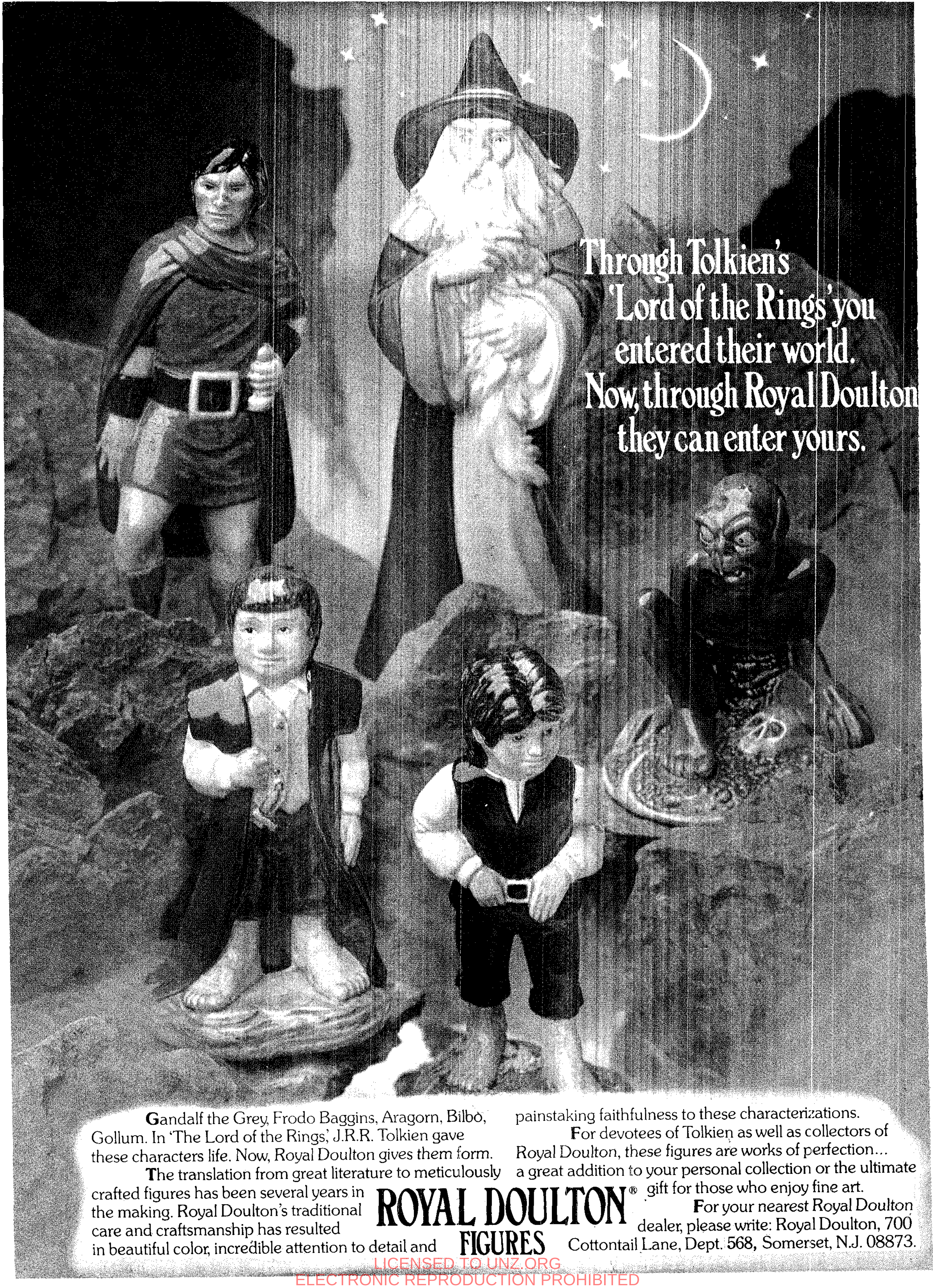
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